M. L.

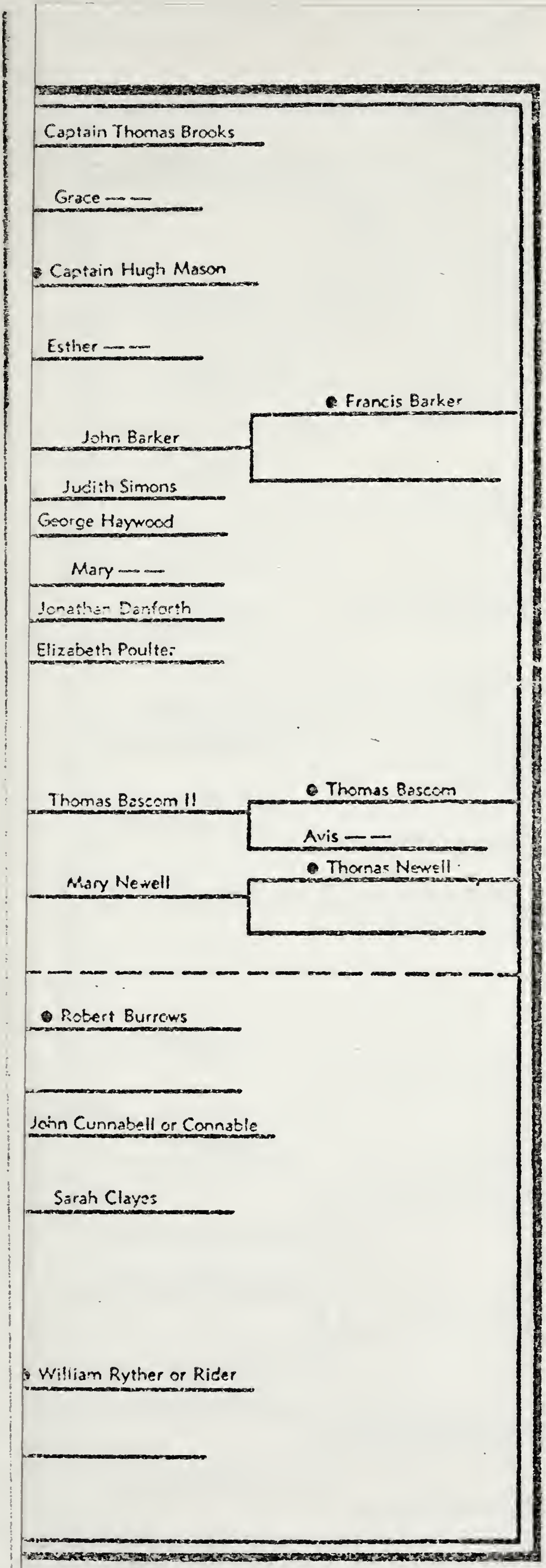
Gc
929.2
B79191b
1608281

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1833 02818 3959

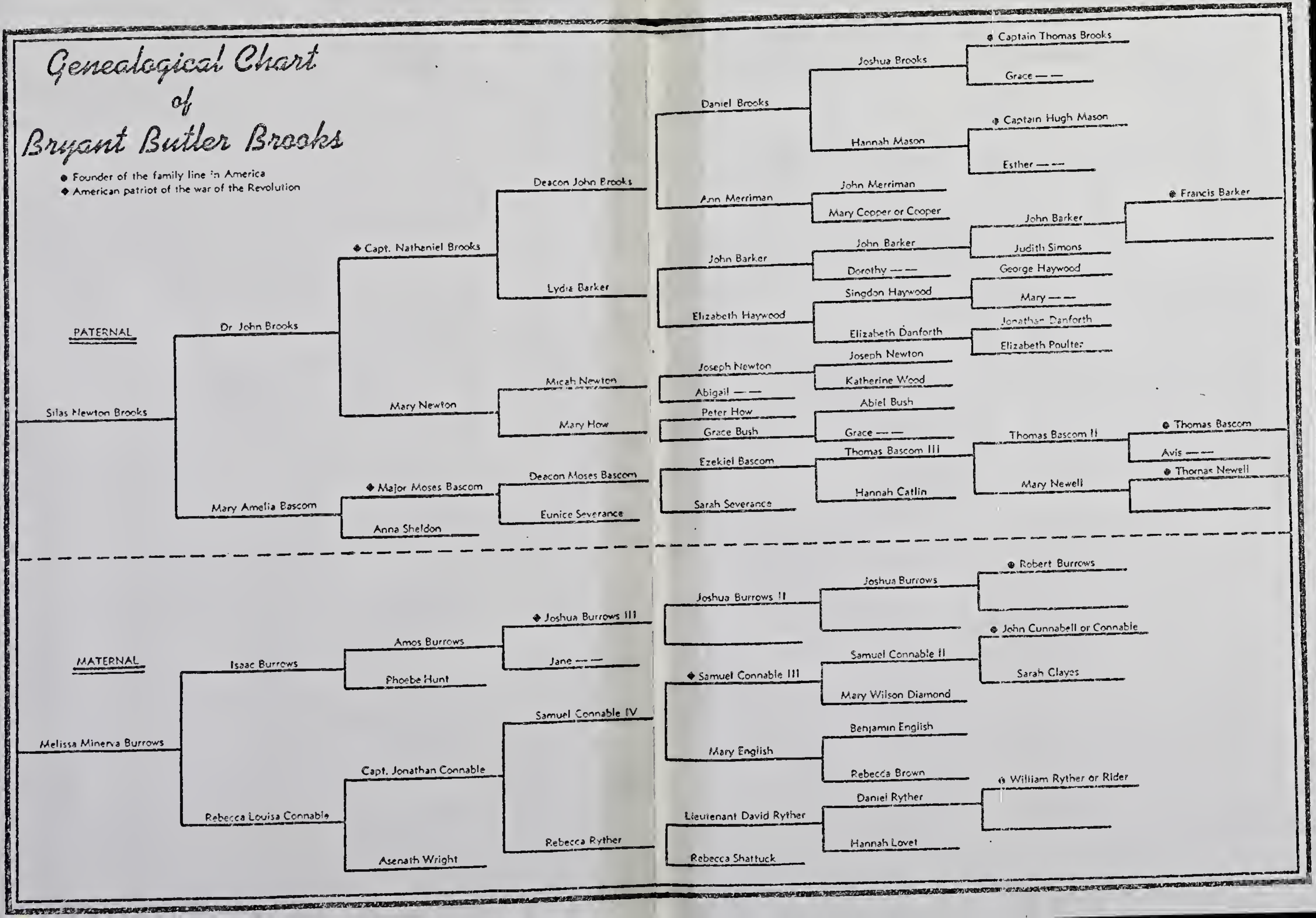
Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018

https://archive.org/details/memoirsofbryantb00broo


Captain Thomas Brooks
Grace — —
● Captain Hugh Mason
Esther — —
● Francis Barker
John Barker
Judith Simons
George Haywood
Mary — —
Jonathan Danforth
Elizabeth Poulter
● Thomas Bascom
Thomas Bascom II
Avis — —
● Thomas Newell
Mary Newell
● Robert Burrows
John Cunnabell or Connable
Sarah Clayes
● William Ryther or Rider

Genealogical Chart of Bryant Butler Brooks

● Founder of the family line in America
◆ American patriot of the war of the Revolution


PATERNAL
Silas Newton Brooks
Dr John Brooks
◆ Capt. Natheniel Brooks
Deacon John Brooks
Daniel Brooks
Joshua Brooks
● Captain Thomas Brooks
Grace — —
Hannah Mason
● Captain Hugh Mason
Esther — —
Ann Merriman
John Merriman
Mary Copper or Cooper
Lydia Barker
John Barker
John Barker
John Barker
● Francis Barker
Judith Simons
Dorothy — —
Elizabeth Haywood
Singdon Haywood
George Haywood
Mary — —
Elizabeth Danforth
Jonathan Danforth
Elizabeth Poulter
Mary Newton
Micah Newton
Joseph Newton
Joseph Newton
Katherine Wood
Abigail — —
Mary How
Peter How
Grace Bush
Abiel Bush
Grace — —
Mary Amelia Bascom
◆ Major Moses Bascom
Deacon Moses Bascom
Ezekiel Bascom
Thomas Bascom III
Thomas Bascom II
● Thomas Bascom
Avis — —
Mary Newell
● Thomas Newell
Hannah Catlin
Sarah Severance
Eunice Severance
Anna Sheldon
MATERNAL
Melissa Minerva Burrows
Isaac Burrows
Amos Burrows
◆ Joshua Burrows III
Joshua Burrows II
Joshua Burrows
● Robert Burrows
Jane — —
Phoebe Hunt
Rebecca Louisa Connable
Capt. Jonathan Connable
Samuel Connable IV
◆ Samuel Connable III
Samuel Connable II
● John Cunnabell or Connable
Sarah Clayes
Mary Wilson Diamond
Mary English
Benjamin English
Rebecca Brown
Rebecca Ryther
Lieutenant David Ryther
Daniel Ryther
● William Ryther or Rider
Hannah Lovet
Rebecca Shattuck
Asenath Wright

Memoirs
of
Bryant B. Brooks

Bryant Butler Brooks
Governor of Wyoming, 1905-1911

MEMOIRS
of
BRYANT B. BROOKS

Cowboy, Trapper, Lumberman,
Stockman, Oilman, Banker, and
Governor of Wyoming

PRIVATELY PRINTED IN A LIMITED EDITION BY
THE ARTHUR H. CLARK COMPANY
Glendale, California
1939

1608281

COPYRIGHT, 1939 BY
BRYANT BUTLER BROOKS

All rights reserved including the right to
reproduce this volume or parts thereof
in any form

Dedicated
to
my family

Contents

PREFACE 13

PART ONE: ANCESTRY

ANCESTRY OF MYSELF

THE BROOKS FAMILY 21
THE BASCOM FAMILY 28
THE BURROWS FAMILY 32
THE CONNABLE FAMILY 39
CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF ANCESTORS . . . 44

ANCESTRY OF MY WIFE

THE WILLARD FAMILY 51
JEMIMA SARTWELL PHIPPS HOWE TUTE . . 58
THE CLARKE FAMILY 64
THE BRACKETT FAMILY 71
CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF ANCESTORS . . . 75

PART TWO: THE STORY OF MY LIFE

NEW ENGLAND DAYS 81
WEST TO CHICAGO 87
COWBOY IN THE ROCKIES 93
TRAPPING ALONE 103
MY FIRST PARTNER 115
BACK ON THE MUDDY 125
STARTING A CATTLE RANCH 133
MY WIFE COMES WEST 151
BIRTH OF A CITY, COUNTY, AND STATE . . . 163
THE V—V GROWS 173

Discovery of Brooks Lake 185
The Sheep Arrive 195
Governor of Wyoming 205
My Second Term 219
Oil for Wyoming 231
Farewell as Governor 241
Lumbering and Mining 247
Shipping from Maine 257
President of a Bank 267
My Petroleum Interests 279
The Land Problem 287
Water for Wyoming 293
Seeing America First 301
In Foreign Lands 311
My Ranches Today 321
My Home in Casper 331
My Family Today 341
Facing Forward 353
Index 359

Illustrations

BRYANT BUTLER BROOKS . . . *Frontispiece*

COAT OF ARMS OF THE BROOKS FAMILY . . . 17

SILAS NEWTON BROOKS 25
Father of Bryant Butler Brooks

MELISSA MINERVA BURROWS BROOKS . . . 37
Mother of Bryant Butler Brooks

LOCKHART DICKMAN WILLARD 55
Father of Mrs. Bryant Butler Brooks

AN HISTORIC MONUMENT 61
In memory of Mrs. Jemima Sartwell Phipps Howe Tute—
Great-great-grandmother of Mrs. Bryant Butler Brooks

OLIVE HESTER CLARK WILLARD . . . 65
Mother of Mrs. Bryant Butler Brooks

CASPER MOUNTAIN 105
Sentinel of the Platte valley

THE OLD HOME ON THE V—V RANCH . . . 137
Birthplace of the children of Bryant Butler Brooks

BRIDE AND GROOM 153
Mr. and Mrs. Bryant Butler Brooks in 1886

FORT CASPER 165
Old army post, recently restored

"NEW HOUSE" OF 1898 181
The present home on the V—V ranch

BROOKS LAKE 189
Discovered by Bryant Butler Brooks in 1889

SHEEP OF THE V—V OUTFIT 199
Contributors to Wyoming's leadership in wool

THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION IN CHEYENNE . . 209
First occupied by the family of Governor Brooks

CONFERENCE OF GOVERNORS 221
Taken on the steps of the White House during the
administration of President Theodore Roosevelt

"THE GOVERNOR BROOKS" 259
Schooner named for Governor Brooks of Wyoming and launched at Bath, Maine, during his administration

WYOMING NATIONAL BANK BUILDING . . . 269
Purchased by the Wyoming National Bank, May 28, 1934

CONSOLIDATED ROYALTY BUILDING . . . 283
Purchased by the Consolidated Royalty Oil Company in 1920

ALCOVA CUT 297
Site of the Casper-Alcova reclamation project

CATTLE OF THE V—V 323

THE CASPER HOME 333
Town-house of Bryant Butler Brooks, built in 1924

THANKSGIVING DAY 337
The last complete family reunion, 1935

MARY NAOMI WILLARD BROOKS 343
Wife of Bryant Butler Brooks

DAUGHTERS OF BRYANT BUTLER BROOKS . . 347
Melissa Brooks Spurlock, Lena Brooks McCleary
Abby Brooks Nichols, and Jean Brooks Lathrop

FATHER AND SON 351
Bryant Butler Brooks and Silas Newton Brooks at the outbreak of the World war

GENEALOGICAL CHART OF BRYANT BUTLER BROOKS
Inside front cover

GENEALOGICAL CHART OF MARY WILLARD BROOKS
Inside back cover

Preface

This book has been written primarily with a view to preserving those records and incidents which may be of interest to my family, the members of today and the future generations. At the same time I have hoped that it will prove of interest to others who desire a narrative of episodes and movements during an historic period of settlement in Wyoming and development of the West.

These two purposes have been kept constantly in mind in the selection, organization, and presentation of material in the pages that follow.

Part I is devoted to a resumé of the principal lines of ancestry of my wife and myself, all of which are of interest to our children. Such data belong in my autobiography because each of us is "molded of the clay of the past."

Part II treats of my own life to the date of this publication. Since my career has been dependent upon, and interwoven with, the history of Wyoming, it has been natural for me to touch on the various phases of progress in the past sixty years. I have quoted freely from letters, diaries, and documents, in order that my own memories might be verified for authenticity.

My gratitude is extended to the members of my family and my friends who have facilitated the task of preparing this manuscript.

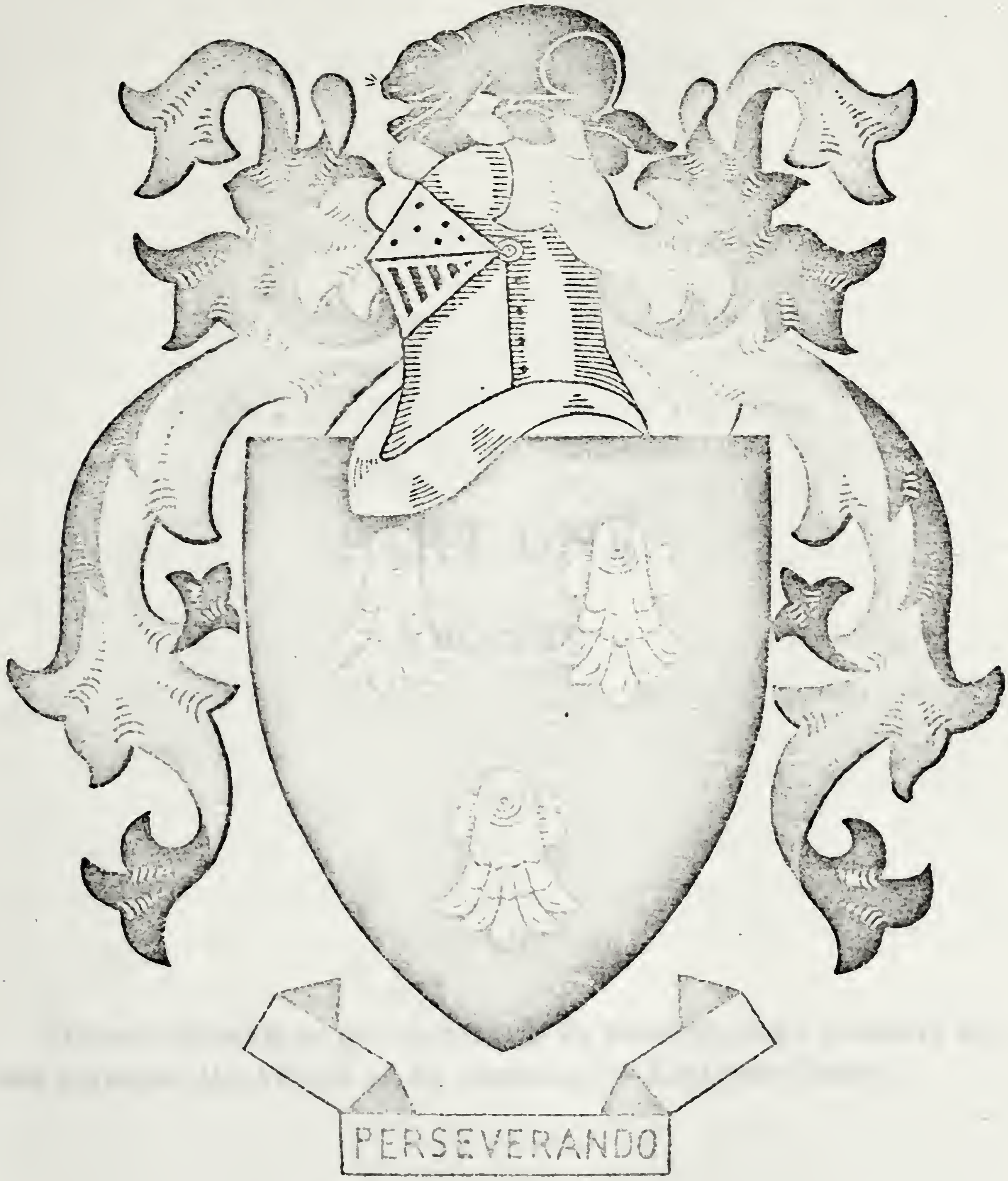
BRYANT BUTLER BROOKS

The Brooks Family Coat of Arms

The shield is sable, or black, with three scallops of gold. The crest is a beaver passant proper. The scallop in heraldry is an emblem of those making pilgrimages, as it was a common practice for such to pick up the scallop shell and wear it in the hat as a badge. The beaver, usually an emblem of industry, is probably used in the Brooks arms on account of the relation between the beaver and brooks.

The mantling, representing the mantle worn by the knight, or esquire, over his helmet and flowing therefrom, in heraldry is given the principal color (here, sable, or black) and the principal metal (here, gold).

The motto is not a definitely fixed part of most grants of arms. This one, "Perseverando," has been used for many years by the Brooks family.


PERSEVERANDO

Brooks

PART ONE

Ancestry

"He only deserves to be remembered by posterity, who treasures up and preserves the history of his ancestors."—EDMUND BURKE.

Ancestry of Myself*

The Brooks Family

My surname, Brooks, is of Anglo-saxon origin. *Brook* was probably derived from the situation of the properties of the first bearer of the name being near a stream. The added *s* stands for *son,* making the direct meaning of the name *Brook's son.* Old English records reveal the forms of Brooke, Brookes, and Brooks, the last of which is generally used today.

Several branches of the family trace their descent from royalty of the British Isles. The name frequently appears in early records of Somerset, Norfolk, York, Lancaster, Shropshire, Northampton, Cheshire, and Suffolk in England. Other branches made their homes in Ireland and Scotland. Many of the descendants of these various lines emigrated to America before the Revolution.

CAPTAIN THOMAS BROOKS, from whom I trace direct lineal descent, arrived in America in 1630 or 1631, with his wife, Grace, and their infant son, Joshua. He lived for a few years at Watertown, Massachusetts, and was one of the original settlers of Concord. He died on May 21, 1667.

JOSHUA BROOKS, son of Captain Thomas Brooks, became my great-great-great-great-grandfather. His

---

[* Denotes the ancestor of the line whose service record may be used for membership in the Daughters or Sons of the American Revolution.]

wife was Hannah Mason, the daughter of Captain Hugh and Esther Mason, to whom he was married on October 17, 1653.

DANIEL BROOKS, son of Joshua and Hannah Brooks, was born November 15, 1663, at Concord. He married Ann Merriman, the daughter of John, or Joseph, Merriman and Mary Copper, or Cooper, on August 9, 1692. He died at Concord, October 27, 1733.

Ann Merriam

DEACON JOHN BROOKS, son of Daniel and Ann Brooks, was born at Concord, February 12, 1702. Lydia Barker became his wife; he died at Acton, Massachusetts, March 6, 1777.

*CAPTAIN NATHANIEL BROOKS, my great-grandfather, was the son of Deacon John and Lydia Brooks. He was born at Acton, Massachusetts, February 17, 1740. His name appears twice on the rolls of service in the American Revolution.

Captain Brooks was married on December 24, 1767, at Marlboro, Massachusetts; to Mary Newton. They lived at Worcester, Massachusetts, where my grandfather, Dr. John Brooks, was born on January 12, 1783.

From the age of sixteen to twenty-four young JOHN BROOKS taught school during the winters, meantime learning the trade of bookbinding.

In the fall of 1802 John Brooks went to Walpole, New Hampshire, where he remained for two years. The following three years he spent in the study of medicine, beginning his study at Westminster, Vermont, and dividing his time under the tutelage of different physicians and in attending medical lectures.

In 1807 Dr. John Brooks began the practice of medicine and surgery in Newfane, Vermont, where he lived for the next twelve years and built up an extensive prac-

tice. He also represented that town in the legislature.

He relinquished his medical practice in 1819 and moved to Dummerston, Vermont, on account of an extremely distressing illness of his wife. At that time he became a preacher of universal restoration.

Three years later, in response to a call from the First Restorationist church, which afterwards was known as the Universalist, Doctor Brooks moved to Bernardston, Massachusetts, where he settled as a preacher of the restorationist doctrine. During his long residence in this town he was honored by election and appointment to various positions of trust. In 1824 he was elected representative to the General Court, and reelected for seven consecutive terms.

In Bernardston he was called upon as a physician to such an extent, that after about five years he abandoned the ministry for his medical practice. Although he intended to resume preaching at some future time, he was prevented by a chronic throat ailment. Consequently, until past the age of eighty years, he was favorably known as one of the leading physicians.

Dr. John Brooks's first wife was Nancy Redington, who died on March 30, 1823. On September 28, 1823, he married Mary Amelia Bascom of Gill, who became my grandmother.

My grandfather acquired a considerable reputation as a writer of both prose and poetry; his poems, sermons, and controversial writings upon religious subjects were published as they were written. During the last years of his life he became convinced of the benefits of total abstinence and, accordingly, gave up the use of ardent spirits, tea, coffee, and tobacco, after a moderate use of all for more than sixty years. Doctor

Brooks's home was for many years on the site of the present Alford place, Cedar Lawn, on South street. He died at his Bernardston home, September 9, 1866.

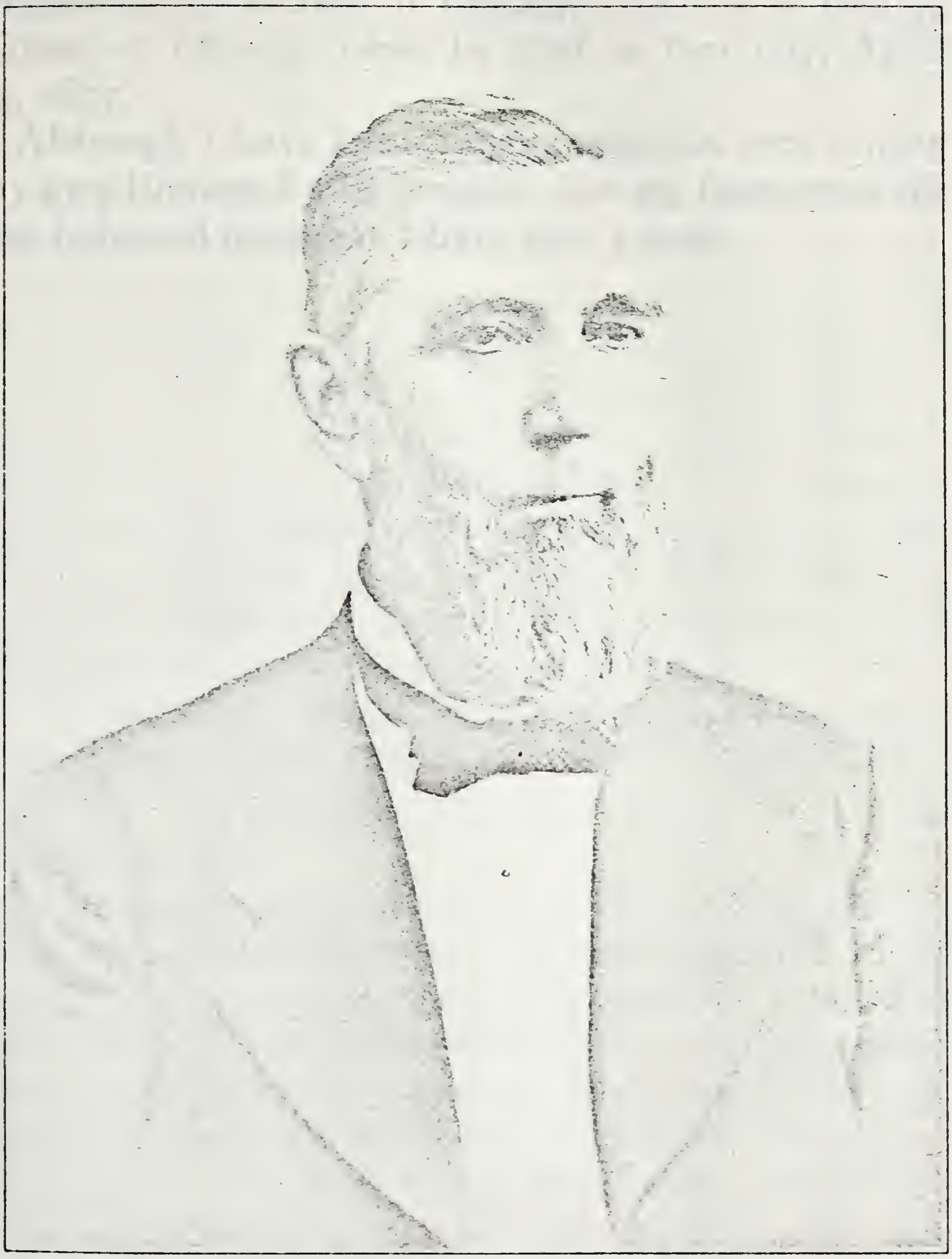
SILAS NEWTON BROOKS, the only son of Dr. John and Mary Amelia Brooks, was born at Bernardston, December 30, 1825. My father's early life was spent in his native town, where his influence was widespread and always exerted for the best interests of the community. In addition to his agricultural pursuits, my father was a manufacturer of farming tools in a company with E. S. Hulbert. He also found time to devote himself successfully to varied civil affairs of the town, state, and nation.

Melissa Minerva Burrows, a native of Bernardston, was married to Silas Newton Brooks on April 24, 1849. My mother was from a hardy, pioneer family and survived my father.

For about thirty years Silas Newton Brooks most satisfactorily filled such positions as town clerk and treasurer, trustee of Powers institute, and member of the school board. For three years he represented his constituents in the Massachusetts Legislature. He also served two years in the House, and one in the Senate. During this time, he was an actively interested member in the Franklin county agricultural society.

My father had the settlement of several large estates, among others the Cushman estate of which he was named executor and trustee, without bond. He was still in charge of this estate at the time of his death.

In 1871 my father moved to Chicago, Illinois, to engage in the lock manufacturing business in the firm of Sargent, Greenleaf, and Brooks Lock Company. In this new home he was quickly honored as a man of



Silas Newton Brooks
Father of Bryant Butler Brooks

intelligence, civic leadership, and business ability. He became a prominent and respected member of the Massachusetts society of Chicago and was a leading citizen of Chicago when he died in that city, April 15, 1897.

Although I have known many splendid men during my own lifetime I still consider that my father was the best balanced man that I have ever known.

The Bascom Family

Family tradition says that the Bascoms, Bascomes, Bascum, Bascomb, or Bascombes are descended from a French Huguenot family, which, driven from France by the revocation of the edict of Nantes, settled in one of the border counties of Scotland, near the Clyde. It also seems from family records that three brothers of this family's descendants, during the civil disturbances and religious oppressions which drove so many of the English Puritans from the land of their birth, emigrated to America. Two of these remained in New England and one went to the West Indies.

It is certain, however, that THOMAS BASCOM, the direct lineal ancestor of both my wife and myself, settled in New England about the year 1634 at Dorchester, Massachusetts.

In common with most of the early immigrants he was a church member. He must have been held in high regard by his fellow citizens because he was elected town constable, a position which in those times required energy, judgment, and bravery. He seems to have possessed a roving tendency, because records show him at Dorchester, Windsor, Connecticut, and at Northampton. Apparently, his descendants inherited this trait, as only a few now remain near the ancestral home in Massachusetts.

At Windsor three of his children were born, among these my ancestor, Thomas second. The first record

of his name at Northampton is the mention of his own and his wife's admission to full communion in the church, May 14, 1661. In 1666 he was elected town constable, made freeman in May, 1670, took the oath of allegiance February 8, 1678-9, and died there May 9, 1682.

His will, as recorded in the probate office at Northampton, is as follows:

I, Thomas Bascom, sen., of Northampton, being of perfect memory and understanding, and at p'sent enjoying a competent measure of health, although I have lived to old age yet knowing not the day of my death, do therefore in preparation to my last change doe make and constitute this my last will and testament which is as followeth.

And as respecting my eternal estate, I know my redeemer liveth and that he shal stand at the latter day on the earth and wil change my vile body and make it like his glorious body.

And as touching my body when it is removed out of this earthly tabernacle that it be decently buried.

And as touching those outward blessings which the Lord of his mercy hath bestowed on me, I dispose of them in this manner as followeth.

Imprimis, my wil is that my son Thomas doe out of my estate pay al my just debts and funeral expenses. And I doe hereby give and bequeath to my son Thomas al my lands of al sorts together with my house, orchard, and barn to be to him and to his dispose forever; also I give to him my cart wheels, plough, chaines and al other husbandry implements and mason tools and my great brass kettle and al my wearing apparel, onely my wil is that my son William Janes shall have my cloth suite and my son Robert Lyman my searge coate, and the remainder of my wearing apparel I doe hereby give to my son Thomas Bascom;

And that as for the remainder of my estate my wil is that my just debts being paid out of it, that it being prized it shall equally be divided between my children, viz, my son Thomas Bascom, Hannah Janes and Hepzibah Limon:

And I doe hereby make and ordain my son Thomas Bascom to be ful and sole executor of this my wil and doe intreate and request

my wel beloved and trusty friends Deacon William Holten and Deacon Medad Pumry to be my overseers of this my last wil and testament and doe hereby declare that any former wils of mine are hereby made voide and this only to stand in force, in witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal the eighth day of July in the year of Lord one thousand six hundred seventie and nine.

THOMAS BASCOM

witnessed by Medad Pumry and Joseph Parsons jr.

THOMAS BASCOM SECOND, the only son of the elder Thomas, was born February 20, 1641-2. There seems to be a difference of opinion as to whether he married Mary Newell or Mary Baldwin. However, as his will on probate at Northampton shows that his "widow Mary" survived him, and records show that Mary Baldwin died before he did, the inference is that he married Mary Newell. He was the father of Thomas Bascom third, my ancestor, born about 1668.

THOMAS BASCOM THIRD, being the eldest son, inherited the homestead at Northampton, and died in that town February 3, 1714. His widow survived him by many years. By his will he gave her one-half of his house, land, and "movables," so long as she remained a widow. The fourth son of Thomas third was Ezekiel, my ancestor.

EZEKIEL BASCOM was born at Northampton, Massachusetts, November 22, 1700. On March 6, 1728-9, he married Sarah Severance. These were the parents of my great-great-grandfather, Moses Bascom, born at Deerfield June 8, 1736.

This MOSES BASCOM, eldest son of Ezekiel, was for many years a deacon of the church at Greenfield, being generally referred to in the records as Deacon Moses Bascom. His first wife, Eunice Severance, to whom he was married September 22, 1760, was the mother of

Moses Bascom second, who occupies a unique place in the ancestral records of my wife and myself as he was our mutual great-grandfather.

*MOSES BASCOM, the eldest son of Deacon Moses, was born at Greenfield, Massachusetts, May 15, 1761. He married Anna Sheldon of Bernardston in January, 1782, and settled at Gill. He became a major in the militia, after beginning his military career at the age of fifteen in the American Revolution.

His oldest daughter was Emerancy Climene who married Jonathan Willard of Washington Court House, Ohio, on January 21, 1805. These became the parents of Lockhart Dickman Willard, who was the father of my wife, Mary Naomi Willard Brooks.

Emerancy Climene's sister, the fifth daughter of Moses Bascom, was Mary Amelia who married Dr. John Brooks of Bernardston, Massachusetts, on September 28, 1823. These were my own grandparents, the parents of my father, Silas Newton Brooks.

As our grandmothers were sisters, my wife and I feel that the Bascom ancestral line is particularly important.

The Burrows Family

My mother was a Burrows, of which family the earliest account dates from the latter part of the tenth century. They were descended from the Normans and were people of distinction. The first known ancestor was Fulbert, an officer under Robert second, fifth Duke of Normandy. The Norman name was DeBurghe. The family records date from the year 978 when they were located at Falaise.

At the conquest of England by William the Conqueror, in 1066, Herohir DeBurghe, Lord of Contraville, " by profession a tanner and engaged extensively in the business" was granted large estates in England. There the family name extends over six centuries and a territory from the vicinity of London to Manchester. The name became Anglicized from the Norman form DeBurghe to Burrows, Burrowes, and Burroughs.

The English history of the family runs through six generations. The Burrows family has a coat of arms, crests, and heraldic insignia, the motto being *"Audaces fortuna jurat"* (Fortune favors the brave), and this has been admirably illustrated in the Bernardston branch of the family.

The founder of the Burrows line in America, from whom I trace direct descent, was ROBERT BURROWS of Manchester, England. He came over with the Puritans in 1635 and first settled in the neighborhood of Boston but soon moved to Wethersfield, Connecticut.

About 1643, with a few others, he went to and made a settlement at Pequoit, now New London. At this place there is a record of his grant of land, situated on the west bank of the Mystic river, which is dated 1651. It adds "Goodman Robert Burrows was chosen first ferryman to ferry horse and man across Mystic river for a groat [four pence]."

*From this Robert Burrows is descended JOSHUA BURROWS of Groton, Connecticut, the ancestor of the Bernardston branch of the family. Joshua Burrows died December 31, 1775, leaving his wife, Jane, with three small children.

Amos, the youngest of these children, was only three years old when his father died. His mother married a Mr. Davis of Leyden and the family went to that town to live.

As Leyden is really North Bernardston, Kellogg's *History of Bernardston* records the Burrows, saying:

> In several families of the first settlers of the town, there are marked characteristics running down the generations, and it seems well to note these. Following out the motto of their transatlantic kinsmen, the Burrows family have acquired for themselves a more than local name. Always hearty, they displayed cordiality and hospitality to an unusual extent.

AMOS BURROWS, the son of Joshua and Jane Burrows, was bound out to learn a blacksmith's trade when he was twelve years of age, in Groton, Connecticut. When he became a young man, Amos Burrows returned to Leyden, settling south of the Beaver Meadow cemetery, where the cellar hole of his house is still to be seen.

He married Phoebe Hunt, daughter of John Hunt of Leyden, November 17, 1794. Regarding Phoebe Burrows it is recorded, "She was a remarkable woman,

a type of energy, endurance, enterprise and power, and withal a strongly religious woman."

Amos and Phoebe Burrows were the parents of my maternal grandfather, Isaac Burrows.

ISAAC BURROWS was born March 24, 1797, in Leyden, Massachusetts. He resided there during the greater part of his life, on what was a part of the old David Ryther farm. He was selectman for eleven years. He married Rebecca Louisa Connable, and they became the parents of my mother, Melissa Minerva Burrows.

They remodeled a house that was then more than a hundred years old, which was true to the best traditions of New England architecture, and founded a home that was widely known, then and henceforth, for an unbounded hospitality. This house, still famous today, may well be described.

It is an old-fashioned square shape, built around the huge chimney which furnishes fireplaces in every room in the main part of the structure, both upstairs and down. The old hearthstones formed ideal settings for the gathering of the family and their guests. Here they cracked big dishes of butternuts or popped pans of corn.

About the chimney the children played hide-and-seek, into the great closets, up the winding front stairs, out through the large open attic in the rear, down the back stairs, into the kitchen or back hall, known as "the buttery," and back through the north hall. After the children were married, grandchildren came to play the same games and merry feet scampered again. Grandmother Burrows was very patient and generous with us in those days.

For a few short years, after the family scattered from

the old home town, the property passed into other hands. However, Frank L. Burrows, one of the sons of Isaac and Rebecca Burrows, bought back the ancestral home in his later years. By my Uncle Frank's will the property passed to his daughter and her husband, Harry Perry.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Perry are of New England birth and training, and have inherited a love and reverence for the old home and its associations. Every possible phase of the old home has been restored, from the big wooden bar, dropping into heavy irons instead of door locks, to the daguerreotype of Grandmother Rebecca Burrows and her gold and jet oval brooch, into which has been placed a tiny braid of hair that once belonged to Grandmother Rebecca and Grandfather Isaac Burrows.

Incidentally, this old brooch was a gift from the famous Jim Fisk in appreciation of hospitality offered him in that home in bygone years.

The original "corner cupboard" has been restored, with its beautiful old pewter, china, and glass, including a quaint white and gold china teapot from Grandmother Burrows's "best dinner set." As Mrs. Perry is a collector of antiques of the period of our grandparents' time, the old home is a veritable museum, true to its early character.

Today Grandfather Isaac and Grandmother Rebecca Burrows gaze down from their heavy gold frames on the wall of the beautiful old home, giving inspiration for a deeper appreciation of the ideals of the past and faith in building well for the days to come.

My mother, Melissa Minerva Burrows Brooks, reared in the atmosphere of New England culture and

1608281

hospitality in that stately old home, retained her gracious dignity throughout her long and varied life. When she moved to Chicago with my father in 1871 she carried with her the traditions of her forefathers. She lived to be my guest when I was governor of Wyoming and passed from this earth August 29, 1910, at Fort Wayne, Indiana.

37-35

Melissa Minerva Burrows Brooks
Mother of Bryant Butler Brooks

The Connable Family

My maternal grandmother was Rebecca Louisa Connable, directly descended from John Connable, Conable, or Cunnabell, who emigrated from London, England, to Boston, Massachusetts, in 1674.

Records show that on November 17, 1673, JOHN CUNNABELL was a "citizen and joyner" of London, twenty-three years of age.

John Cunnabell remained in Boston until he joined Captain William Turner's company for service in King Philip's war. On February 22, 1675-6, a list of the company was taken at Medfield. It consisted of about one hundred men, chiefly from Boston. The company was ordered to Northampton and defended it against the Indians, repulsing the assault of the redskins on March 14, 1676. Early in April, 1676, Major Thomas Savage withdrew his troops, leaving Captain Turner with one hundred fifty-one men to garrison the towns.

At this period of King Philip's war a large body of Indian warriors, with their wives and children, were assembled at the falls on Connecticut river, between Gill and Montague, engaged in catching shad, which at that time were found there in large numbers. Having learned from two boys, who had been taken prisoners by the Indians but had made their escape, that the Indians were busy at the falls catching and curing fish, with no expectation of being disturbed, Captain Turner decided to surprise them.

He assembled one hundred eighty mounted men, one of whom was John Cunnabell, and left Hatfield for the "Great falls" on the evening of May 17, 1676. About daylight the next morning the men dismounted and left their horses in charge of a guard about half a mile from the Indian camp.

The surprise of the Indians was complete. In the attack upon them more than three hundred were killed or drowned while attempting to escape by crossing the river, and only one of Turner's men was killed.

Just as the fight at the falls was over and the men had begun the march to the horses, a small party of Indians crossed the river above the falls. Twenty Colonial soldiers were sent to meet them, but were repulsed and driven back to the main body. About the same time another party of Indians from below attacked the guard left with the horses. These were beaten off until the soldiers could remount and the march back to Hatfield was begun.

Large reinforcements had now joined the Indians from the east side of the river. A captive told the soldiers that the dreaded King Philip, at the head of a thousand warriors, was in full pursuit. A panic came upon the troops. Van, center, and rear became separated. John Cunnabell was in the rear group with Captain Holyoke.

Captain Turner's party was ambushed in a swamp and cut off. He stayed with his company as far as Green river, in the crossing of which the Indians attacked in full force and Captain Turner was killed. Another party lost their way and were captured and made prisoners. The survivors, under Captain Holyoke, had several severe battles but reached Hatfield. More than half of

their number had been slain. John Cunnabell had escaped with his life.

This battle became known as the "Falls fight," the last great battle of the King Philip's war.

The company was in garrison at Hadley, June 26, 1676. The journal of John Hull, of Boston, treasurer of the Massachusetts colony from 1675 to 1680, shows that John Cunnabell received £3 8s. 6d. for his services under Captain William Turner.

Nearly sixty years after the "Falls fight," January 21, 1736, the General Court of the Massachusetts bay in New England acknowledged the "important and perilous service rendered" by a grant of land. It granted to the survivors of the fight and the descendants of the others a township, which was named in honor of the fight "Fall Town." This town was incorporated under the name of Bernardston March 6, 1762.

As John Cunnabell had died in 1724, the land went to Samuel Cunnabell, the eldest surviving son, and my direct lineal ancestor. A provision of the grant required the land to go, when the father was deceased, to the oldest living son, and in case there was no son, then to the oldest male descendant. The tract of land included the present towns of Bernardston and Leyden and a part of Colerain, all now in Franklin county, Massachusetts.

At the time the land came to him, SAMUEL CONNABLE, or Cunnabell, had married his second wife, Mary Wilson Diamond, in a ceremony performed by Reverend Cotton Mather. These were my ancestors. Mary Wilson Diamond's mother had been a Hale of the same family as Captain Nathan Hale, the patriot spy of the revolution.

*SAMUEL CONNABLE THIRD, my ancestor, was the oldest surviving son of Samuel Connable second. He married Mary English in New Haven, Connecticut, about 1740. Her wedding dress of light robin's-egg blue silk was preserved in its original form for about ninety years and pieces of the fabric are still among her descendants. After the ceremony she rode behind her husband on the same horse to their new home in Bernardston, Massachusetts.

Samuel Connable third held numerous positions of trust in his town. In 1744 the French and Indian war began, and "so great the danger and so frequent the incursions of the Indians, the settlements of Fall Town were mostly abandoned, a few inhabitants only remaining and these living in stockades, or fortified houses, or forts."

The American Revolutionary war rolls at Boston show that Samuel Connable third was in military service. He was in Captain Agrippa Wells's company, Colonel Williams's regiment of militia, from April 20 to May 1, 1775, and marched from Greenfield as a private. He also served from July 10 to August 12, 1777, in Captain Amasa Sheldon's company, Colonel Elisha Porter's regiment of militia, in an expedition in the northern department. He received for his time and travel on this expedition £2 2s.

His son SAMUEL FOURTH, my great-great-grandfather, seems to have taken a large part in civic affairs. He was elected: hayward, 1770; surveyor of highways, 1769, 1785; warden, 1781, 1783, 1784; assessor, 1787; surveyor of boards and shingles, 1772, 1791; constable and collector, 1776; committeeman and town treasurer, 1783; and employed by the town to build bridges, 1789, 1790.

Captain Jonathan Connable, son of Samuel fourth, operated a large farm, kept a hotel, and took a great interest in military affairs, being captain of the militia. He was on the bridge-building committee, 1816 and 1818, and on the school committee, 1821. His daughter, Rebecca Louisa, became my grandmother.

It was from her grandmother, Rebecca Ryther, that the original land came, where the famous old homestead stands. This was the home that I knew as "Grandmother Burrows's."

Chronological List of Ancestors

Arranged in alphabetical groups and in chronological order individually, according to the genealogical chart inside front cover.

Barker, Lydia. Born June 18, 1711, Concord, Massachusetts. Married ——. Died June 30, 1802, Acton, Massachusetts.

Barker, John fourth. Born November 3, 1689, Concord, Massachusetts. Married July 25, 1708, Concord, Massachusetts. Died ——.

Barker, John third. Born August 23, 1669, Concord, Massachusetts. Married ——. Died February 5, 1734.

Barker, John second. Born ——. Married December 9, 1668, Concord, Massachusetts. Died April 3, 1718, Concord, Massachusetts.

Barker, Francis. Born ——. Married ——. Died 1665, Concord, Massachusetts.

Bascom, Mary Amelia. Born December 19, 1795, Gill, Massachusetts. Married September 28, 1823, Gill, Massachusetts. Died March 9, 1862, Bernardston, Massachusetts.

Bascom, Major Moses. Born May 15, 1761, Greenfield, Massachusetts. Married January, 1782, Bernardston, Massachusetts. Died March 8, 1814, Boston, Massachusetts.

Bascom, Deacon Moses. Born June 8, 1736, Deerfield, Massachusetts. Married September 22, 1760, Deerfield, Massachusetts. Died September 19, 1805, Greenfield, Massachusetts.

Bascom, Ezekiel. Born November 22, 1700, Northampton, Massachusetts. Married March 6, 1729, Deerfield, Massachusetts. Died 1746, Deerfield, Massachusetts.

Bascom, Thomas third. Born 1668, Northampton, Massachusetts. Married ——. Died February 3, 1714, Northampton, Massachusetts.

Bascom, Thomas second. Born February 20, 1642, Windsor, Connecticut. Married March 20, 1667, Farmington, Connecticut. Died September 11, 1689, Northampton, Massachusetts.

Bascom, Thomas. Born in England. Married ——. Died May 9, 1682, Northampton, Massachusetts.

Brooks, Silas Newton. Born December 30, 1825, Bernardston, Massachusetts. Married April 24, 1849, Bernardston, Massachusetts. Died April 15, 1897, Chicago, Illinois.

Brooks, Dr. John. Born January 12, 1783, Worcester, Massachusetts. Married September 28, 1823, Gill, Massachusetts. Died September 9, 1866, Bernardston, Massachusetts.

Brooks, Captain Nathaniel. Born February 17, 1740, Acton, Massachusetts. Married December 24, 1767, Marlboro, Massachusetts. Died February 3, 1838, Worcester, Massachusetts.

Brooks, Deacon John. Born February 12, 1702, Concord, Massachusetts. Married ——. Died March 6, 1777, Acton, Massachusetts.

Brooks, Daniel. Born November 15, 1663, Concord, Massachusetts. Married August 9, 1692, Concord, Massachusetts. Died October 27, 1733, Concord, Massachusetts.

Brooks, Joshua. Born 1630, England. Married October 17, 1653. Died ——.

Brooks, Captain Thomas. Born in England. Married in England. Died May 21, 1667.

Burrows, Melissa Minerva. Born March 8, 1829, Bernardston, Massachusetts. Married April 24, 1849, Bernardston, Massachusetts. Died August 29, 1910, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Burrows, Isaac. Born March 24, 1797, Leyden, Massachusetts. Married October 30, 1821, Bernardston, Massachusetts. Died December 4, 1865, Bernardston, Massachusetts.

Burrows, Amos. Born August 10, 1772, Groton, Connecticut. Married November 17, 1794, Leyden, Massachusetts. Died December 31, 1855, Bernardston, Massachusetts.

Burrows, Joshua. Born 1749, Groton, Connecticut. Married about 1769. Died December 31, 1775, Groton, Connecticut.

Burrows, Robert. Born in England. Married ——. Died in New London, Connecticut.

Bush, Grace. Born May 3, 1696, Marlboro, Massachusetts. Married December 24, 1718, Marlboro, Massachusetts. Died ——.

Bush, Abiel. Born about 1669. Married ——. Died June, 1739.

Connable, Rebecca Louisa. Born June 13, 1803, Bernardston, Massachusetts. Married October 30, 1824, Bernardston, Massachusetts. Died April 6, 1874, Bernardston, Massachusetts.

Connable, Captain Jonathan. Born August 13, 1776, Bernardston, Massachusetts. Married October 22, 1801, Bernardston, Massachusetts. Died January 5, 1841, Bernardston, Massachusetts.

Connable, Samuel fourth. Born November 11, 1743,

Bernardston, Massachusetts. Married November 13, 1770, Bernardston, Massachusetts. Died April 29, 1794, Bernardston, Massachusetts.

Connable, Samuel third. Born April 1, 1717, Boston, Massachusetts. Married about 1740, New Haven, Connecticut. Died December 3, 1796, Bernardston, Massachusetts.

Connable, Samuel second. Born January 16, 1689, Boston, Massachusetts. Married July 23, 1713, Boston, Massachusetts. Died November 19, 1746, Boston, Massachusetts.

Connable, John (or Cunnabell). Born January 25, 1650, England. Married March 13, 1689, Salem, Massachusetts. Died April 10, 1724, Boston, Massachusetts.

Clayes, Sarah (or Cloise). Born 1666, Wells, Maine. Married March 13, 1689, Salem, Massachusetts. Died about 1700, Boston, Massachusetts.

Copper, Mary (or Cooper). Born ——. Married October 21, 1663. Died ——.

Danforth, Elizabeth. Born ——. Married May 7, 1681. Died ——.

Danforth, Jonathan. Born in England. Married November 22, 1655. Died September 7, 1712.

Diamond, Mary Wilson. Born November 4, 1690, Boston, Massachusetts. Married July 23, 1713, Boston, Massachusetts. Died March 14, 1759, Boston, Massachusetts.

English, Mary. Born December 29, 1715, New Haven, Connecticut. Married about 1740, New Haven, Connecticut. Died December 29, 1791, Bernardston, Massachusetts.

English, Benjamin. Born October 19, 1676, Salem, Massachusetts. Married April 21, 1703. Died ——.

Haywood, Elizabeth. Born February 28, 1689, Concord, Massachusetts. Married July 25, 1708, Concord, Massachusetts. Died ——.

Haywood, Singdon. Born January 22, 1649, Concord, Massachusetts. Married May 7, 1687, Concord, Massachusetts. Died ——.

How, Mary. Born April 2, 1726, Marlboro, Massachusetts. Married January 2, 1745, Marlboro, Massachusetts. Died February 21, 1831, Marlboro, Massachusetts.

How, Peter. Born ——. Married December 24, 1718, Marlboro, Massachusetts. Died ——.

Hunt, Phoebe. Born October 3, 1776, Bernardston, Masssachusetts. Married November 17, 1794, Bernardston, Massachusetts. Died April 24, 1862, Bernardston, Massachusetts.

Lovet, Hannah. Born ——. Married 1711, Watertown, Connecticut. Died ——.

Mason, Hannah. Born ——. Married October 17, 1652. Died ——.

Merriman, Ann. Born September 7, 1667, Concord, Massachusetts. Married August, 1692, Concord, Massachusetts. Died ——.

Merriman, John. Born September 5, 1641. Married October 21, 1663, Concord, Massachusetts. Died ——.

Newton, Mary. Born October 11, 1747, Marlboro, Massachusetts. Married December 24, 1767, Marlboro, Massachusetts. Died May 26, 1830, Worcester, Massachusetts.

Newton, Micah. Born December 8, 1723, Marlboro, Massachusetts. Married January 2, 1745, Marlboro, Massachusetts. Died August 21, 1800, Marlboro, Massachusetts.

Newton, Joseph. Born May 24, 1673, Marlboro, Massachusetts. Married ——. Died July 29, 1759, Marlboro, Massachusetts.

Ryther, Rebecca. Born May 23, 1753, Bernardston, Massachusetts. Married November 13, 1770, Bernardston, Massachusetts. Died April 20, 1837, Bernardston, Massachusetts.

Ryther, Lieutenant David. Born August 15, 1719, Sherborn, Massachusetts. Married about 1745, Bernardston, Massachusetts. Died June 6, 1804, Bernardston, Massachusetts.

Ryther, Daniel. Born November 25, 1683, Sherborn, Massachusetts. Married about 1711. Died ——.

Shattuck, Rebecca. Born 1725, Northfield, Massachusetts. Married about 1745. Died November 12, 1802, Bernardston, Massachusetts.

Wright, Asenath. Born August 22, 1783, East Hampton, Massachusetts. Married October 22, 1801, East Hampton, Massachusetts. Died December 13, 1839, Bernardston, Massachusetts.

Ancestry of my Wife*

The Willard Family

In a crypt of Canterbury cathedral there is a tablet which reads:

IN MEMORIAM
MAJOR SIMON WILLARD
born 1604, died 1676
Exactly One Hundred Years before the Declaration of Independence
A KENTISH SOLDIER AND AN EARLY PIONEER
in the Settlement of the British Colony
of New England, America, 1634
He was made COMMANDER IN CHIEF of the British Forces
against the Hostile Indian Tribes
He was Distinguished in the Military Legislative
and Judicial Service of the American Commonwealth
until his Death, aged 72.

Of Simon Willard's Ancestors one was
PROVOST OF CANTERBURY 1218,
and another was
BARON OF CINQUE PORTS 1377,
and his descendants to the present day have held
Eminent Positions in the United States.

Erected by
Sylvester D. Willard, M.R.C.S.
London, 1902.

[* Denotes the ancestor of the line whose service record may be used for membership in the Daughters or Sons of the American Revolution.]

[** Denotes the ancestor whose service record has already been used for the above purpose.]

MAJOR SIMON WILLARD was my wife's direct lineal ancestor and the founder of her family in America. He brought his wife, Mary, and at least one child with him to America. After the death of this wife he married Elizabeth Dunster, sister of President Henry Dunster of Cambridge college (now Harvard). She died within a year, and Major Willard then married Mary Dunster, a cousin of Elizabeth.

Major Willard and his wife, Elizabeth, were the parents of Henry Willard, the ancestor of my wife, who was Mary Naomi Willard.

It is known that Major Simon Willard came to this country in 1634. According to the old record of court testimony Elizabeth Bacon, of Hartford, Connecticut, testified that she "arrived in New England in the month of May, 1634," and that "Mr. Willard and others of good account were passengers in the same ship." We also know that on August 4, 1634, "Symon Willard" had a grant of land at Cambridge and was later a substantial contributor to Cambridge (now Harvard).

In 1635 Major Willard joined with others in founding the plantation to which they gave the name Concord (home of agreeing men). They bought their lands from the Indians and maintained good relations with them.

In the first election by the Concord freemen, Major Willard was chosen representative to the General Court. He seems to have been eminently successful on committees and as arbiter between towns, groups, and citizens. He was a magistrate from 1654 to 1675.

During all of this time Major Willard was in charge of training the militia. In 1653 he was chosen "sergeant-major" of Middlesex county. He was commander-in-

chief of the Narragansett expedition in 1654 and 1655.

He moved from Concord to Lancaster and, twelve years later, to Groton, where he built a home and other buildings. This town was attacked in King Philip's war and Major Willard's home was burned. Although he was seventy-one years old he continued in service, directing the movements of troops and relief expeditions, bearing untold hardships and strain until his death the following spring.

HENRY WILLARD, a son of Major Willard, was born June 4, 1655, at Concord. According to his will, probated at Charlestown, August 8, 1701, he seems to have owned considerable land and other property. My wife is a descendant of Henry Willard and his second wife, Dorcas Cutler, through their son, Josiah.

COLONEL JOSIAH WILLARD was one of the first settlers of Lunenburg and a captain in the frontier army, who was promoted as a colonel and made commander of Fort Dummer (at Brattleboro, Vermont). He is described as "faithful, vigilant, careful." He was an original proprietor in "the township on the east side of Connecticut river above Northfield, commonly called Arlington."

NATHAN WILLARD, my wife's great-great-grandfather, was a son of Colonel Josiah and Hannah Willard. He was born May 28, 1726, at Lunenburg. He became a soldier like his father. With the rank of captain he was made commander of Fort Dummer in 1755 and 1756. He was also a town officer at Hinsdale, New Hampshire, in 1754, and one of the proprietors of Westminster, Vermont, although his home was at Brattleboro. The oldest son of Captain Nathan and Lucy Willard was Nathan second.

*NATHAN WILLARD SECOND was born at Lancaster, December 12, 1751. He married Submit Phipps, the daughter of Mrs. Jemima Sartwell Phipps Howe Tute, famous in New England history. Nathan and Submit Willard were my wife's great-grandparents. Their son, Jonathan Phipps, was born December 16, 1780.

JONATHAN PHIPPS WILLARD, my wife's grandfather, married Emerancy Climene Bascom, whose sister, Mary Amelia, married my own grandfather, Dr. John Brooks. A son of Jonathan and Emerancy Willard was Lockhart Dickman Willard, born February 20, 1811.

LOCKHART DICKMAN WILLARD, my wife's father, was born at Northampton, New Hampshire. Soon after his birth his parents moved to Bernardston, Massachusetts, where he lived and attended school until he was sixteen years old.

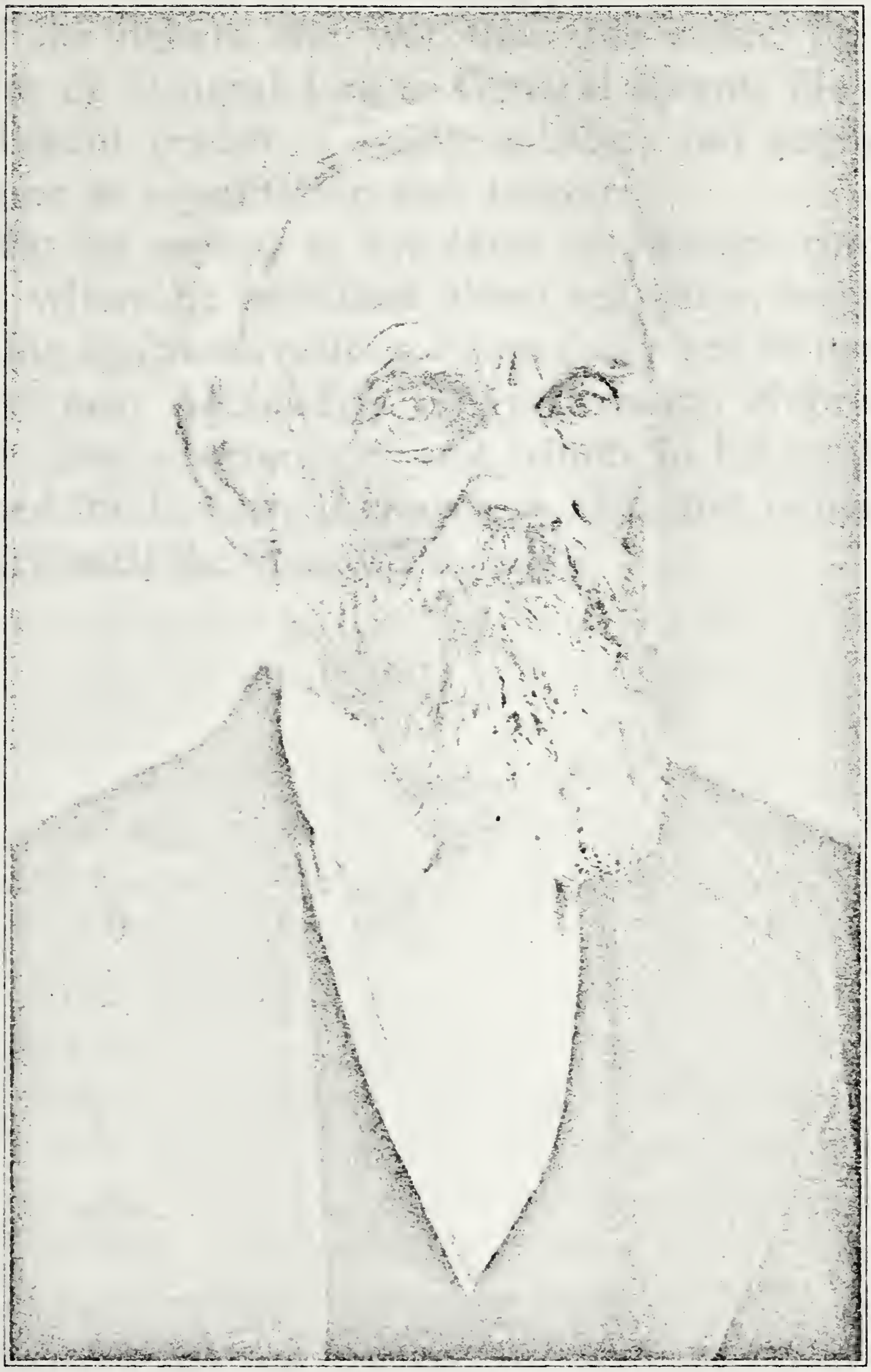
He spent the next three years traveling in Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New York, part of Canada, and the then almost unbroken wilderness of Ohio, in the book business.

In Ohio he received an offer to teach school and settled there in Fayette county. He also became a stone mason.

In 1838 he married Mary Jane Doran, who died in 1860. In 1863 he married Olive Hester Clark, who became the mother of my wife.

Meanwhile he had studied law and was admitted to the bar about 1840. He practiced this profession, in connection with his favorite project of farming, until about 1852. About that time he moved back to Bernardston, Massachusetts, in order to give his children a better education than the Ohio schools afforded.

However, he returned to Ohio the following year



LOCKHART DICKMAN WILLARD
Father of Mrs. Bryant Butler Brooks

and was elected the second probate judge of Fayette county, which office he held until 1863. In politics Judge Willard was a steadfast supporter of the Union through the debate and war that was ended by the surrender of General Lee to General Grant. He was an intelligent reader, a ready debater, and acquired local fame as a politician and lawyer.

In 1865 he moved to his farm in Mercer county, Illinois, where he remained about ten years, engaged in farming and stock raising. From this place he moved to a farm near Alexandria, Thayer county, Nebraska, where I spent one summer and winter in his employ. He joined the Episcopal church in 1872 and remained a member until the time of his death.

Jemima Sartwell Phipps Howe Tute

Captain Josiah Sartwell was a famous pioneer and Indian fighter who built Fort Sartwell in Vermont in 1739. About a year later, his beautiful daughter, Jemima, married William Phipps. These were my wife's great-great-grandparents.

Mr. Phipps, with Nehemiah Howe, David Rugg, and their families, made a clearing and built a fort in 1742. This was where the town of Putney now stands, a five hundred acre tract of land, known from Vermont's early history as the Great Meadows. They called it Fort Hill.

During the days leading up to the French and Indian war, Fort Hill was the scene of the first big Indian outbreak in the Connecticut valley. A party of Indians captured William Phipps, who was hoeing in a cornfield at the southwest corner of the Meadows. He was taken about half a mile into the woods on the west by two Indians, where one Indian guarded him while the other went back down the hill for something he had left. Phipps, with the determination characteristic of early settlers, watched his chance, struck down his keeper with his hoe, snatched away his gun, and shot the other Indian as he came back up the hill on his return.

Then Phipps started for the fort. But, unfortunately, he met three other Indians, who shot, killed, scalped, and otherwise mangled his body. (These facts are all

taken from volume V of the *Vermont Historical Gazetteer.*)

William Phipps's untimely death left his young widow with the care of two baby girls. In 1746 Jemima Phipps married Caleb Howe, one of the grantees of Westmoreland, by whom she had five children.

When Fort Bridgman was taken by the Indians, June 27, 1755, during the French and Indian war, Caleb Howe was mortally wounded and taken to Fort Hinsdale, where he died the next morning. Jemima Sartwell Phipps Howe was captured when the fort was taken, and with her seven children was carried to Canada.

This experience is told in the *American Preceptor,* published in Rutland, Vermont, in 1818, as a school textbook of that period. It says:

> The two eldest were daughters, which she had by her first husband, Mr. William Phipps, who was also slain by the Indians, of which I doubt not but you have seen an account in Mr. Doolittle's history. It was from the mouth of this woman that I received the account. . .
>
> The Indians (she says) having plundered and put fire to the fort, we marched as near as I could judge, a mile and a half into the woods, where we encamped that night.
>
> When the morning came and we had advanced as much farther, six Indians were sent back to the place of our late abode, who collected a little more plunder, and destroyed some other effects that had been left behind; but they did not return until the day was so far spent, that it was judged best to continue where we were through the night.
>
> Early the next morning we set off for Canada, and continued our march eight days successively, until we had reached the place where the Indians had left their canoes, about fifteen miles from Crown Point. This was a long and tedious march; but the captives by divine assistance, were enabled to endure it with less trouble and difficulty than they had reason to expect . . . among the children, I thought my son Squire had the hardest lot of any.

He was then only four years old, and when we stopped to rest our weary limbs, and he sat down on his master's pack, the savage monster would often knock him off; and sometimes too with the handle of his hatchet. Several ugly marks, indented in his head by the cruel Indians at that tender age, are still plainly to be seen.

At length we arrived at Crown Point and took up our quarters there, for the space of near a week. In the meantime, some of the Indians went to Montreal, and took several of the weary captives along with them, with a view of selling them to the French. They did not succeed, however, in finding a market for any of them.

They gave my youngest daughter to the governor, de Vaudreuil, had a drunken frolic, and returned again to Crown Point, with the rest of their prisoners. From hence we set off for St. John's, in four or five canoes, just as night was coming on, and were soon surrounded with darkness.

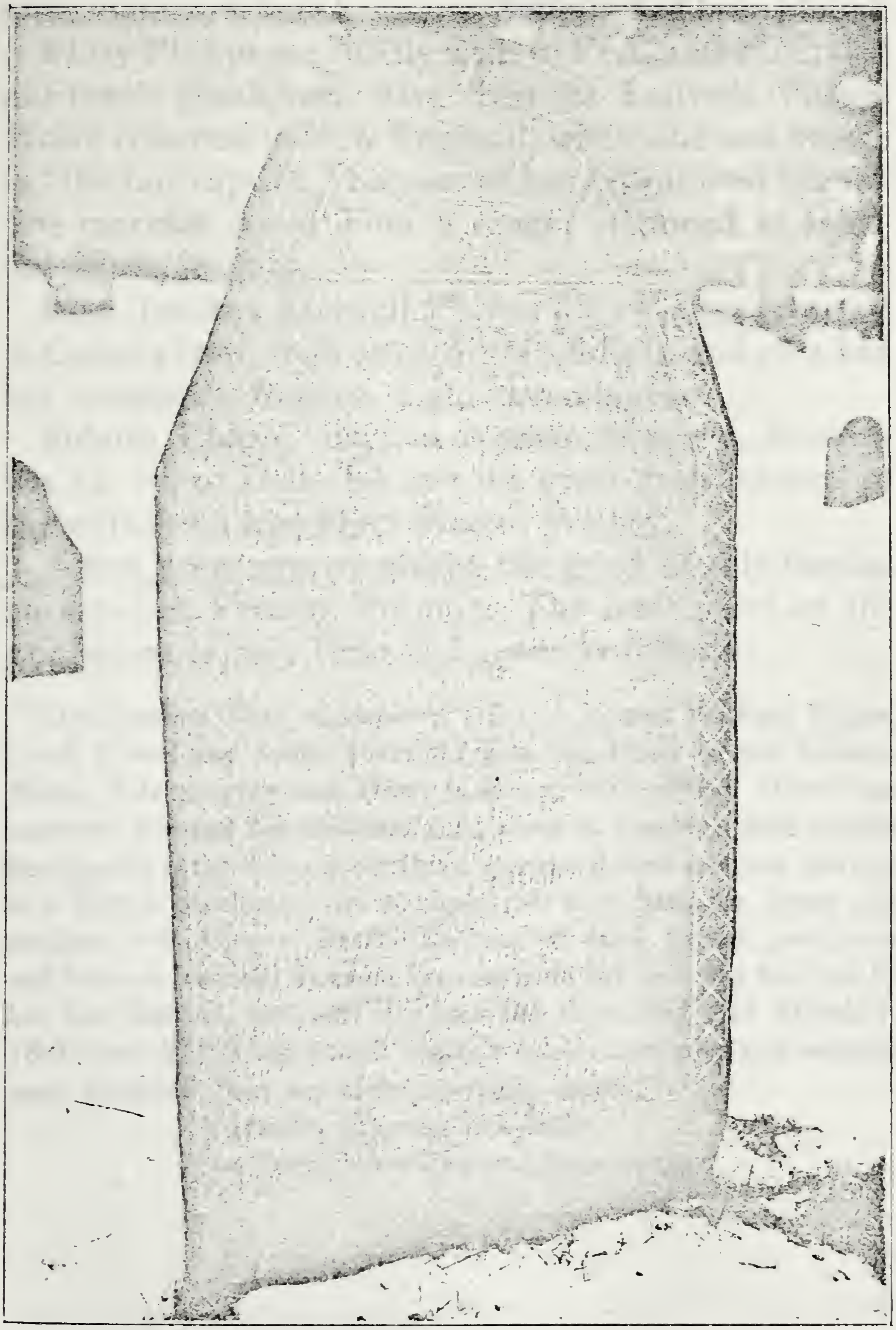
This daughter that was given to the French governor by the drunken Indians, was Submit Phipps, who later became my wife's great-grandmother. The French governor placed her in a nunnery, the story continues to recount.

Jemima Sartwell Phipps Howe remained a captive of the Indians for more than a year, until an Indian, in a drunken rage, dragged her off to the nearest fort and sold her to a Frenchman, as a slave for his wife. From that place she was finally redeemed by Colonel Schuyler, who was himself a captive when he met Mrs. Howe.

At the close of the French-English hostilities, Colonel Schuyler was allowed to return to New York, from where he furnished the money to ransom Mrs. Howe and three of her children.[1] Colonel Schuyler also sent an expedition and took the oldest daughter, Mary Phipps, away from the Indians, and put her in the

---

[1] This was Colonel Philip J. Schuyler who later served as a general in the Revolutionary war, and whose daughter married Alexander Hamilton.



An Historic Monument
In memory of Mrs. Jemima Sartwell Phipps Howe Tute
Great-great-grandmother of Mrs. Bryant Butler Brooks

same nunnery where her sister, Submit, had been placed.

Mary Phipps eventually went to France and married a French gentleman. Mrs. Jemima Sartwell Phipps Howe returned to New England, where she was known as "the fair captive," because of her exceptional beauty. She married Amos Tute, a ranger stationed at Hinsdale Fort, in 1757.

Mrs. Jemima Sartwell Phipps Howe Tute returned to Canada later, with an escort of soldiers, and obtained her daughter, Submit, from the nunnery.

Submit Phipps married Nathan Willard, November 22, 1775. These became the great-grandparents of my wife, who was Mary Naomi Willard.

A few years ago we visited the grave of this famous ancestor, at Vernon, Vermont. The inscription on the gravestone is very clear and reads as follows:

> Mrs. Jemima Tute, successively relict of Messrs. William Phipps, Caleb Howe, and Amos Tute, the first two killed by the Indians, Phipps July 5, 1745 and Howe July 27, 1755. When Howe was captured, she and her children, then seven in number, were carried into captivity, the oldest, a daughter, went to France and was married to a French gentleman, the youngest was torn from her breast and perished with hunger. By the kindness of some French gentlemen and her own personal heroism, she recovered the rest. She had two by her last husband, outlived both him and them, and died March 7, 1805, aged 82, having passed through more vicissitudes and endured more hardships than any of her contemporaries.
>
> No more can savage foes annoy,
> Nor ought her widespread fame destroy.

The Clarke Family

The Clarke family lineage and record of services in assisting in the establishment of American independence during the war of the Revolution has been used by my wife for her membership in the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Her national number is 51103.

My wife was MARY NAOMI WILLARD, the daughter of Judge Lockhart Dickman Willard and his second wife, Olive Hester Clark.[2]

OLIVE HESTER CLARK was the daughter of Jared Clark and his first wife, Sophia Brackett.

SOPHIA BRACKETT was the daughter of John Weeks Brackett and his first wife, Eunice Clarke.[2]

EUNICE CLARKE was the daughter of Ebenezer Clarke third and his first wife, Eunice Pomeroy.

**EBENEZER CLARKE THIRD was the ancestor of this line, who assisted in establishing American independence while acting in the capacity of private, or corporal.

According to records in the office of the secretary of state of Massachusetts, and in Hampshire county, Massachusetts (srs. vol. no. 19806):

(1) Ebenezer Clarke appears on a return of Captain Lyman's company, Colonel Diges's regiment, made up for travel allowance. His residence is given as Northampton, Massachusetts. (Dated in counsel, September 12, 1776. vol. 21, page 23.)

---

[2] The two families, Clark and Clarke, were not related.

Olive Hester Clark Willard
Mother of Mrs. Bryant Butler Brooks

(2) Ebenezer Clarke appears with rank of private on the muster and pay roll of Captain Johnathan Wales's company, Colonel Dickinson's Hampshire county regiment. He enlisted August 17, 1777, and showed two days service. At this time he marched on alarm to East Hoosack, thence to Pittsfield, where he was one of those in charge of and guarding Hessian prisoners to Springfield, by order of Brigadier-general Fellows. (vol. 24, page 16.)

(3) Ebenezer Clarke appears with the rank of private, on the muster and pay roll of Captain Johnathan Wales's company, Ezra May's regiment. He enlisted September 22, 1777, and received honorable discharge September 30, 1777. He marched to Stillwater and Saratoga.

(Sworn to at Hampshire county. vol. 24, page 105.)

In such concise words there is condensed a dramatic story, replete with dangers, daring, tragedy, and triumph. For the fate of America and the life of each patriot-soldier hung in the balance, when Ebenezer Clarke third played his role on the stage of history.

The first entry of Ebenezer Clarke's record does not say where he went in 1776, but that he had a "travel allowance," signifying that he left his home to fight for the freedom that is our heritage. However, the last two entries are linked with historic events, during the decisive days of 1777.

Early in 1777 the British government formed a plan for crushing the Revolution, by the most formidable campaign that had yet been undertaken. The plan was to send General Burgoyne, with seven thousand Hessians, besides some three thousand enlisted Indians and English soldiers, including a corps of artillery, down

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

the Hudson river from Canada to Albany. At Albany, he was to be met by a large force from New York. A third army was to ascend the St. Lawrence by Lake Ontario and advance to Albany by the Mohawk river. Thus, a wedge-shaped conquest of New England would cut off communication between the northern and southern colonies, or states.

Through the carelessness of an English commander the plan was confused, but Burgoyne continued his ruthless march. The Hessians, or German mercenaries, and the Indians enlisted under the British flag were cruel invaders.

During his advance Burgoyne was constantly in danger from attacks from the rear by bodies of New England militia. Hoping to stop this hazard, Burgoyne sent a detachment of Hessians to seize the American stores.

On August 17, 1777, the battle was fought. This is the date of Ebenezer Clarke's second service entry.

There were fifteen hundred Hessians, all well equipped and well provisioned, against a small company of militia, hurriedly called to arms. As the record says of my wife's ancestor, Ebenezer Clarke, these patriots "marched on alarm."

However, more than fourteen hundred Hessians were killed or captured, while the Americans lost between fifty and sixty men.

General Washington saw the need of checking the advance of General Burgoyne, and directed the New England troops to go up to Saratoga and give aid to General Schuyler. Schuyler determined to make a stand at Stillwater, where he had established a fortified camp and was receiving recruits.

The fighting was almost continuous around Saratoga and Stillwater, from August 17 to October 17, during which time various companies of militia took their places on the firing line. Ebenezer Clarke, according to his third service entry, served continuously on the battle front from September 22 to September 30.

This series of small battles, known as the Battles of Saratoga, is rated by historians as one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world, because of the far-reaching results. On October 17, 1777, Burgoyne surrendered his remaining force of some six thousand men. This victory influenced France to come openly to the aid of America.

Ebenezer Clarke third lived in Northampton, Massachusetts, from his birth in 1747 until he moved to Lunenburg, Vermont, in 1794. He first married Eunice Pomeroy of Hackaman, Massachusetts, who died at Westhampton in 1791. Two years later he married a widow, Mindwell Marsh, who died in 1805. Then he married another widow, Elizabeth Lyman. All three of his wives were sisters. Ebenezer Clarke third was the son of Ebenezer Clarke second and Jerusha Russell.

EBENEZER CLARKE SECOND was the son of Ebenezer Clarke senior and Abigail Parsons.

EBENEZER CLARKE SENIOR was the son of John Clarke and Mary Strong.

JOHN CLARKE was the son of Lieutenant William Clarke, the founder of the family in America.

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM CLARKE emigrated from England in 1630, when he was twenty-one years old. He came over on the ship, "William and Mary," with Reverend Warnam Clapp, Roger Clapp, and other prominent men who left England on account of religious persecution. He first settled in Dorchester. In

1659 he was one of the most influential founders of Northampton, Massachusetts. He was active and capable in community matters, and was one of the seven pillars of the church.

The Brackett Family

ANTHONY BRACKETT, the founder of the American branch of the family, came to America from England sometime prior to 1640. In that year he was the signer of a deed and was known to be the head of a family.

He was one of the original settlers of the colony of Mason, known as Strawberry Bank colony, which became Portsmouth in 1653. Here the name of Anthony Brackett appears as one who aided in the establishment of an Episcopal church by a grant of fifty acres of land to the church warden.

Anthony's third son, THOMAS BRACKETT, was the direct lineal ancestor of my wife. In 1676 Thomas was killed by Indians and his four small children carried into captivity. These children were ransomed by Anthony Brackett. One of these children was Joshua, the great-great-great-great-grandfather of my wife.

Fifteen years after the death of his father and his own captivity, young JOSHUA BRACKETT was "in the salt marshes near to the garrison house" when a large force of Indians attacked the settlement. The grandfather, Anthony Brackett, and his wife were killed, as well as fifteen or twenty other colonists. Joshua was among those who escaped to Portsmouth.

Joshua Brackett's exact birth-date is unknown because the records of Falsmouth were burned at the time his father was killed and he was captured. However, it must have been about 1672. He married Mary Weeks,

the daughter of Leonard and Mary Haines Weeks. Joshua and Mary Brackett were the parents of James Brackett, who was born in 1714.

*JAMES BRACKETT, known as "the peacemaker," or as "Deacon James," inherited a large farm from his father. He was remarkable for the cheerfulness and kindness of his disposition. It is said of him, that when two of his neighbors quarreled over a boundary line and left a portion unfenced, he closed up the gap at his own expense, as a measure of restoring harmony.

However, when the war of the Revolution commenced, James Brackett did everything in his power to aid the cause of freedom. Even though he was past sixty years of age and crippled with rheumatism, he performed services in behalf of the colonists that qualify his descendants to become members of patriotic orders whose membership is based upon descent from an ancestor who took part in the Revolution.

The town records of Greenland, New Hampshire, read:

> January 9, 1775, James Brackett, John Haven, William Weeks, Clement March, and Greenleaf Clark chosen to be a committee to carry into execution such measures as were agreed upon and approved by the Continental Congress.

On January 20, 1777, James Brackett and six others were named as a new committee of safety. April 12, 1777, James Brackett and Lieutenant David Simpson were chosen as a committee to go to Durham and hire soldiers to serve for the town of Greenland in the Continental army.

James Brackett was married first to Martha Cate, who became the mother of Joseph Brackett, the ancestor of my wife.

*JOSEPH BRACKETT was born July 14, 1740, in Greenland, New Hampshire, where he lived until about 1773. For the next six years he lived in Lee, where his brother Dr. James Brackett made his home.

These six years were the hazardous time of the war of the Revolution, during which Joseph Brackett was lieutenant in the sixteenth company of New Hampshire cavalry. He was a comrade of John Langdon and Major, afterwards General, John Sullivan in the capture of Fort William and Mary in Portsmouth harbor in December, 1774.

The capture of this fort was one of the incidents of the stirring times that typified the spirit of the people. Paul Revere went down to Portsmouth and harangued the Sons of Liberty until "they invaded Fort William and Mary and carried off the powder and cannon." They made the captain of the fort a prisoner, as well as the garrison, and carried away one hundred barrels of powder, fifteen cannon, and all the muskets that could be found.

In 1789 Lieutenant Joseph Brackett sold his farm at Lee to his brother. He purchased six hundred and forty acres in Lancaster, Coos county, New Hampshire, about one hundred and thirty miles north from Lee across the White mountains.

The shortest route was through "the Notch," a mountain pass, where the snow was in such drifts that the ox teams were unable to pull the loads of household goods and other belongings. The teams, five or six in number, had to have their loads lightened before they could go through the pass.

In Lancaster Joseph Brackett spent the balance of his days in farming and the practice of law. A son of

Joseph and Mary Brackett was an ancestor of my wife. This was John Weeks Brackett.

JOHN WEEKS BRACKETT was born September 3, 1773, in Lee, New Hampshire. When he was sixteen, the family moved to Lancaster, where he spent his life. In 1829 he planned to move to Ohio and purchased a tract of land there. However, he died that year, and his widow and children moved to the Ohio land at Huntsburg. Among the children who moved with their widowed mother to the "frontier" of Ohio, was a nineteen-year-old daughter, Sophia.

SOPHIA BRACKETT was the seventh child of John and Eunice Brackett, having been born June 11, 1810. Two years after the family moved to Ohio, Sophia married Jared Clark, a millwright of Huntsburg. Jared Clark was the son of Abner Clark and his wife, Olive. Jared and Sophia Clark were the grandparents of my wife.

OLIVE HESTER CLARK, the daughter of Jared and Olive Clark, was my wife's mother. She was born June 29, 1836. On August 26, 1863, she became the second wife of Judge Lockhart Dickman Willard of Ohio.

My wife was MARY NAOMI WILLARD, the daughter of Judge Willard and his wife, Olive Hester.

Chronological List of Ancestors

Arranged in alphabetical groups and in chronological order individually, according to the genealogical chart inside back cover.

Bascom, Emerancy Climene. Born November 24, 1782, Gill, Massachusetts. Married February 25, 1805, Gill, Massachusetts. Died January 12, 1866, Washington Court House, Ohio.

Bascom, Major Moses. Born May 15, 1761, Greenfield, Massachusetts. Married January, 1782, Bernardston, Massachusetts. Died March 8, 1814, Boston, Massachusetts.

Bascom, Deacon Moses. Born June 8, 1736, Deerfield, Massachusetts. Married September 22, 1760, Deerfield, Massachusetts. Died September 19, 1805, Greenfield, Massachusetts.

Bascom, Ezekiel. Born November 22, 1700, Northampton, Massachusetts. Married March 6, 1729, Deerfield, Massachusetts. Died 1746, Deerfield, Massachusetts.

Bascom, Thomas third. Born 1668, Northampton, Massachusetts. Married ——. Died February 3, 1714, Northampton, Massachusetts.

Bascom, Thomas second. Born February 20, 1642, Windsor, Connecticut. Married March 20, 1667, Farmington, Connecticut. Died September 11, 1689, Northampton, Massachusetts.

Bascom, Thomas. Born in England. Married ——. Died May 9, 1682, Northampton, Massachusetts.

Brackett, Sophia C. Born June 11, 1810. Married January 5, 1831. Died May 12, 1853.

Brackett, John Weeks. Born September 3, 1773, Lee, New Hampshire. Married about 1797. Died 1829, Lancaster, New Hampshire.

Brackett, Lieutenant Joseph. Born July 14, 1740. Married May 1, 1770. Died July 15, 1814.

Brackett, James. Born 1714. Married May 24, 1739. Died November 13, 1803.

Brackett, Joshua. Born about 1672. Married 1698. Died June 19, 1749.

Brackett, Thomas. Born about 1625, Strawberry Bank (Portsmouth), Massachusetts. Married about 1670. Died August 11, 1676, Strawberry Bank (Portsmouth), Massachusetts.

Brackett, Anthony. Born in England. Married ——. Died September 28, 1691, Strawberry Bank (Portsmouth), Massachusetts.

Clark, Olive Hester. Born June 29, 1836, Huntsburg, Ohio. Married August 26, 1863, Huntsburg, Ohio. Died October 24, 1872, Huntsburg, Ohio.

Clark, Jared. Born February 5, 1800. Married January 5, 1831, Huntsburg, Ohio. Died October 18, 1855.

Clarke, Eunice. Born 1783, Northampton, Massachusetts. Married about 1797. Died Huntsburg, Ohio.

Clarke, Ebenezer third. Born October 3, 1747, Northampton, Massachusetts. Married January 6, 1774. Died July 7, 1834, Lunenburg, Vermont.

Clarke, Ebenezer second. Born August 16, 1714. Married about 1742. Died November 21, 1782.

Clarke, Ebenezer senior. Born October 18, 1682. Married December 10, 1712. Died February 27, 1781.

Clarke, John. Born 1651. Married March 20, 1679,

Springfield, Massachusetts. Died September 3, 1704, Windsor, Connecticut.

Clarke, William. Born 1609, England. Married ——. Died 1690, Northampton, Massachusetts.

Nye, Mary Weeks. Born ——. Married May 1, 1770. Died July 15, 1814.

Parsons, Abigail. Born 1689. Married December 10, 1712. Died August 7, 1763.

Phipps, Submit. Born about 1745. Married November 22, 1775. Died ——.

Phipps, William. Born ——. Married ——. Died July 5, 1745.

Pomeroy, Eunice. Born ——. Married January 6, 1774, Hackaman, Massachusetts. Died December 4, 1791, Westhampton, Massachusetts.

Sartwell, Jemima. Born 1723. Married 1740. Died March 7, 1805.

Weeks, Mary. Born July 19, 1676. Married 1698. Died 1740.

Willard, Judge Lockhart Dickman. Born February 20, 1811, New Hampshire. Married August 26, 1863. Died April 5, 1894, Alexandria, Nebraska.

Willard, Jonathan Phipps. Born December 16, 1780, Hinsdale, New Hampshire. Married January 21, 1805. Died ——.

Willard, Nathan second. Born December 12, 1751, Lancaster, Massachusetts. Married November 22, 1775. Died ——.

Willard, Captain Nathan. Born May 28, 1726, Lunenburg, Massachusetts. Married 1750. Died 1785, Brattleboro, Vermont.

Willard, Colonel Josiah. Born 1693, Lancaster, Massachusetts. Married about 1714. Died December 8, 1750.

Willard, Henry. Born June 4, 1655, Concord, Massachusetts. Married 1689. Died August, 1701.

Willard, Major Simon. Born 1604, England. Married ——. Died April 24, 1676, Charlestown, Massachusetts.

PART TWO

The Story of My Life

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on the dial."—BAILEY.

New England Days

The year of my birth was a crucial one in our nation. It was the tragic first year of the Civil war, when the country was torn with hatred and strife, when the hand of brother was against brother. It was also the year that the Pony Express blazed a path across the continent by the central route to the Pacific, when swift hoof-beats pounded through the land that is the Wyoming of today. That was a time fraught with the test of tradition in the eastern states and prophetic of untold progress on the western frontier. On February 5, 1861, I came to join a hardy people who had long since learned that peace and security are bought at the price of sacrifice.

My birthplace, Bernardston, Massachusetts, stands in the historic Connecticut valley which is famed for the serene beauty of its scenery. The placid Fall river flows through the town, and rugged hills rise in the background.

The very land upon which the town stands is part of a grant made to the descendants of a company of Colonial militia, in recognition of "important and perilous service" rendered in fighting Indians, exactly one hundred years before the Declaration of Independence was signed. One of my direct ancestors, John Cunnabell, or Connable, had been one of those daring soldiers; and my long line of New England forefathers had the Spartan spirit of meeting life as they found it, with

resource for its vicissitudes and courage for its responsibilities.

My father's home was a sturdy, two-story, frame farmhouse with a big apple orchard at one side. It stood on the edge of town with farming activities carried on outside the settlement, according to the old Colonial custom for protection against Indians. The street that stretched away into town was lined by tall maple trees, that gave shade in the summer and sap for the sugar vats when the snow melted off in the spring; for everything had to prove its right to existence by being useful, as well as ornamental.

The day I was born, my father, Silas Newton Brooks, was down at the little red schoolhouse, at a trustee meeting. When the news of my birth was brought to him, he jokingly protested; because both of my parents wanted a daughter to replace their oldest child who had died when she was seven years old. Between that daughter and myself were two other boys, John and Hal.

My father remarked that he had run out of names for boys and the trustees suggested that I be named for them. The five school-trustees were Bryant, Butler, Bascom, Burrows, and Brooks. As that made too long a name, the two who were relatives were omitted. I became Bryant Butler Brooks.

Although I could not have been more than four years old at the time of the incident, I have one lasting memory of the Civil war. That is of running home from school crying because someone had told me that my father was going to be drafted to go to war and I thought that meant he would be killed. My mother dried my tears and assured me that he was not going to war. As a matter of fact, the government had asked

that my father, or his partner, stay at home to carry on their important business of manufacturing hoes and rakes, which were needed to raise food for the soldiers. The partners drew straws; my father stayed home and his partner enlisted in the army.

In addition to his factory, my father carried on his farming activities outside the town.

My father was not particularly religious, though his father was a preacher as well as a physician. However, our family was gathered into the parlor each evening to read a chapter from the Bible and have prayers, in keeping with the wholesome influence that bred respect for family and tradition. The only thing that I remember about the services is the scene in the family parlor. Against the severe background of stiff-framed furniture, covered in black horsehair, a great golden mirror often held my attention. This was one of my mother's wedding gifts, which was to me a thing of beauty as a child and a symbol when I became a man. That strong, simply lined, gleaming frame with its polished reflection typified the beauty that my mother brought to her well-ordered household. The cornucopia, or horn of plenty, that stood out in relief on the panel above the mirror, symbolized by its outpouring fruit and sheaves of grain the peace and prosperity of our home.

Before her marriage my mother was Melissa Minerva Burrows. Her father, Isaac Burrows, was a prosperous farmer of Bernardston. He was a powerfully built, hard driving, aggressive man, who could outwork his own hired men in "cradling" grain, an old-time mowing method done with long, heavy scythes.

The sons of Isaac Burrows, my mother's brothers, had this same strong physique, a trait that started them

on their path to success. When these boys, George and Frank, were nineteen or twenty years old, they happened to be down at the railroad station watching the train come in, which was an event of importance. In those days the trains were wood-burning. Woodchoppers along the line would get on the train and refuse to get off, fighting the crew if they were molested. On this particular train a fireman and brakeman had just been whipped and had quit their jobs. The conductor noticed the two powerfully built Burrows boys standing by the station, hailed them and asked if they wanted the vacant jobs. They promptly accepted and thus began their lifelong careers.

One of them was put on the passenger coach as a brakeman and the other was put up front with the engineer. They had several encounters with the trouble-making woodchoppers and always whipped them.

There was one woodchopper who would get on the train, hide till he got to his destination, and then get off and laugh at George. Finally, when George was hunting this fellow, he went clear through the train to the back platform in a seemingly futile search. As he started back, he noticed a set of fingers clinging to the ledge, while the man crouched on the steps. George kicked out swiftly and knocked the fingers loose with his foot. Though this act may have lacked "the milk of human kindness," it got results. George had no more trouble with that man.

From such a humble beginning, George rose, in the service of different railroads, until he assumed control of the western division of the New York Central, owned by Vanderbilt. He accumulated a considerable fortune. Frank Burrows became and continued being a conduc-

tor; however, savings and wise investments made him wealthy.

My chief recollection of the old Burrows home is the pear orchard and Grandmother Burrows's generosity with the fruit. Similarly, one of the clearest memories of my own home in Bernardston is the big apple orchard.

My brothers and I were never allowed to shake the trees but could have all the "windfalls." At daylight we would make a dash for the orchard, in our abbreviated nightgowns, for the apples that had fallen during the night. This was stopped by a neighbor who came over, highly indignant, to report that his daughters were being shocked by the sight of our flying bare legs. After that, my father ordered us to put on our trousers before we went outside. We would no more have thought of disobeying our father than our father would have allowed us to offend the neighbors.

Our family belonged to the Universalist church. No matter how cold the weather, they never questioned the act of going to church every Sunday, even though the churches were unheated in those days. I still have the old brass foot warmer that my grandfather carried to church with him, with charcoal burning inside.

When I was nine years old I went to Powers institute. This was a private school, endowed by Edward Epp Powers. It was coeducational and considered very excellent. On the campus was located the Cushman library, which had been presented by a business associate of my father.

Bernardston has always been an educational and religious town, a trait that has been reflected in the personalities of its inhabitants and their descendants.

West to Chicago

The flames that swept the business district of Chicago in 1871 had a great deal to do with shaping my future. The rebuilding of the city caused a demand for new locks, creating an opportune time for my father to open a lock company, in which he was already interested. The manufacture of locks was important in our family because my father's sister, Jean, had married Colonel Halbert S. Greenleaf of Rochester, New York, who was a member of the firm of Sargent and Greenleaf. Oddly, my father's half-sister married Yale, the competitor manufacturer of locks.

Yale was a well-educated man who frequently made jests at Sargent's lack of education. I was told that on one occasion Sargent wrote Yale a business letter. Yale's comments on the misspelling in the letter were brought back to Sargent, who angrily went to call on his critic.

As Sargent entered, he noticed a new combination lock that Yale had and commented on it. Yale said, "I've invented a lock there that nobody can open." Sargent, already annoyed at the other's egotism, impulsively declared that he could open it.

Yale replied, "I'll bet a thousand dollars that you can't open it."

Sargent took the bet and inside of ten minutes had the lock open. He collected his thousand dollars and told the chagrined Yale, "Wait till you learn how to

make a lock that I can't open, before you get smart about my spelling."

The firm that my father opened and managed in Chicago was known as Sargent, Greenleaf, and Brooks Lock Company, which was eventually changed to the S. N. Brooks and Company. It was affiliated with the Rochester factory. We lived in a two-story house with a straight stone front, in the west side section of Chicago.

But the first ten years of my life had accustomed me to roaming through fragrant orchards and meadows and paddling in brooks that glided down from the hills. City life never appealed to me. I was never greatly interested in study in school; but I had an unbounded curiosity outside. I always wanted to see "what was over the next hill." And I still do.

Although I attended the Chicago public schools until I graduated from the high school in 1878, my father seemed to think that it was best to keep me out of the city when I was not in school. Every vacation and all of one winter when I was not very well, my father boarded me with a farmer named Tom Alsop, who lived near Brooklyn, in Green county, Wisconsin.

Alsop was a resourceful man in many ways. He would trap wild ducks and wild pigeons in a "net" and ship them in barrels to Chicago. He had feeding grounds on the lakes where he spread corn. Then with two long poles set with a figure-four trap, and a big net with ropes going back to the concealed brush house, all was ready for the catch. In the night we would get up and go out to these traps, and in the early morning haul in the ducks. Tom Alsop had big pinchers, and as the birds stuck their heads through the nets he would "pinch" their heads and kill them.

He caught wild pigeons the same way, only in a clearing in the woods. Wild pigeons are now extinct but they were plentiful in those days.

There I learned the origin of the term "stool pigeon," Alsop would catch some wild pigeons and put them into a dovecote. Then he would take a narrow, light board and fasten a live pigeon to one end. He would put the board in the middle of his trap.

Then we would get under cover and pull a strong string, raising that end up in the air. Suddenly we would let it fall. The sudden drop would cause the birds to flutter their wings like they were just lighting. As there would be grain scattered about, other pigeons would be attracted by the fluttering wings and would alight too. Then Alsop would spring his net.

The winter that I stayed with him Alsop taught me to trap muskrats. I had about seventy-five traps and would skate over the ice from trap to trap. I was taught how to find a muskrat's house of moss and leaves, chop a hole in the top, put in a trap, and carefully replace the top. At that time muskrat pelts were bringing about thirty or thirty-five cents, so I thought I was making money, although my father was probably paying considerably more for my board than I was earning by my trapping.

When I was fifteen years old the great Philadelphia Centennial was held, in the summer of 1876. As my mother had gone to our old home at Bernardston for the summer, my father, probably to be relieved of the trouble of looking after me, bought me a round-trip ticket to the Centennial.

Before I left he gave me all the money that he thought I would need for the trip. At that time he said,

"If you have two dollars left when you get back, I'll give you five dollars."

Among the money that he had given me was a two-dollar bill. This offer of my father struck me as an easy way to make some money; so I immediately went to my room and hid the two-dollar bill, to be sure to have it when I returned. In one drawer of my dresser I had a box of sand in which I kept the bird-eggs that I collected, as a hobby of my boyhood. Down into this sand, under the speckled bird-eggs, went the two-dollar bill.

My ticket allowed me to go on a tour around the Great Lakes and down the St. Lawrence to Ogdensburg. The lakes were rough and many people were seasick, but I was never sick at all.

We went through the Welland canal. There, three men and myself took a carriage and drove over to Niagara falls. It was the Fourth of July and I had a little pistol that I wanted to practice with, but they told me that I could not shoot in Canada. I spent some time in getting swallow eggs out of the nests in the sand cliffs to add to my collection at home.

From there I went down to Bernardston and stayed with my mother for a month. I still had some money and was given a little more.

My aunts and uncles were alive then, and I had a very enjoyable visit. Most of the time while I was there I hunted crows, training the shepherd dog to follow me every place I went.

Finally I took a train down to Philadelphia and stayed there two weeks, in a little rooming house. Each day I visited the Centennial or took rides to historic places. The fact that I was alone did not bother me

at all; but when I began to run out of money, I decided to use my round-trip ticket home. The last day before I reached Chicago I was down to just about enough money for one good meal and streetcar fare from the railroad station to my home.

There were no dining cars in those days, and while I was eating that last meal in a railway restaurant, I was only half through when they yelled, "All aboard." Jumping up from the table, I grabbed all the fruit I could carry from the center bowl, and ran for my train. This fruit lasted me till I got home, and I had my car fare left.

As my mother was still at Bernardston, my father took me around the corner to a little restaurant. After we came back home I went to my room, dug out the two-dollar bill that I had buried, and came down, showing it to my father and reminding him of his offer. He immediately gave me a five-dollar bill and congratulated me on my self-control.

Then I told him about burying the two-dollar bill. He looked puzzled and said, "That doesn't seem like it is exactly square, because I meant you to prove that you could have self-control enough not to spend it, when you had it along. But it showed some business judgment on your part."

Seeing his point, I offered to give him back his five dollars but he said, "No, keep it." However, I never forgot that. There is a great difference in "putting something over" in business and in living up to the qualities that some one expects of you.

The best education that I received in those years was from my father. I have heard him say more than once, "If you have something good to say, say it—and

stop right there—there will be plenty, without you, to do the other thing."

I never knew him to speak an unkind word against a fellow-man. Framed and hanging in his dressing-room, where he could see it every morning, were these words:

> A worthy Quaker thus wrote, "I expect to pass through this world but once; if, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to any fellow human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

My father was faithful to that sentiment. Although he was a Republican and a Universalist, no man ever suffered in his estimation, or in his treatment, because he did not agree with him.

The same year that I went to the Philadelphia Centennial, General Custer and his troops were massacred on the Little Big Horn by the Sioux. This focused a good deal of attention and discussion on the military-Indian frontier in the west.

From time to time exciting tales of skirmishes with the savages appeared in the Chicago papers. Many colorful stories were told of opportunity on the frontier, stressing Horace Greeley's now famous advice, "Go West, young man, and grow up with the country."

After I finished high school my father suggested that I take a course in business college. I did. But still the call of adventure and the lure of fortune beckoned me westward.

Cowboy in the Rockies

Tales of the thrilling life of a cowboy, riding the far-flung range of a cattle baron, eating by a blazing camp fire, and sleeping beneath the stars, threw a pall over any business prospects that Chicago could offer me. When I reached the romantic age of eighteen, twin elements in my nature, love of the freedom and hazard of the great outdoors and dislike of the restraint and routine of the city, combined in a dominant ambition that pointed only one way.

Consequently, my father wrote to his cousin, Judge Willard, of Alexandria, Nebraska, and asked his opinion of my being allowed to "go West." Judge Willard replied by offering to pay me sixteen dollars a month to work on his farm during the summer. This gained my parents' consent to my leaving home.

I arrived at the Nebraska farm in April and worked through the spring, summer, and harvest. In the summer I bought an Indian pony that had had both ears cut off, so he looked like he was fighting all the time.

Although Judge Willard was destined to become my future father-in-law, I saw his daughter only a short time, as she was sent away to school in September.

After we finished the corn husking, I mounted my pony and started on towards Colorado. At that time, the Burlington railroad was constructing its line from Lincoln to Denver, and had built as far west as Naponee. I went beyond this point to Culbertson, Ne-

braska, a little town located at the forks of the Frenchman and Republican rivers.

West from that village the country was still an open range. Large herds of cattle were being rounded-up and trailed east for shipment over the new Burlington railroad. I became deeply interested in the range cattle business, and obtained a few days' employment as a cowboy with one of the outfits.

After that I returned to the Nebraska farm of Judge Willard, and found that my summer labor had been so highly appreciated that I was offered a job for the winter at five dollars a month. Being broke, I gladly accepted the proposition.

While working on that farm all winter, I saved enough money to buy a railroad ticket to Cheyenne, Wyoming, where I arrived in April of 1880. N. R. Davis, an old-time cattleman of Cheyenne, gave me a job; and I bought a thirty-five dollar Collins saddle and a tanned buffalo robe for ten dollars to use as a bed.

I was put in an outfit with a dozen or more experienced cowboys, and sent out to Idaho to gather up a herd of some three thousand head of Oregon cattle that had been trailed through from Oregon to Fort Hall the year before, and turned loose along the Snake river for the winter. This trip began my career as a real cowboy.

We went up on the train. From Ogden, Utah, to Fort Hall, Idaho, we had to take a little, narrow gauge railroad. By that time the boys in our party were insisting that everyone on the train take a drink with them.

In fact, they became so hilarious that all the other passengers left the car, and the conductor practically gave us the coach to ourselves. Just as the train was

nearing a little station called Ross Fork, Idaho, where we were to get off, one of the boys decided that the bell-rope would make a good lariat, consequently he cut off the part running through our car and rolled it up in his bed.

The train crew were so glad to get rid of us that they made no complaint about the loss of the bell-rope.

We went directly to a little ranch on the Bannock reservation to round up our horses. About ten or twelve horses were allowed to each cowboy. Our outfit included about ten riders, a cook, and a horse wrangler.

Mr. Davis had given each of us a Sharps rifle and one hundred rounds of ammunition to fight the Indians, which we never used except in target practice. However, the year before the Snake Indians had gone on the warpath and killed some of his cattle.

We followed the spring round-ups; and I, as a tenderfoot, enjoyed numerous thrilling experiences. Among them I recall a three days' snowstorm, in which we were successful in holding the herd of cattle we had gathered, despite the fact that some of us became so worn out and sleepy, from the night and day continuous herding, that we would go sound asleep on horseback. That may sound difficult, but I recall once seeing a cowboy sound asleep while standing up, like a horse.

That summer we trailed the herd of cattle through from Idaho. We had real difficulty in swimming the high flood waters of Green river, in Wyoming, where one of the other outfits was so unfortunate as to drown a cowboy and many cattle. Swimming a large herd of cattle in the cold waters of a swift-running wide stream, like the Green river in flood time, is no joke.

The mess wagon with the bedding and most of the boys' clothing was sent lower down the river to cross on the ferry. The cattle were held back from the water until they were quite thirsty. A few of the saddle horses were led across the river by cowboys. Each man picked his best swimming horse. Then some of the loose horses that had been taken across were held down as close as possible on the opposite bank, and the main horse *cavvy* was started into the water ahead of the cattle, so that, as they swam across, the cattle would follow them.

If the cattle started turning back or milling in the center of the river, the cowboys had to be careful not to get above the cattle, as their saddle horses might drift down and be lost in the crazy milling herd. It was a strenuous day but we succeeded in crossing our herd safely.

Trailing down the Sweetwater, I had my first view of old Independence Rock, its rounded gray bulk rising from the flat plain. At that time it was literally covered with countless thousands of names, some of them written with everything from berry-ink to axle-grease, but most of them chiseled into the face of the granite. During the sixty years that have followed, wind and frost, rain and snow have obliterated most of these names.

If any man had told me then that I would live until those names were erased by the hand of time, I would have said it was incredible. Today cast-copper tablets near the base of the great rock offer the only record of those signatures. One of these reads:

> Independence Rock—Probably discovered by returning Astorians in 1812. Given its name by emigrants who celebrated Independence Day here, July 4, 1825. Captain Bonneville passed here with the first wagons in 1832. Whitman and Spalding, missionaries, with

their wives, stopped here in 1836. Father De Smet saw it and owing to the many names on it called it the "Register of the Desert," in 1840. General John C. Fremont camped here with U.S. army, August 2, 1842. Fifty thousand emigrants passed here in 1853. It is the most famous landmark of the old Oregon trail.

We trailed down the Platte river, past Fort Fetterman. At that time, along the Platte and its tributaries, in a country one hundred fifty miles square and representing an area larger than the states of Connecticut, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire combined, there was only one small store, located at old Fort Fetterman, and only a few isolated log ranch-houses, occupied by cowboys.

Scattered remnants of the great buffalo herd still browsed in the sand hills, for I later ran buffalo at Salt creek. Countless thousands of range cattle drifted unrestrained over valley and plain. Wyoming was still a territory and the Indians were still a menace, as the "buffalo eaters," the Sioux, never lost their ferocity until the last of the buffalo were off the range.

In trailing our cattle we had moved slowly the first few days, to get them accustomed to traveling. After a few days they could be driven a little more rapidly, once they were "trail broken." It was important to keep them from becoming frightened and stampeding, as they would not only have to be rounded-up again but would become more unruly and give the cowboys endless trouble.

When we reached the Circle Bar ranch with our cattle, east of the present city of Lusk, we branded them and turned them loose on Running Water. We then took our wagons and horse *cavvy,* about one hundred fifty head, down along the old Deadwood trail, through

Fort Laramie, Cheyenne, and into northern Colorado to Mr. Davis's home ranch on Crow creek.

As the range grass in northern Colorado was short that fall, we were put to work gathering up another herd of cattle from the home ranch range in Colorado and trailing them back to Running Water, Wyoming.

In those days horse racing was the one real pastime. Every cow outfit had several good running horses, which the cowboys in that particular outfit were always anxious to bet on.

The foreman in the Davis outfit, Old Sol Sutton, was a real horseman and owned an extraordinarily fast horse, which he called Old Sleepy. I think he was the most deceptive-looking race horse that I ever saw. He had been run in Mexico, and was badly flea-bitten. Moreover, someone had burned collar marks on his neck, making a good imitation of a work horse. I do not believe that Old Sleepy ever felt the weight of a harness in his life. Old Sol kept him well-grained and well-trained, claiming that Old Sleepy had never been beaten in a quarter-mile race.

When we took the Colorado herd up through Fort Laramie, the soldiers challenged us for a race, which we won. Then we took a week to trail the herd on up to the Circle Bar ranch and delayed one day, in order to time our return visit through Fort Laramie on pay day for the soldiers. Sol Sutton was confident that they would be anxious to race us again, as we had left word that we were coming back and would be ready to bet with them, if they could find a horse that knew how to run.

Sure enough, during our absence, they had discovered an officer's horse that was much faster than the

one they had raced with us on our way up. And Old Sleepy had only seemed to be able to win the first race by a narrow margin.

But that race on our way back was real sport. The cowboys in our outfit bet everything they had, including spurs, guns, and even their saddle blankets. Besides, we had a good supply of ready cash.

Old Sleepy won against the officer's horse about as easily as he had won the first one. After the race we went back to Colorado highly elated, and considerably better off.

I will never forget a bit of conversation that I overheard between one of the angry officers and Old Sol, after the race was over. The officer contended that we had rung in a real race horse on them, despite appearances, and said, "It's a mighty poor way to do." Sol Sutton replied, "Poor people have poor ways."

The next year the foreman of our cattle drive on the Oregon trail, Archie Faulkner, took charge of the Major Wolcott cow outfit on Deer creek. So in the spring of 1881, after wintering in Chicago and studying assaying, I came out to Rock Creek on the Union Pacific railroad, took a four-horse stage up to Fort Fetterman, and went to work for my old foreman. This was with the V R outfit.

The Platte river round-ups during that year of 1881 were perhaps the largest and best in all the history of the cattle industry of central Wyoming. There would be ten or fifteen different outfits represented on each round-up.

Each had its own mess wagon and round-up cook, who did the wagon driving. A large band of saddle horses, called the horse *cavvy,* was in charge of horse

wranglers night and day. Each outfit employed ten or fifteen riders and every cowboy had from eight to twelve horses to ride. With hard riding, it was not unusual to change to a fresh saddle horse several times a day.

The hours were fatiguing, starting in the morning at the break of day, and frequently including long hours of night herding. Many of the boys felt willing to give almost anything on earth just to get all the sleep they wanted. However, the life was intensely interesting, and I worked with some of the best cowhands from the Pacific coast and southern sections of Texas and Mexico, who were certainly masterful in their methods of handling unruly horses and cattle.

The majority of the cowboys were well behaved, and hundreds of them later became successful men. Few of them were as rough as has been represented. Wild West literature is as strange to me as it must be to those who have not intimately known the plains and mountains.

A few rode what was called the grub trail, working a little and sponging meals at cow camps and ranches. Some of the cowboys occasionally got rough in the towns, but the more decent element was always in control.

One of the old cowboys that I knew intimately, who later developed into a successful man and millionaire, left a considerable gift of pre-war whiskey and an impressive letter to a friend. The letter read:

> I never cared for whiskey, as a young or old man; I suppose I buried this supply I am giving you as something to talk about. I never used it, and advise you only to talk about it.

That is one of my own strongest impressions of life,

there is a great amount of talk about whiskey from millions who do not otherwise care much about it.

However, the work as a cowboy was too hard and too poorly paid to suit me for a very long period of time. I had started work in the spring, weighing nearly one hundred seventy pounds, and by the last of August I was down to about one hundred thirty pounds. I quit, making the boast that I would never again work for anyone else except myself.

So I took my saddle horse and purchased another gentle old "plug" for a pack animal and rode across the country to Cheyenne. There I bought an old rattletrap of a wagon from Harry Hynds, who was working in a blacksmith shop, picked up a cheap chain harness from some soldier at the fort, near Cheyenne, and started my career as a trapper.

Trapping Alone

From Cheyenne I started northwest across Wyoming territory. I drove for days, I do not remember how many, for after all time is made for slaves, and I was a free man, "on my own" as a trapper.

I entered and crossed the picturesque Platte valley, where the wide river winds its way among treacherous quicksands. I headed towards the mountains and streams.

Talk in the cow camps had suggested that it was easy to trap beaver and profitable to sell their skins. My first beaver traps were set at Box Elder. My old diary reads:

> 1881 Aug. 20. Pulled out to Box Elder in the morning – camped above the road – set traps in the afternoon. [The road at that time consisted of the trail where Indians had dragged their tepee poles behind their ponies.]
>
> Aug. 21. caught nothing.
>
> Aug. 22. caught one old beaver in a house and one small one on a slide [small trap] – moved down creek one mile in afternoon and reset traps.
>
> Aug. 23. caught one little beaver and one old one on a slide – also one old one in a hole.

A study of this old diary reveals that I averaged about a beaver a day. Other notations show that I sold my beaver skins for two and a half to three dollars each.

In September of 1881 I was trapping on Deer creek, near the present site of Glenrock. At that time there

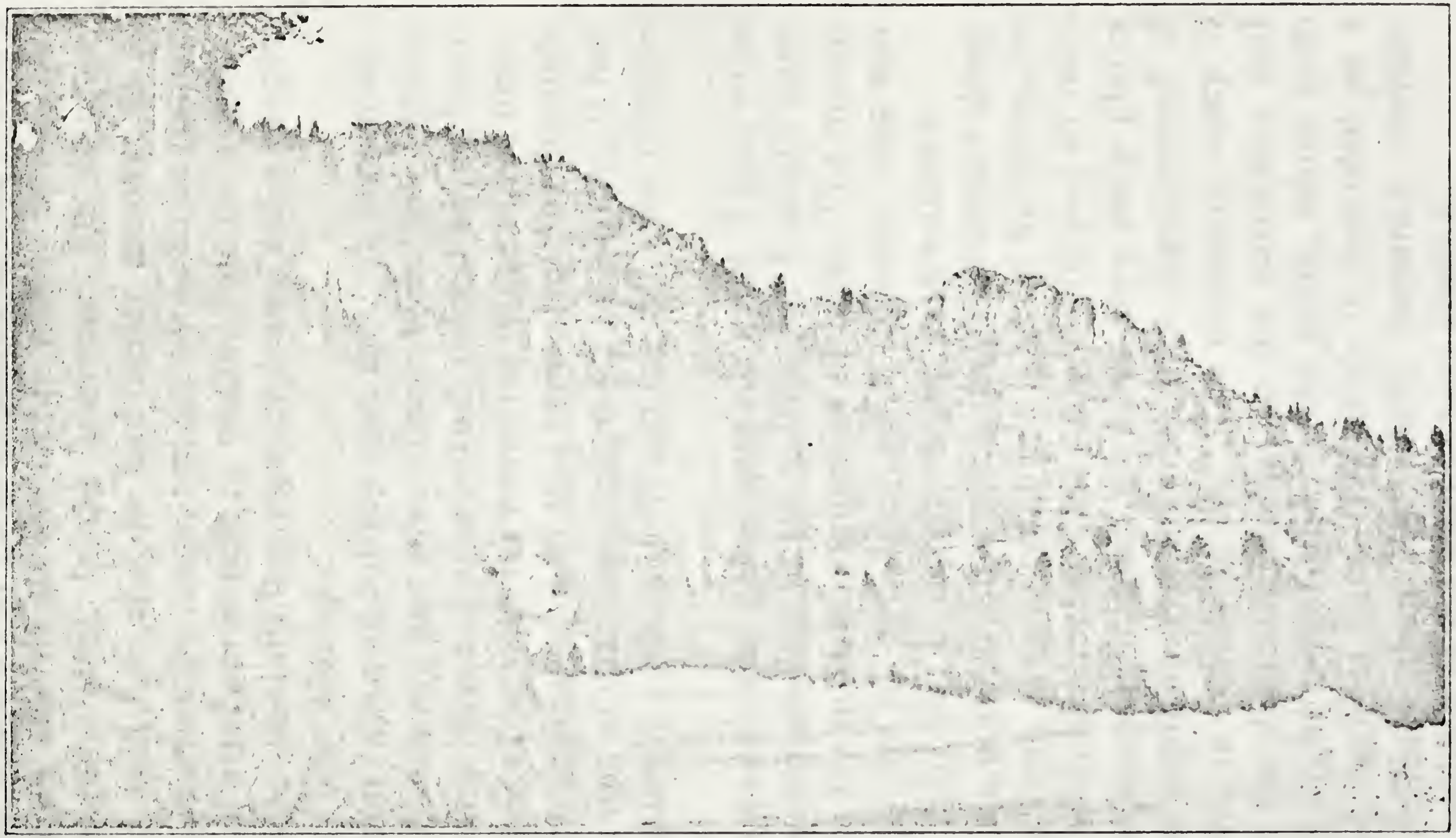
were a dozen or more old stone chimneys still standing, relics of where the Mormons had lived for several years, as a sort of halfway station in their great migration to Salt Lake. Later other emigrants stopped there to rest; and still later the same location was used as a military station, called Deer Creek camp. Lower Deer Creek valley was also used as a hay reservation for Fort Fetterman.

On the second of September, one of the two times on record when it snowed in this region on that date, I camped on a creek near Fort Fetterman. In the morning, when I was cooking on an open fire outside my tent and the snowflakes were getting mixed up with the sizzling bacon and sourdough pancakes, I nearly dropped my frying-pan when somebody behind me growled, "Hands up."

I turned around, with the handle of the pan still in my hand, and looked into the muzzle of a bulldog revolver. It just took one look at the man that held the gun, to tell me that he "wasn't right." He was carrying his shoes in his other hand and walking in his stocking feet through the heavy snow. He was a deserter from Fort Fetterman, determined not to be captured.

I induced him to come inside the tent, put down his revolver, and lie down. Then I persuaded him to rub his feet to get up the circulation, and I brought him some hot coffee and breakfast.

While I was outside cooking my own breakfast, I saw a group of soldiers ride along the opposite side of the creek. I supposed that they were hunting the deserter and went inside to tell him. He had gone to sleep. I just covered him over with my robe, so he couldn't be seen, and went back to my fire. After a



Casper Mountain

Sentinel of the Platte valley

little while an officer strolled up, warmed his hands by the blaze, asked a few general questions, and walked away. Shortly afterwards the troops moved on.

About three o'clock in the afternoon the deserter woke up. I told him that he had better go over to a round-up, on a nearby range, and get a job. So he pulled out. I heard afterwards that he walked into the round-up camp with that bulldog revolver drawn and a couple of cowboys beat him up.

A notation in my old diary says that, on September 16, 1881, I shot my first deer. There were few settlers in the country then and every brush thicket along Deer creek seemed alive with the beautiful white-tailed deer. In fact, this species of deer was very plentiful through all this section at that time, but so far as I know, it has been completely extinct in Wyoming for over twenty-five years.

Antelope and other game were plentiful. There were still a few buffalo left in the valley, but I would have had no use for so large a quantity of meat. The mountain sheep, one of our finest game animals, also was plentiful then, but is rapidly being exterminated.

There is a popular impression that a mountain sheep will jump from crag to crag, and land on his horns, or catch on with his horns. This is the worst sort of nonsense. The mountain sheep go down very steep places with great rapidity, but they use their legs, instead of their horns, in "catching on." The mountain sheep is only like the domestic animal in the particular that there is a slight resemblance in the horns, which both males and females have. The flesh is regarded as a greater delicacy than elk, which outranks venison. There is nothing of the mutton taste about it.

After an antelope is skinned, it resembles a huge jack rabbit, and there is something common-looking about the meat, which is never fat. But the flesh of the mountain sheep looks good and is of that delicious deep carmine color which distinguishes all really good meat. The larger ones weigh around two hundred pounds before they are dressed.

In the winter of 1881 to 1882 I moved up to Deer Creek park, to try to winter at some cabins that had been built in the foothills of the second range by woodchoppers from Fort Fetterman. They had used these cabins for many years, in getting out logs, posts, and wood for the fort.

My experience that winter was very trying, as the snow back in the mountains gets much deeper than along the Platte river valley. I decided that the country was too high for a person to enjoy living in it. While I was up at Deer Creek park, I wrote a poem which shows my youthful impression of the place.

In the far west, where the setting sun
Sinks out of sight when work is done,
Are two mountain ranges, high and grand,
And between these two, a Fairy land.

Seldom the voice of man is heard,
Only the chirp of the roaming bird,
Or the sudden whistle of elk or deer,
A call of love or danger or fear.

In this smiling land the fairies and elves
Supposed they had things all to themselves.
But years ago, a man named Hunter
Crossed this park quite late one summer.

He paused and stared, then rubbed his eyes –
His face a picture of mute surprise –
Such a place as this he ne'er had seen,
Not even in fancy or happiest dream.

He laughed to himself, "Ho, Ho, He, He,
This is the place for the cattle and me,
Where the grass is tall and the spruce pine tree
Will make the best cabin that e'er can be."

So a place he selects in the bend of the hills,
Sheltered from storms and all other ills,
Where a sparkling spring of water bright
Would quench his thirst on a feverish night.

And a grove of evergreens, straight and tall,
Would form in front a protecting wall.
Here he builds his cabin of spruce pine poles,
And uses mud to stop cracks and holes.

Then he hunts his cattle and brings them here,
And buys his flour and winter beer.
And he sees in fancy, years to come,
When by his side a wife and son
Shall shorten the days of summertime,
Or make rough winter nights almost divine.

But the fairies and elves a meeting had
And agreed it was altogether too bad
For their peace to be broken by mortal man,
And said they would drive him out of their land.

Now winter's days had scarce begun
When a message was sent far up to the sun,
That he should shine less bright and clear,
And make that winter full of fear.

So it snowed and blowed, and the sun kept hid,
And the mother deer took away her kid.
The cold was so great the cattle died,
And Hunter in his cabin almost cried.

He prayed to God that he might live to see
The buds come out on the cottonwood tree.
Then the God of mercy stayed his hand,
And in the spring Hunter left the land.

Five years went by, when a lad named Brooks,
Tired of the city, home, friends, and books,
Took food and blankets, powder and lead,
A splendid rifle, and comfortable bed,

And came to the cabin you've seen before.
He opened the windows, and fixed the door.
That night in his sleep, he dreamed a dream,
And fairies around his bed were seen.

Who said, "You are an intruder rough and rude
And have no business within this wood;
You had better go, or you'll see the day,
When you'll wish in your soul you had stayed away."

Then Brooks sat up in his lonely bed,
While a heavy feeling filled his head,
And he boldly spoke to the fairies there,
And asked them to stay and hear his prayer.

"I pray you," he said, "to let me stay
And pass one winter this pleasant way.
And game from me need never run,
No harm will I do with my big gun.

"I'll look on the mountains, high and rare,
And breathe new life from the perfumed air."
The fairies all had a council then,
And finally one fairy said, "A-hem,

We have concluded to let you stay,
"If you promise to leave the first of May."
"Agreed," cried Brooks, "on the first spring day,
I'll saddle my horse and ride away."

So now the grass in the valley grows,
And no bleak blizzard shows its nose.
The days like summer pass us by,
And with fairies near, no fear have I.

A short distance below me, at the head of Muddy creek, was a cabin occupied by two old-time trappers, known as Black Jack and Pat the Trapper.

This cabin, built the previous year, was about fourteen feet square, made out of large green pine logs, with a dirt roof and dirt floor. A large stone fireplace in one end, with a chimney built up on the outside of the building, furnished both heat and light. There were no windows and the door was made from an elk hide stretched over tepee poles.

A broom, made from willow twigs, was used to sweep the dirt floor. All of the cooking was done over coals from the fireplace, using Dutch ovens and very black skillets.

The cabin was well sheltered and half hidden in the willow brush.

According to common talk at Fort Fetterman, Pat the Trapper had killed a Frenchman. It was said that the fall before, this Frenchman, a freighter, had been going through from Rock Creek to Buffalo, with a four-horse load of supplies. He had camped at Brown Springs, north of Fort Fetterman, and had taken a saddle horse to go over to Pat the Trapper's cabin on Muddy creek to get a mare and colt, which the freighter claimed were running with Pat's horses.

Friends of the freighter saw him leave Brown Springs on his gray horse. He was never heard of afterwards. Like many other early-day characters, he simply disappeared. His wagon was left, apparently abandoned. Along in the winter some friends of his came down from Buffalo to pick up his freight outfit.

Ugly stories floated around Fort Fetterman to the effect that Pat the Trapper had killed him.

On February 5, 1882, my twenty-first birthday, I stopped by the trappers' cabin. The two men were sitting on a big log, in front of the fireplace. Black Jack was whittling. Pat the Trapper was staring into the blazing fire.

I went in and sat down on one end of the log. Black Jack was on the other end, Pat the Trapper sat in the middle.

As the evening dragged along conversation lagged badly, and my mind returned to the rumors about the Frenchman. With the curiosity of youth, I turned to Pat the Trapper and asked, "What did you do with the Frenchman after you killed him?"

Black Jack's knife, with which he was whittling, paused in mid-air, as he listened. Pat the Trapper eyed me like a snake with a cold, venomous stare for a few minutes before he answered in a slow, dangerous drawl, "Who says I killed the Frenchman?"

I replied, "Well, it's common talk in Fort Fetterman that you did. I was only saying what I had heard."

Pat the Trapper was silent for another while and then he asked me how I would like to buy them out. From my old diary, I find that I bought their skins on hand, including five elk, fifteen deer, eight large beaver and eleven baby beaver, for a total of $41.75 cash.

Then Pat inquired what I would give for the cabin, which was his and not a part of the partnership. I answered that I did not have anything left to offer, except six beaver traps and a sack of flour. He accepted that for his cabin. The only land rights that went with it were "squatter's rights."

However, I was proud of my acquisition and my diary has an entry, "Traded ½ doz. no. 4 traps and a sack of flour for Pat the Trapper's ranch on head of Muddy creek where I will make a cow ranch some day if I can."

My eventual development of this place into my home ranch, the V—V outfit, has made me the first permanent settler on Muddy creek.

The next morning I had started off to get my own things, when Black Jack followed me out along the creek and asked me if I would like to have him for a partner. He said that Pat the Trapper was leaving the country and he did not care to go with him. I gladly accepted his offer because I realized that I could learn a great deal from an experienced trapper such as he was.

What I learned from Black Jack later, I gathered almost wholly from his example, practically nothing from his conversation. His silence reminds me of the old story of the two prospectors crossing the desert. They had worked together for years. Plodding along, leading their pack animals, Joe looked far across the sands, shaded his eyes for a moment, and said, "A burrow."

An hour or so later Pete looked far across the desert, shaded his eyes for a moment, and said, "A mule."

The next morning Joe told Pete that he was leaving

him. Pete asked his partner what the trouble was. Joe answered, "Too much argument."

About a month after we became partners, Black Jack told me, in the fewest possible words, that he thought Pat the Trapper had killed the Frenchman. He said that the Frenchman had stayed there all night. Pat the Trapper had offered to give him his mare but would not let him take the colt. They had argued about it most of the evening. The following morning Pat had told Jack to take a couple of the best pack horses and go up on Muddy mountain after some elk skins. When Jack returned that evening, Pat told Jack that the Frenchman had taken his mare and left.

No one knows what became of the freighter. Possibly he and his horses were caught in the quicksands, crossing the Platte. Perhaps Pat the Trapper killed him. Anyway, as frequently happened in the early days of the West, the incident closed like another "Lady or Tiger" story.

My First Partner

The trapping partnership that I entered into with Black Jack, in February, 1882, made him the first partner that I ever had.

Black Jack was about thirty-five years old and as dark as an Indian from a life of exposure on the frontier. He was the best all-round pistol, rifle, and shotgun shot, as well as the best frontiersman and trapper, that I have ever known. He could talk the Mexican and Indian sign languages, and everything along the trails seemed to have a meaning for this silent man.

This partnership, which lasted about seven months, compelled me to keep books. I still have a diary of that year, which is brief but interesting.

We moved our wagon and outfit out of the mountains, down to the head of La Prele creek, some three miles above the old Slaymaker road ranch. Jack said we would not need the wagon, so I traded it to Slaymaker for some pack equipment, which we used the rest of the time.

As we made frequent moves and had only pack animals on which to carry all our earthly belongings, naturally our personal equipment was very primitive. We didn't even own a tent, but carried a strip of canvas, which we could stretch over a pole in case of bad storms. It was rarely used. We slept out in the open, wrapped in our buffalo robes, and did our cooking over a camp fire. We had an old pail, in which to make

beaver-tail soup, a small iron bake oven, and one frying pan, which served in place of all dishes. Fingers and hunting knives took the place of knives and forks.

Four-fifths of our meals consisted of wild meat and game of every sort and kind. In fact, meat, bread, and coffee made up the usual menu. It was all very primitive and enjoyable.

Early in March we started south on the old Rock Creek, Fetterman and Fort McKinney highway. At that time that road was as important and widely used, in proportion to our territorial population, as the Lincoln and Yellowstone state highways are today. There were road ranches and stopping places at frequent intervals, and along the road we met several outfits.

At one place in the mountains, a big bull team freight outfit had been caught with their loaded wagons in the deep snows in the early fall, and had been stuck there all winter. The bull teams, or oxen as we would call them today, had all been driven out to the lower country and turned loose for the winter.

The freight consisted mostly of supplies for the Sutler's stores at Fort Fetterman and Fort McKinney. Of course, the owner of the outfit had to camp there in a tent all winter, to prevent anyone from stealing the freight. He told us that it had been a long, tough siege.

The stage company used sleds all winter through the mountains, and the roadway was marked by tall saplings stuck in the snow. The snow was packed so hard that we had little difficulty in getting through with our pack horses.

However, if one stepped off the roadway, he would be instantly floundering around in snowbanks, many feet deep.

A great deal of freight and many passengers went over this old Rock Creek and Bozeman trail during the year. There was a daily four-horse stage, both ways, and long strings of bull and mule freight teams traveling the road during the summer months.

We went first to the Laramie peak country and during March tried trapping along some of the small streams emptying into the Laramie river. We also did a little prospecting, and I sent one assay to Chicago, which showed considerable copper and some gold. We found this rock, or vein, in a quaking aspen thicket, near the foot of Laramie peak. We carefully covered the rock with brush, planning to develop our big strike later. However, I have never been back there.

In April we crossed the Union Pacific railroad, and started some successful trapping on the headwaters of Rock creek and Medicine Bow river.

My diary shows that on Saturday, May 13, we moved down Pass creek to the west side of the Medicine Bow range and that in doing so we saw some elk, one of which I killed after a lively three-mile chase. The old Overland stage route, from Fort Collins west, went through that way and many of the old stations and corrals were still in place, some of them being occupied as ranches.

On Pass creek, while setting my beaver traps one day, in the center of a wide bunch of willows I found the remnants of a hunters' camp. Evidently, it had been occupied by two trappers who had used this dense willow thicket as a camping ground to protect them from Indians. Both must have been killed; because we found their camp equipment buried in the leaves and a picket pin in the center of a small opening, or

glade, where a saddle horse must have been tied by a rope, with a few bones of the horse giving mute evidence of some unrecorded frontier tragedy.

We started trapping along the streams emptying into the North Platte river, and my diary under date of May 26, 1882, reads:

> Friday. Moved southeast and camped in the Platte canyon near the Colorado line. For game that day we saw two bands of elk, two of blacktail deer, two or three hundred antelope, a few mountain sheep, several grouse, one flock of wild geese, lots of wild ducks and one fox.

We also caught four beaver that day. For Saturday, May 27, the old diary reads:

> Crossed the Platte and camped on small creek. We saw great numbers of antelope and elk lying dead in that country, killed by the severity of the past winter.

Later on we crossed the Platte on the ferry at Fort Steele and went north, but returned after a few days and stopped at Rawlins, where Jack won a horse race.

On June 14, 1882, we went south and tried some trapping along the streams south of Rawlins. We then decided to go to the Jackson Hole country, near what is now the south entrance of Yellowstone national park. We followed the old Overland road to Green River City.

We reached Green River June 23 and remained there until July 7, camping on the river bank above town. When the Fourth of July came, we went into Green River for the celebration. Jack entered the shooting matches and took every prize.

Jack played poker most of the time, and would always sit at the table with his back to the wall and his

six-shooter in his lap. I never knew him to move one step, either night or day, without his six-shooter. If he had any reason to fear an enemy, or any one else, he never even hinted about it to me.

While in Green River we also ran an important horse race. Jack owned a race horse, called Monte, a beautiful bay animal that was surely fast. Jack invariably packed along oats to feed this horse a few handfuls of grain each day, and had said the horse could carry him one hundred and twenty-five miles in twenty-four hours. This race was matched against a gray pony, owned in Green River and called Tom Thumb. It was run on the Fourth of July, and was a quarter of a mile straightaway, with judges both top and bottom. Jack gave me two or three hundred dollars to bet on his horse.

A big man, half drunk, came wobbling through the crowd, with a folded bill wrapped around his middle finger, shouting he would bet twenty dollars on the Tom Thumb horse. I told him I would take the bet but when he stopped waving his hand, I noticed the folded bill was only two dollars. So when I started to put up the money, I had to tell him he was eighteen dollars short.

At this he apparently grew extremely angry and pulled out a little nickel-plated six-shooter from his hip pocket. It must have carried a big bullet, because I remember the hole in the barrel looked big. Just as the crowd scattered back, I saw Jack step up behind the man, and without saying a word, strike him back of the ear with the flat side of his six-shooter. The man's knees gave way and he crumpled down on the ground, exactly like a beef animal struck in the head with an ax. Jack had not said a word, but put his gun back into its

scabbard and started walking away towards his horse.

The man was only slightly stunned and almost immediately scrambled to his feet, still holding his little six-shooter in his hand. By that time Jack was thirty feet away, and as I was unarmed, I shouted to Jack that the man was getting up. Although Jack heard me, he did not even turn around nor move a bit faster.

The incident was over in a moment; because the man, as soon as he was on his feet, started running away at a dogtrot toward some immigrant wagons that were camped down on the Green river about a quarter of a mile away. He never slowed down till he joined the party of immigrants, of which, I later learned, he was a member.

That night in camp I asked Jack if he had not heard me when I shouted at him, and why he did not turn around when the man was getting up. He said that he had heard me, but that as we were strangers there and did not know who the man was, he did not want to take a chance on trouble. As he did not believe the man could hit him with that little gun, in his excited, drunken condition, it was better to wait. If the man had shot at him and missed, then Jack could have turned and killed the man without danger of legal punishment.

This incident was a good illustration of Jack's invariable calmness in all conditions and circumstances.

Jack had sent word to a negro boy in Rawlins, who had ridden his horse successfully in that city, to come up to Green River and ride for him in his race against Tom Thumb. This boy was a good rider, but to save all the weight he could, he used a very flimsy jockey saddle.

The two horses started fairly; but when about halfway, Monte made a high jump over a piece of loose

newspaper that had blown on the track, or, as Jack afterward hinted, that someone had placed there. At any rate, our jockey fell off.

Even then, Monte was so well-trained that he finished the race without a rider, beating the Tom Thumb horse by half a length. However, the judges decided the race against us because the horse was without a rider. Jack, of course, protested the decision very vigorously and wanted the race run over but he was ruled out.

On July 7 we moved up Green river some thirteen miles and Saturday crossed on the ferry and followed up Green river along the old Sublette trail.

At the ferry we saw a large band of Ute Indians cross their outfit. As they could not afford to cross on the ferry, they sent one Indian and a few squaws across with some Indian ponies, including one or two bell mares. Then the Indians crossed, with some of the ponies swimming, with tepee poles floating in the water back of them. Other ponies swam with heavy packs. Some of the small children were carried on the squaws' backs and others were carried in the arms of the buck Indians. It was a marvelous exhibition.

I expected to see many of them drown, but apparently there were no accidents and all crossed safely, although the swift current of the river carried some of them downstream fully a quarter of a mile. It was as exciting a scene as I ever witnessed.

A few days later we saw a large band of Indian braves on horseback out on the open prairie, circling a band of thirty or forty antelope. Jack and I tied our pack animals, having decided that we would enjoy getting into the hunt and helping the Indians kill their meat, as it was exciting sport.

The Indians were all bareback, with a rawhide rope knotted around the lower jaw of their ponies. All of them were armed with rifles, and as they raced their horses madly to head off the bewildered antelope, they would suddenly jump off, kneel on the ground, and fire. Meanwhile, the long lariat, with one end fastened around their own bodies and the other to the lower jaw of their ponies, prevented their being left afoot. In fact, their actions were very skillful, as they would jump off, shoot, and be back on their horses in a small fraction of time.

We also jumped off our horses and shot at the antelope. But just then Jack noticed a little puff of dust right in front of us, and it only took one or two more such puffs to convince us that the Indians objected to our being in the game, and might shoot us, while we were shooting at the antelope. We got out of there right away.

On the fifteenth of July we moved up to Smith Fork, and at Cokeville I noticed that the Oregon railroad had been built through there since I came over the trail two years before.

On the twenty-second we reached Salt creek and moved downstream to where it joined the Snake river.

There were a few Indians in that country but the trapping was fairly good. We saw several settlers who were just starting to take up ranches in the valley. It is now known as Star valley, and is a large and prosperous Mormon community.

In the upper valley there was a little store and post office. Jack went in there alone and came out with a letter, the only one that I ever knew him to get. He read it several times. Then he told me that he had to

leave me. I answered that I would like to go along, but he said that he could not take me where he was going.

He advised me to go back to the North Platte country and trap that winter in the headwaters of the Muddy creek, using the cabin that I had bought from Pat the Trapper. He also urged that I follow my ambition to start a cattle ranch.

I had to take all the furs we had on hand, as Jack wanted to travel light. In settling, I owed him nearly fifty dollars, which I told him I would send to him from Fort Fetterman, if he would send me his address.

Reluctantly we parted. I have never heard from him since. I do not even know what his last name was, or what name he gave to receive that letter.

Back on the Muddy

Jack had cautioned me about my return trip, saying that the renegades and horse thieves were numerous in the mountains. He gave me an accurate diagram of the Lander cut-off trail, which crosses through the mountains at the head of John Gray's river.

His instructions were very explicit, to make only one move a day, making camp early in the afternoon and then, as soon as it was dark, to move camp again to a distance of a quarter of a mile or more. Thus I was to spend the night in a place different to the one where I made camp in the daytime.

I followed these instructions, although I saw no one along the trail except some pack outfits that were trailing-through large bands of sheep from Oregon. However, I came close to having a serious accident in following Jack's instructions.

One evening when it was rainy and cold, with snow and some sleet, after camping on a creek and cooking my supper I picked out a good place to spend the night. This was about a quarter of a mile away on a little branch stream, where a big cliff of rock provided excellent shelter. Just in front was a small open glade, where I could picket my horses.

Of course, before making this night move I always removed the bell from my bell mare. I made my camp and spread out my blankets and buffalo robe under the cliff; however, I was so thoroughly wet and cold that

I felt I must violate Jack's instructions and start a little fire to dry out quickly. The warmth of the fire must have loosened the wet rocks on the cliff above me.

Just as I had gone to sleep, my dog suddenly barked furiously and ran across my bed. I grabbed my rifle, noticing that there was still a little glow from the embers of the fire, which I feared would be enough light for someone to shoot me.

Without stopping to put on any of my outer clothing, I ran along under the cliff, a hundred feet or more, where I stopped, very much frightened. I heard the horses below me, but it was so intensely dark that I could see nothing except the glow of the fire. Just then the rocks gave way and a small avalanche buried my fire and camp equipment under several tons of rock.

I finally mustered courage enough to build another fire, but it took me nearly half the night to dig out the wreck. Had I remained there a moment or two longer, it would have saved anyone the trouble of digging my grave.

Evidently the dog had been frightened by a few pebbles falling or the sound of the cracking of the rock above. He had saved my life.

By my diary I find I reached South pass on August 14.

The next day I ran a horse race, which I lost.

Harry Lander was there in charge of several herds of cattle which were being trailed through to the Black hills. He was resting up a day or two, and spending most of his time making love to the daughter of Old Man Smith, who ran the store and hotel.

Miss Smith was a beautiful and charming young lady who lived in the hotel at South Pass City. She was frozen to death the next winter on a stage coach trip,

going from South Pass City to Green River.

I sold Smith all the furs that I had and left for Fort Casper. My old diary reads:

> 1882, Aug. 19, Saturday, camped five miles below the 71 [Seventy-one Quarter Circle] ranch. 20, Sunday, camped beside some elms. 21, Monday, moved to Independence Rock, night at Horse creek. 22, Tuesday, camped on the alkali flats, killed two antelope. 23, Wednesday, moved to Casper.

On the third of September I reached my cabin on the Muddy.

There I spent the winter of 1882-1883 hunting and trapping. Most of the time I was alone, except for a month or two when Billie Fenix lived with me.

At that time there was a wide open range for sixty miles up and down the beautiful Platte valley. There were only four important cow ranches; the Goose Egg, ten miles west of the present site of Casper, at the mouth of Poison Spider creek; the old C Y cow ranch, where Casper now stands; the V R, on Deer creek, near the present city of Glenrock; and the old Fiddleback, down near the present city of Douglas. A post-traders store at old Fort Fetterman was the hub and center of all festivities.

The game was plentiful. There were many beaver in the headwaters of Muddy creek, and also a few otter and mink. The coyotes and timber wolves were quite numerous in the foothills, and the furs gathered that fall and winter brought me several hundred dollars. The white-tailed deer were abundant in the brush along the creeks and hundreds of antelope grazed on the table-land. Large bands of elk summered in the mountains and both black and grizzly bear were plentiful. In the wintertime many of the antelope and elk

crossed to the north side of the Platte river to winter in the sandhills. The buffalo were practically extinct, except for a few stragglers on the north side of the Platte river.

As the buffalo had been killed and the Indians confined upon reservations, the open ranges of Wyoming territory had been stocked with cattle, mostly from the Texas plains.

The range cattle industry of Wyoming dated back to 1864, when a certain old-time bull team freighter on the Laramie plains was caught in a severe fall storm and forced to turn his ox teams loose on the range. The following spring he was astounded to find that his cattle, without care or feeding, had wintered fairly well.

Similar experiences later on happened to many caravans along the old California and Oregon trails, especially along the Platte river in central Wyoming. As a result, Wyoming became famous as the best short grass, open range country in the world. It was soon proven that cattle not only lived the year round on the open ranges of Wyoming, but that they grew fatter and larger there than they did in Texas.

Cattle growing on the range developed into a prosperous business, backed by conservative eastern capitalists, as well as by large sums of English and Scotch money. At the time I settled on Muddy creek, the range cattle business was considered a fairly safe and remunerative investment, while the romance and adventure of it appealed to the young men of both America and European countries. It typified the call of the wild, the inspiration of our matchless plains, the clear air from our pine-clad mountains; it crept into the blood and made life worth living on the open range.

Sons of nobility and college graduates rubbed elbows with illiterate cowboys around the fires of a round-up camp.

The southwest, including Texas, Indian territory, and a part of New Mexico, was primarily a breeding ground, producing hundreds of thousands of calves each year. The central and northern plains, including Kansas, Nebraska, Dakota, Montana, Colorado, and Wyoming, were feeding grounds to which were brought young steers from the southern plains, to be matured and fattened on the rich pasturage of these northern ranges.

The first men establishing ranches in any region usually sought to safeguard their open ranges, so far as possible, by the homestead or purchase of the lands controlling the water supply, but this was not in all cases practicable. Moreover, as the demand for grazing increased, in many large areas it became necessary to construct reservoirs.

In 1882 the ranges of Wyoming were stocked almost to the limit of their carrying capacity. Settlement was discouraged by the cattlemen, as that meant the death of the range cattle business. Home-seekers were given a chilly reception, were looked on with suspicion, and frequently annoyed.

I had a location on Muddy creek that had proven its merit to me. Both Muddy and Deer creeks wound around it on two sides, providing ample water for all uses. My cabin was pocketed on three sides by tall mountains, providing shelter against the winter storms and giving me a view of rugged grandeur, with the picturesque peaks of the Casper and Laramie mountains in the distance. Spruce pine on the mountain sides shel-

tered game, and the valley along the creeks, to the front of my cabin, suggested grain fields for my cattle, with a limitless free range of table-land.

That winter I made elaborate plans to start a cattle ranch there.

In the spring of 1883 I let a contract to build a ranch-house at the forks of Muddy creek, about a half-mile below my first cabin. This ranch-house was eighteen feet wide and thirty-six feet long, made out of hewed logs. I insisted on having all the logs peeled, because in the first cabin I bought I was greatly annoyed by mice and pack-rats, as well as numerous smaller animals, under the loose bark of the house logs.

One half of my new cabin, a large room eighteen feet square, was to be used for a kitchen, dining-room and parlor; and the other half was to be divided into three bedrooms. About that time Fort Fetterman was abandoned and I obtained two old doors and six double windows from some of the abandoned buildings at the post. These were all different sizes, both doors were rather low, and the windows were of different widths and heights, but it was all comfortable, homelike, and, at the time, the last word in western luxury.

That same spring I started with a four-horse team for Fort Collins to ship the hides and fur which I had accumulated through the winter. I stopped in Laramie to buy grain for my horses and drove on across the Colorado line to Fort Collins. Here I shipped my winter "catch" to my father, who disposed of the pelts for me in Chicago and sent me between seven and eight hundred dollars for them.

On my return journey I stopped in Laramie City to lay in my summer supplies and purchase my first mow-

ing machine. There I decided I would have to have a hired man, and was fortunate in securing the services of a young fellow about my own age, who had lived on a ranch at Virginia Dale, and was familiar with all kinds of ranch work. Together we left Laramie City with our four-horse load of supplies.

At Laramie river we met our first great difficulty. The water in the river was very high and a great flood sweeping around the west approach of the bridge threatened to carry away the entire structure. Fearing the bridge would be washed out, we hurriedly crossed that afternoon, but mired down in the flood waters on the west side of the bridge and spent nearly a whole day trying to salvage our supplies. Most of them had to be carried to the bank on horseback and the machinery dragged ashore with long ropes. We were both soaking wet and spent a disagreeable night trying to dry things out around our camp fire.

Just as we were over most of our troubles, along came two big freight outfits, headed by Al Ayers, and some neighboring ranchers on the La Prele. One of their wagons was loaded with a sheet-iron dipping vat for sheep: I know we speculated about it, because we were unaware of anyone owning sheep in that section.

We loaded our outfit and reached our cabin on the Muddy, on the second of July, 1883. There were no wagon roads in that country, except the one which we followed up Deer creek. We then took some game trails across to the Muddy.

The country was unsurveyed and I was the first settler on the creek. My claim consisted of a squatter's right, and I planned only a small outfit. I felt that about one hundred and sixty acres of land with a few

head of cattle would be all that I would ever care for. Even to secure a few cattle, I would require some outside capital and had planned to meet my brother in Chicago on July 4 to organize a little cattle company.

The delay at Laramie river had made my time very short, so I told Jack to make himself at home at the cabin and then go up the creek about a half mile to where a stream came through a ridge of rocks and start digging a line of post holes a rod apart, going east until he got up on the flat and then digging north until I returned. I told him that I would be away about a week or ten days, and then we would go up in the mountains and get some poles to build our fence.

As it was about ninety miles from my cabin to the Rock Creek station on the Union Pacific railroad, I was saddling my horse and putting in a couple of sandwiches to eat on the road and at the same time giving Jack his instructions. I wanted to keep my appointment in Chicago as nearly on time as possible.

I left my cabin at eleven-thirty and rode into Rock Creek the next morning in time to catch the nine o'clock train. I think it was one of the longest and best timed rides I ever made.

Starting a Cattle Ranch

In Chicago I entered into the most important business partnership of my entire life, one with my father and brother. Because of its value I am quoting it verbatim, from the old handwritten original:

Articles of Agreement made the fourth day of July A.D. 1883 by and between Bryant B. Brooks of Wyoming territory – P.O. address – Deer creek, Albany county, Wyo. ter. – John Brooks of Boston, Mass. – and S. N. Brooks of Chicago, Ill.

The said Bryant B. – John – and S. N. Brooks have agreed and by these presents do agree – to become co-partners together in the business of growing and shipping cattle in and from said Wyo. ter. and to be governed by the following articles, viz. –

FIRST. The said business shall be carried on under the name of B. B. Brooks & Co.

SECOND. Each of said partners shall furnish to commence with, a capital of one thousand dollars – that furnished by B. B. Brooks to be in property and expense account as per schedule attached hereto – "marked A" – and the two portions furnished by said John & S. N. Brooks to be in cash.

THIRD. Said business shall be managed altogether by said Bryant B. Brooks – the said John & S. N. Brooks to be special partners each liable for the debts of the firm only to the amount of cash contributed by each, – and to have no voice in the management of the business except the right to advise in reference thereto.

FOURTH. For his time and attention given to above named business said Bryant B. Brooks shall receive from the firm for the first year one dollar and fifty cents ($1.50) per day – for the time actually employed – and thereafter – at the beginning of each year – his compensation shall be the subject of mutual agreement by the three abovenamed partners.

FIFTH. The accounts of said firm shall be kept by said Bryant B. Brooks and he shall keep at least one stock book – showing the amount and estimated value of all the stock bought – sold or owned by said firm – Also a cash book showing receipts, expenses & cash on hand (& said book must be balanced at least once each week.) and an inventory book in which an inventory of all property of whatever kind – shall be entered and revised annually. Said B. B. Brooks shall also report monthly the amount of salary he has credited to himself for the preceding month and the amount of cash in his hands as shown by his cash balance. – All necessary expenses of living – except clothing – for said B. B. Brooks shall be at the expense of the company, accurate accounts of which shall be kept as above – and any receipts of whatever kind that legitimately belong to the company – shall go as part of their assets – but whenever said B. B. Brooks shall have opportunity to utilize his time (without neglecting the business of the company) in other pursuits whatever – money he receives therefor shall be his individual property.

SIXTH. No note shall be signed in the name of the firm by either party and no pecuniary obligations shall be incurred by either partner in the name of the firm to an amount exceeding ($200.00) two hundred dollars.

SEVENTH. Neither partner shall withdraw from the business of the firm more than his share of the profits without the written consent of both the remaining partners.

EIGHTH. As a part of the capital contributed by said B. B. Brooks consists of improvements being now made upon the land where a permanent location for the business of the firm of B. B. Brooks & Co. is contemplated – any rights said B. B. Brooks may acquire as a homesteader in said Wyoming territory – under the laws of the United States, shall become the property of said firm – and all necessary expenses incident to the establishment of such claim shall be paid from the assets of said firm.

NINTH. This co-partnership shall continue for the term of five years from this date – subject however to be terminated by the death of either partner, or the mutual agreement of the parties, or the violation of either of the foregoing agreements.

TENTH. The division of the profits or losses of the business shall be equal.

ELEVENTH. Whenever any disagreement or misunderstanding shall arise among the aforesaid partners – or whenever either of them shall allege a violation of any of the above agreements – by either of the other partners – the question on which there is a disagreement, shall be left to the judgment of three disinterested persons, one of whom shall be selected by each of the above partners and the decision of said three disinterested persons, or of a majority of them, shall be final.

In witness whereof we have hereunto interchangeably set our hands and seals the day and year first above written.

BRYANT B. BROOKS, L.S.
JOHN BROOKS, L.S.
S. N. BROOKS, L.S.

In presence of H. G. Brooks

Then I went up to Wisconsin to my old friend, Tom Alsop, with whom I had boarded in my boyhood days. He went with me around to the farmers in Green county and helped me pick out eighty yearling heifers, making two carloads.

I shipped these to Rock Creek on the railroad. There I branded my cattle with an old V-shaped iron, which I found thrown away at the stockyards, making the complete brand V—V, from which my ranch took its name, the V Bar V outfit.

After purchasing a little coffee and corn meal from Charlie Clay who was running a grocery store at Rock Creek, I took my saddle horse, which I had left at the Seven Miles Springs ranch, opened the gate of the corral and started my eighty head of yearling heifers for my home ranch.

I had little difficulty getting them home alone, as I simply followed them along and whenever they were ready to stop, I camped with them. Of course, this all took time, and instead of being away a week or ten days,

as I had originally planned, I had been gone a month.

Naturally, I wondered what my first hired man had been doing all the time I was away. When I reached the cabin, I found out. The line of post holes that he had dug north during my absence was about the most discouraging thing I ever looked at, and from that day to this I have been trying to catch up with them.

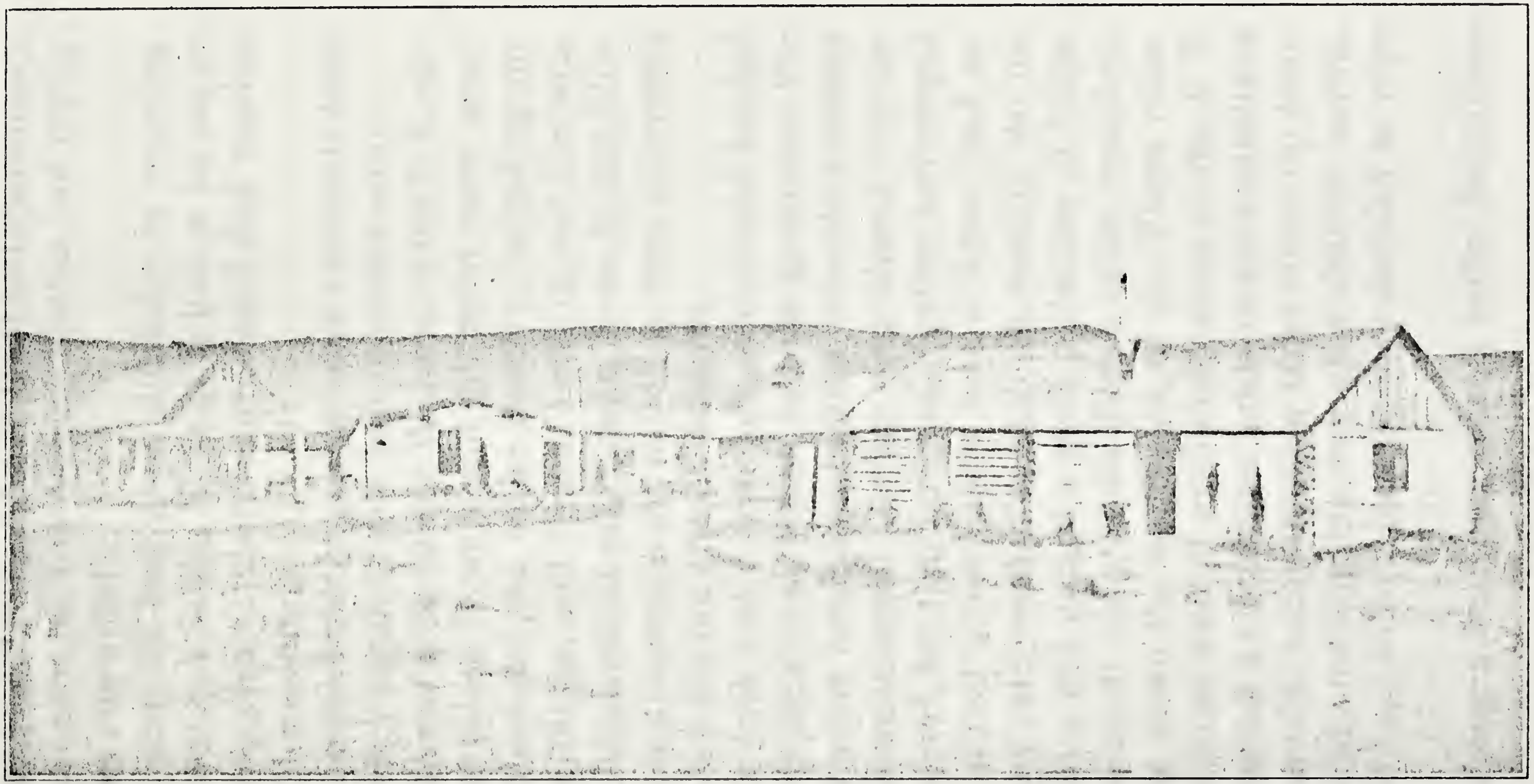
As I did not wish to waste the post holes, I had to revise all my plans in order to make use of them. My hundred and sixty acre ranch stretched out into a large domain. My two cars of cattle had to be followed by many others. Instead of a few poles from the mountains to build the fence, I had to run into debt for a lot of barbed wire. Jack's great line of post holes was one of the seven wonders of the territory. He became renowned as Post Hole Jack.

His brother, Mart, was called Post Number Two, and in later years started a partnership business in Glenrock under the name of Bird and Post.

Even now, after a lapse of nearly sixty years, I am starting to catch up with that line of postholes. When the government surveyed out the townships in that section, I found Jack had run his line of post holes north by the stars, without allowing any variation. I still use that line of fence, but have had to take up an awful lot of land to protect it.

During the summer and fall of 1883 we completed our new house and reluctantly abandoned the old cabin.

The successful ranchman must be more or less a jack-of-all-trades. As engineers we had to run out our irrigation ditches, largely by the use of a sixteen-foot board and spirit level. One of my neighbors, who was not a real engineer, used this same contrivance, but



The Old Home on the V—V Ranch
Birthplace of the children of Bryant Butler Brooks

unfortunately used the short leg in front and spent many of the best years of his life digging ditches and trying to make water run uphill.

The first year we had great difficulty in securing enough hay for our cattle. Most of it had to be cut in out-of-the-way places, wherever we could find patches of grass worth mowing.

After we finished our house, we were extremely busy building shelter for the cattle before winter set in.

In the winter of 1883 Major Wolcott, of the V R outfit, sent over to ask if we could get them some meat. Snow had blanketed the entire country, including my house, outbuildings, and fences. Looking out the window, I saw hundreds of elk, driven down by the blizzard, at a close distance, as the buildings were so covered with snow they did not attract attention.

Post Hole Jack and I went out swiftly and herded them towards the corral, which had the gate open. We shot rapidly as we herded and killed more than twenty of them. About an equal number were chased into the large pole corral, but they bunched together and surged against the corral at one point, tore it down, and escaped. At any rate, we had enough elk meat to last the V R all winter and gained a good collection of hides.

In the spring of 1884, as the Platte valley round-up was working down the south side of the Platte river, about eight miles west of my ranch, three of the C Y cowboys, making a circle after cattle in the foothills of Casper mountain, encountered a large silver-tip bear, that was slowly making his way up a shallow ravine. None of the boys were armed, so they decided to rope him.

Now, lassoing a bear may seem a rather hazardous

undertaking to people not familiar with cowboy sports, and so it proved on this occasion; yet it is a feat frequently accomplished on our yearly round-ups, and with comparatively slight danger to the boys.

Usually, as soon as the rope tightens about the bear's neck, he begins to tug and hang back, the long hair about the neck prevents the noose from loosening after once being tightened, and in five or ten minutes the bear chokes to death. A buffalo will do the same thing. I have known several instances of cowboys roping and killing full-grown bear and buffalo in this manner.

In this case, two of the boys were riding well-trained cow ponies. As soon as they saw the bear, they made a dash to head him off from the mountains, uncoiling their long grass ropes as they went. The third boy, named Wallace, was riding a large half-broken colt, and had to stop and get his rope uncoiled from the saddle before starting. By the time he was ready his companions had turned the bear down a gulch.

Wallace struck out diagonally down another gully, which joined the one the bear was in about a quarter of a mile below. The colt got rattled at the free use of the spurs and at the dangling noose which Wallace held in his right hand, and made extra fast time down the gulch. In fact, Wallace was scarcely able to control him at all.

Rider and bear reached the point where the two gullies joined, at the same moment. Both gulches were narrow, with steep banks.

Wallace tried in vain to check the horse. The bear reared up on his haunches. Horse and rider shot by and turned up the gulch down which the bear had just come. They passed so close to the bear that Wallace actually

struck him on the head with his right hand.

The bear struck both horse and rider with his paws, tearing the horse's flank with one, and the boy's leather chaps with the other. In striking at the bear's head, Wallace had unintentionally dropped the open loop about its body.

When the bear struck the bronco, he commenced bucking and threw Wallace off. The boy was unhurt, and scrambling to his feet, made a dash up the side of the gulch, while the bear turned up the ravine that Wallace had just ridden down.

The other end of the rope was, of course, made fast to the horn of the saddle, and when the bucking horse ran out on it, the weight of the bear threw him. In struggling to get up, he broke the front cinch of the saddle and soon bucked through the flank cinch.

Away went the bear up the gulch, dragging the saddle behind him. The other two boys met the runaway horse and roped him.

Wallace explained as rapidly as posible, and held his own horse while the other two boys went after the grizzly.

Going up the gulch about a half-mile, they found the saddle wedged in between two boulders. The bear had bitten off the rope and was gone. They carried the saddle, which was somewhat in need of repairs, back to Wallace.

In looking at the bear's immense tracks in the sand, they noticed that two toes of the left forefoot were missing. Evidently, the bear had been in a trap at some time.

In rehearsing the story at camp, someone named that bear Big Foot Wallace.

Two years later I had a man herding my cattle back

in the mountains, where he lived alone in a tent, some ten miles from the ranch. One day he came in to get provisions. In coming over, he had tried to turn a bunch of cattle and in some way crippled his horse, so he rode back on a little Spanish mule that I had at the ranch. Behind his saddle he tied a miscellaneous assortment of grub, such as potatoes, bacon, canned goods, sugar, coffee, baking powder, etc.

When about halfway on his return, he rode up on a little knoll. Right under him, not fifty feet away, was an enormous bear, eating a calf he had just killed. I had had a number of cattle killed during that year, by wild animals, and this man was carrying a Winchester, slung to his saddle for just such an emergency; but on this occasion it was useless.

The mule saw the bear about the same time the man did, and having previously been spoiled by our trying to pack a bearskin home on her, she whirled and bolted for the ranch. For a mile or so the man tried to check her. Then his arms gave out, and he let her run. She scattered provisions from the brow of that hill clear to the stable door.

The man told his story, and he and I saddled up two horses and started back, hoping the bear had not left. We found my calf half eaten up, but no bear.

The tracks led off up the mountains, showing plainly in the dust of an old cow trail. Two toes were missing from the left forefoot, so we knew that it was Big Foot Wallace that was doing the killing.

My cattle continued to disappear. I set two big forty-pound steel traps, but failed to catch the thief. Once in an October snow I followed his big tracks for miles. They led me eventually into a dense grove of Jack pines

and dead-fall timber, where I finally came to the place where he had been lying under some logs. He had either heard or scented me, and had made off, so I gave up the hunt.

The next year he was worse than ever.

There is a small lake that nestles on the side of the mountain, some five miles south of the ranch, and that fall, while up there after geese, I found a two-year-old steer partly eaten up. The tracks of Big Foot Wallace were all about him.

I knew it would be of little use to set traps. My cattle were thick about there and I could not safely set a trap, unless I built a V-shaped pen, as we usually do for bear. This would be useless, for old Wallace was too smart ever to go near a pen. So I returned to the ranch, and that night Post Hole Jack and I took a few blankets and went up and laid for him.

The night was dark, and we could only watch in the evening and early in the morning. We kept this up three nights.

The second night the bear came and ate his fill, but we did not get to see him. The wind was usually from the foothills, and our mode of procedure was to ride up to a certain gulch, about four hundred yards to the east of the dead steer, leave our horses and blankets, and creep over to some rocks about seventy-five yards from the carcass. Here we would lie and watch till it got too dark to shoot, then crawl back, roll up in our blankets, and at daylight repeat the performance.

The fourth day was a busy one at the ranch, Jack and I did not get away until later than usual. At the foot of the mountain it commenced to rain and promised to be such a disagreeable night that we debated strongly about

returning home. But the boys at the ranch had been laughing at us about our bear, and we concluded to stay it out.

Darkness came on early, and we were unable to reach our old camping ground. Finally, when about three hundred yards below where we thought the bait lay, it being so dark that we were not certain where we were, we concluded to camp. We unsaddled our ponies and groped about to find a rock to picket them to. Then we put our saddle blankets on the damp ground, unrolled our bed blankets, and putting rubber slickers over these, we turned in and slept like troopers.

It was broad daylight when we uncovered our heads. The new-born day was crisp and beautiful. Our horses had wound themselves up during the night, among the rocks.

As we were so late, we decided to just saddle up our ponies and ride up to look at the bait. We had finished saddling and were in the very act of mounting, when up the mountain-side, not two hundred yards away, came our bear.

I shall never forget how he looked. The sun was not yet up. The faint wind was in our favor. Everything was still as death. Even our horses, whose heads were turned the other way, seemed to have gone to sleep again; and there, coming, coming slowly, steadily, noiselessly on, like some avenging monster, was the largest grizzly I have ever seen.

He was moving diagonally toward us and would pass within forty yards. We had crouched to the ground beside our horses, slipping our Winchesters out of the scabbards, as we did so. Old Wallace, for I knew him instantly from his immense size, was walking deliber-

ately up the gradual rise of the mountain, his great head hanging low.

He looked neither to the right nor the left, but seemed to think that everything would, of course, get out of his way. On and on he came!

I felt a certain thrill of exultation at the certainty of his death. Here was what we had been waiting and longing and watching for. Here was the destroyer of my cattle. Here was the author of my many troubles, the monarch and the terror of the mountains, marching unconcernedly on and up, to meet us on open ground, in battle royal, in the first bright gray of a September morn.

Now was to come the test between blind, brute fury and strength on the one hand, and nerve, skill, and improved weapons on the other. At last, he was within forty yards.

"Now, Jack! Bust him!"

We dropped our bridle reins, and stepping to one side of our horses, knelt to shoot. The bear never looked up.

Bang! Bang! The great brute suddenly leaped into life. The long hair on the back of his neck stood up like the bristles of an angry boar. He whirled, partly fell, and bit savagely at his shoulder and side where the bullets had struck. Our frightened horses started down the mountains, dragging their bridle reins a trifle to one side to keep from stepping on them.

Bang! Bang! Another tumble. Then a terrible half growl and half roar. He saw us now and tried to charge, but the Winchesters talked fast and furiously. The leaden hail was too much for even his big savage hulk to face. He would fall, roll over, bite himself, struggle

to his feet, and would try to come on, only to fall again.

Finally, he lay still.

We advanced and fired one shot into his great head. Not a quiver. He was dead. Then we both hurried up, with the same question in our minds. Yes, there were two toes missing on the left forefoot.

Big Foot Wallace's silver-tipped hide, the long hair on his neck that bristled so at the first fire, his noble, broad, savage head and beadlike eyes, nicely mounted, his three and a half inches of great claws, with two missing on the left paw, all go to form a superb rug that now adorns a certain house in Chicago. I never see it but I wish that I knew the whole story of Big Foot Wallace.

In the summer of 1884 my brother and father came out to see how I was getting along with their two thousand dollars. They took the stage from Rock Creek to Fetterman, and I met them at Fort Fetterman with a decidedly dilapidated buckboard and team. They were certainly a discouraged outfit when we reached the ranch, and my bachelor home did not seem to impress them very favorably.

I was doing my own cooking. The second morning after their arrival, Father was "under the weather" and my sourdough pancakes and fried antelope meat did not appeal to him. All he wanted was pickles.

At that time I bought my salted pickles by the keg in Laramie and then would freshen them in a large open-mouthed chow-chow bottle. The night before I had forgotten to cover up the mouth of the bottle, which was standing as usual in my handmade cupboard, and a couple of mice had gotten into it.

I got up from the table and brought Father the bottle

of pickles, without noticing the mice. I will never forget the look of discouragement that swept over his face, when he reached his fork into the chow-chow bottle for a pickle and brought out a mouse. In extreme disgust my father shoved the bottle of pickles across the table to me and said, "Bryant, there is a mouse in these pickles."

My brother Jack winked at me and I got up, very solemnly, carried the chow-chow bottle to the door, carefully threw the mouse out, discovered the second one there, told my father there were two of them, brought the bottle back and placed it beside his place at the table, saying, "I am very sorry, but I usually throw the mice out before breakfast."

Father got up and went into the other room, and my brother and I spent the rest of the morning laughing about it. Father could not see the joke.

The next morning, Post Hole Jack killed an enormous rattlesnake, just outside the front door. He coiled the snake up carefully and then called to my brother to come out and see the sunrise.

My brother was wearing a long white nightshirt, the first I had ever seen in the western country. When he opened the low door and stepped out in his bare feet to gaze at the glorious sun, just appearing above the distant mountain, his bare foot rested squarely on the dead rattlesnake. With an unearthly scream, his head hit the top of the door sill; and the next moment he was hopping around in the dewy grass in front of the house.

Post Hole Jack rushed up with a club and pounded the dead snake, while I slipped over to my brother and showed him a little spot above his ankle, where the snake must have bitten him.

Very tenderly Post Hole Jack and I escorted him into the house and put him to bed. I asked Post Hole to find some cactus as quickly as he could, while I knotted a cord very tightly around my brother's leg at the knee, to prevent the poison from reaching his heart. I split the cactus and bandaged up his leg and Post Hole suggested that, perhaps we should kill a chicken, as the fresh blood from the chicken might help to draw the poison out.

I had drawn the bandage so tightly around his leg that his foot was commencing to swell, and my father was getting terribly worried and thought we should send to Fetterman at once for Doctor Barber. I finally took my father outside, made him promise secrecy, and told him it was all a joke, that the snake had been dead for some time before Jack stepped on it.

Father thought we were carrying the joke too far, but in those days real amusement had to be homemade, and Post Hole Jack and I were having so much fun out of it that we kept it up for some time. Along toward noon we made my brother a pair of crutches from some Indian tepee poles, making one several inches shorter than the other, and in the evening he was able to hobble around a little.

He could graphically describe how it felt to have the rattlesnake poison working up through his system towards his heart. It took him several days to recover from this rattlesnake bite, but he was always proud of it, and later on glowingly described all the sensations to Doctor Barber and others at Fetterman.

Of course, they knew the real inside of the story but would urge him on, as his descriptions were highly thrilling.

The gradual building-up of the ranch was a source of keen delight. Of course, the work was frequently discouraging and the working hours were long, but the joy of transforming waste into fields of waving grain and alfalfa is truly wonderful and inspiring.

As the years went by, the improvements increased along with the cattle and many visitors spent some time with us during the summer months. There was so much game in the country, with no nearby inducement to spend money, that actual running expenses were very low; consequently in the course of three years our ranch on the Muddy had grown to be an attractive place.

I decided to go back to Nebraska and bring back a wife, which proved to be the wisest move I have ever made.

My Wife Comes West

Wyoming was still a territory with only one railroad across the southern part, and the highways through our section consisted of a few buffalo and Indian tepee trails across the unfenced range. I did not realize how crude and primitive the place was until I saw it through the eyes of my bride.

Mary Naomi Willard pledged her life to mine and her faith in Wyoming as a home on March 11, 1886, at the home of her father, Judge Lockhart Dickman Willard of Alexandria, Nebraska. Judge Willard and my father were first cousins, as their mothers were sisters.

I had first seen Mary when she was a little blue-eyed, pink-cheeked slip of a girl with blonde curls, in the summer of 1879, when her father had been my first employer. That winter when I worked on the Nebraska farm, Mary was away from home at the Riverside institute, an Episcopalian school at Lyons, Iowa.

During the years that I was laying the cornerstone for our future in Wyoming, Mary had graduated from the Riverside institute and had been teaching school for three years in Nebraska. Although her home was in a western state, there was a great contrast in the stage of development and the standards of gracious living between Nebraska and Wyoming at that time.

> Her eyes were bright with the courage of youth
> When she came as a bride to the West.
>
> Lillian L. McBride-Van Burgh.

I brought my wife on the Union Pacific as far as Rock Creek, our nearest railroad station. There was no hotel there, but there was a general merchandise store run by Mr. Clay. Mr. and Mrs. Clay had invited us to stay with them and wait for our stage.

When we arrived, nobody met us except Mr. Clay. He explained that his wife had gone to a dance, but he took us over to the store, where they had living quarters. In a few minutes Mrs. Clay came over to extend a welcome to us and invite us to the dance.

I still remember the look on Mrs. Brooks's face when she saw Mrs. Clay. Whatever she may have looked like when she was a bride, it must be admitted that Mrs. Clay had "weathered" a little; and she had on a long white "Mother Hubbard" dress and a man's black hat.

Mrs. Brooks declined the invitation, saying that she did not dance. Mrs. Clay, not to be deprived of her evening's entertainment, nonchalantly told us to "make ourselves at home" and returned to the dance.

The next day was March 17. I don't know whether everybody in the settlement was Irish, or whether they were just looking for a chance for a celebration. At any rate, the place was so noisy the next day that Mrs. Brooks was shown a display of the "wild and woolly West." However, she got acquainted with everybody in that section.

On the second day we were up at four o'clock to take our stage. This stage was the old-fashioned Concord type that held four passengers inside, while one rode up on top with the driver of the four-horse team. When we started, the stage management warned us, "You'll never get through because the other stage hasn't come through."

Bride and Groom

Mr. and Mrs. Bryant Butler Brooks in 1886

There was a heavy snow on and he knew the stage from the other direction was snow-bound. However, we started. We had breakfast at the Twenty Mile ranch.

In places the road was completely obliterated by the snow, so they had set saplings in the snow to mark the road on the turns through the mountains. But even these saplings were covered by snowdrifts in places, and we went off the road. The coach did not turn over; but it was leaning pretty badly, with two wheels down in the ice, so the passengers had to pile out, on the up-side, in the snow. The baggage and mail had to be taken out.

Then when the coach was righted, the baggage, mail, considerable snow, and the passengers were piled back into the coach, which went bounding and rocking around the turns.

There were stage stations every twenty miles, where we were to change horses. At the first one they told us the snow was so bad ahead that the coach could not get through. We were put in an open sled and hauled through the mountains for the next forty miles, where we stayed all night.

There we were transferred to the coach from the other direction and taken on. We arrived in Fort Fetterman at three o'clock the next afternoon.

Fort Fetterman was the nearest settlement and post office to the V—V outfit, my home ranch, which was another forty miles distant.

At that time the settlement consisted of the abandoned army post, a store, saloons, and a few houses. Once a week they took our mail from this post office to the V R ranch, where we went to get it.

On our arrival, my bride and I stayed all night at Fort Fetterman and the next morning started for home

in a buckboard drawn by two horses. We left Fort Fetterman early in the morning and arrived home late in the afternoon. On the way I pulled up my horses and stopped by a lone cabin on the creek, telling Mary that was "home." However, she was either skeptical or inclined to balk, because she refused to get out, so I took her on to my own cabin, which was a considerable improvement although still rather primitive.

My cabin then had the big living-room, with an ell for the kitchen and dining-room, behind which was the long bunkroom for the boys. There were three bedrooms on the other side of the living-room, one of which we used for a storeroom. A little later I built a separate bunkhouse for the boys and Mary converted the old bunkroom into a kitchen.

I had papered over the logs before she came, and Mary brought along some pictures and other things that a woman uses to make a place homelike. She also brought along her guitar, music, and some books.

The boys had supper ready when we arrived. They had cooked elk meat, potatoes, and dried apple sauce, and soon made strong green tea, boiled.

The arrival of Mrs. Brooks was the cause of considerable education along several lines. She amazed the boys with her housekeeping technique and delighted them with her music. On the other hand, the boys and I derived a great deal of pleasure and considerable amusement from "educating" her in the ways of the west. There was quite a little teasing mixed with the instructions.

Slim, the cowboy that I left to help Mary in the house, the first day of her arrival, learned that the sour cream he was going to feed the pigs could be used to

make butter, that dishes could be washed with soap, and that dried apples made good pies.

When my wife had been on the ranch about two weeks, I shot and wounded a mountain lion one morning. He escaped and headed for the mountains. At noon I suggested to Mary that she should go with me while I went back to trail him. She went, but I still think that she was more interested in gathering wild flowers than she was in trailing lions.

About a mile from the ranch-house the bloody trail of the lion led into a thicket of willows, where a rocky ridge stretched across from Beaver to Muddy creek. Thinking to have a little fun, I said, "Now, Mary, you go in the brush and chase the lion out, and I'll shoot him."

She looked at me questioningly, then indignantly, before she answered, "Why, Bryant Brooks, I won't do it. You go in there and chase him out yourself, and I'll shoot him."

I solemnly explained to her that she couldn't shoot straight enough to hit the lion, and that he wouldn't hurt her if she went in after him. But she was stubborn, and refused to go into the thicket. I reminded her that she had promised to obey me and she even denied that. To cap the climax, she went off to pick wild flowers.

That evening I wrote my father a long letter, telling him that my new wife refused to obey me.

He replied that he had felt worried when he read my letter, until he got to where I said that what she refused to do was to go into a thicket and chase out a wounded lion.

The first six months that we were married Mary did the cooking and became extremely popular with the

boys on account of her open-faced pies. After that I always kept a girl for her, although we had to bring them out from Nebraska or Chicago.

The only meat that we had in those days was game, but I secured variety and plenty of it. The mountain grouse were plentiful in those days but have been almost exterminated now; they have a fine white meat. In the summer the sage chickens were good. There were no legal restrictions then about antelope, elk, deer, mountain sheep, or other game.

When our first baby, Jean, was born, we had an old couple come that lived over on Deer creek; the man claimed to be a doctor. However, later complications set in, after Mrs. Brooks caught cold, and she became so sick that I drove madly down to Fort Fetterman for Doctor Barber. I arranged for a change of horses and brought him back in the buckboard. He stayed there in the house for several days.

Our nearest neighbors were a family of Indians. That is, the woman was a Shoshone Indian, who had two sons and a daughter, Bouquet, who looked white and was a pretty girl. The two boys were expert horsemen. The man of the family was part Indian, the son of one of the original French trappers and a Seminole woman.

Bouquet married a white rancher and left him immediately. She died the next year and I read her funeral services. Finally, the head of the family was up at the fort, got drunk, and a man shot him. After that the family moved back to the reservation.

Along in the winter of 1891, when I was over beyond the second range on a month's hunting trip with a party of New York capitalists, my wife was alone on the V—V ranch, except for her hired girl, the babies, and

two cowboys in the bunkhouse. These men were Dutch Pete, an older German, and a young man named Virgil Turner. These two had been out milking and Virgil came into the ranch-house and told Mary that he wouldn't help Pete any more because Pete had called his mother names and he would not stand for it.

Mrs. Brooks told him, "All right, Pete will have to milk by himself."

In a little while, a shot was heard from the bunkhouse. Mrs. Brooks ran outside and saw Virgil standing there. Groans were coming from the bunkhouse.

Virgil told her that he had shot Pete, and Mary told him to get her the gun, which the boy brought, and she hid it in the ranch-house under a bed. Then the guilty boy went and hid in the brush, while the hired girl and Mrs. Brooks helped the wounded man over to the ranch-house. He was shot in the side of his abdomen.

Mrs. Brooks tried to give the man first-aid treatment in stopping the flow of blood, while she sent the hired girl to catch some horses to take him away. The girl got the saddle horse and caught a span of gentle mules, which she and Mrs. Brooks harnessed.

My wife told the girl to stay there with the children while she drove the man to the next ranch, but the girl was thoroughly frightened and refused to stay alone with Virgil still there. So my wife sent the girl to drive the wounded man over to the Hat 6 ranch. The man living on the Hat 6 took Dutch Pete to the next ranch, and from there he was driven into town that day.

The next day the sheriff came out and got Virgil. That was in the early winter and they did not try the boy until fall, when he pleaded self-defense and was turned loose.

When the wounded man, Dutch Pete, had been taken into Casper, they put him in the hotel and called the doctor. This doctor was on one of his habitual drunks and went over to the butcher shop to borrow a butcher knife and a knife-sharpener, saying that he wanted to operate on the man. Of course, they did not let him have the knife.

Either because of neglect or unavoidably from the wound, Dutch Pete finally died.

Two years later this same boy, Virgil Turner, quarreled with another sheep-herder. It was said that the boy had a six-shooter and the man had a rifle. The man barricaded himself behind a rock and trained his rifle on the boy. However, the boy was on horseback, and he charged the man and shot him to death. Again, the boy was acquitted.

My wife proved that she had the resourcefulness to meet any emergency that arose in her life, as a pioneer wife and mother of Wyoming. Among the numerous tests of her courage were the times she killed a rattlesnake with a hoe when she found it coiled beside her baby, Jean, and when she chased a coyote with her buggy whip and rescued a little dog it was carrying off.

Although Mrs. Brooks showed that she had the adaptability to make the best of her surroundings in the early days, she never dropped her standards of living. As the children grew up, they were never allowed to forget holidays and anniversaries with customary celebrations and lessons about them, such as Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving, and the others. She always kept music in the home. First she had brought her guitar. A couple of years later we acquired an organ, and a few years after that I bought her a piano in Chicago.

As the years brought progress in the affairs of our family and of Wyoming, my wife always measured up to the standards that make the sort of helpmate a man needs in his social contacts with his fellow-men.

Mrs. Brooks went back to Nebraska and Chicago for a visit when the first baby, Jean, was about a year old. Three years later, when there were two babies and my wife took them east for a visit, they were able to take the train at Casper, for the railroad came through the Platte valley in 1888.

Birth of a City, County, and State

As Theodore Roosevelt once said, "No man can stay the hand of progress."

While the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley railroad, which later became the Chicago and Northwestern, was being built into the Platte valley in the spring of 1888, a few tents were put up on a strip of ground about a mile east of where the Natrona county courthouse now stands. These tents were mere headquarters of the land department of the railroad company.

At that time this area was a part of Carbon county, and Wyoming was a territory.

By the time the first train arrived, in June of 1888, a few temporary buildings had been built along the single street of the town.

Most of the buildings were little one-room, one-story structures of rough boards, hauled down from the sawmill on Casper mountain, a few miles away. The roofs of the buildings were corrugated iron and the floors were plain gumbo (a yellowish, clayey soil), with the grass and cactus scraped off.

There were stores, a hotel, restaurants, and saloons, most of which had a tall, upstanding front, like the visor on a jockey's cap blown up by the wind.

This was the terminus of the railroad from 1888 to 1905, when it was extended to Lander. The principal customers were cowboys and Indians.

The settlement was named Casper, as the nearby mountain had been, in honor of Casper Collins, a young trooper who had sacrificed his life at the old fort, about three miles to the west.

That tragedy had happened in 1865, when Wyoming was still a part of Dakota territory, and there was nothing in the present state except a chain of army posts.

In those days that fort was known as Platte Bridge, being located where a small bridge crossed the Platte river, with Major Anderson in command.

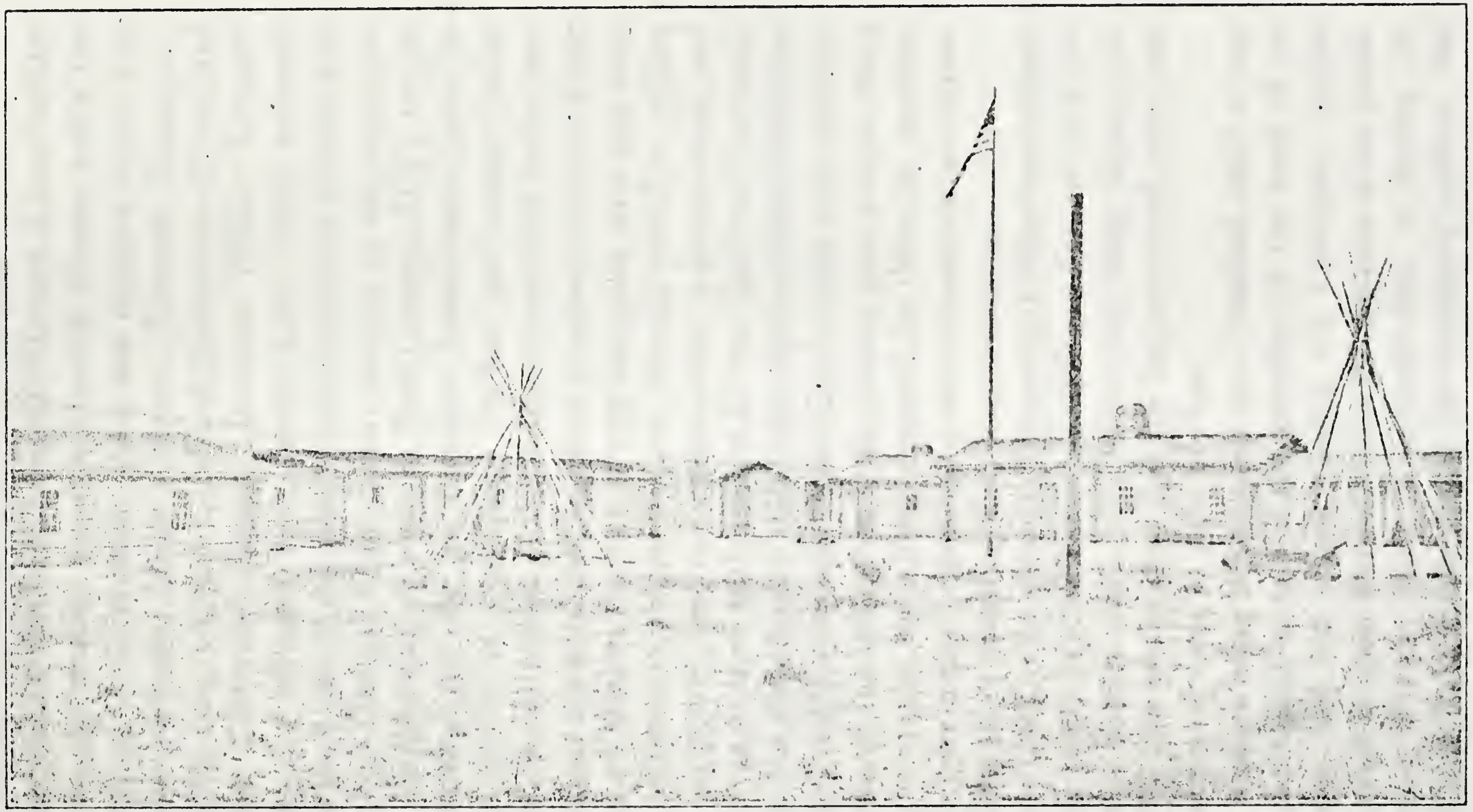
On this occasion Lieutenant Bretney had arrived at the fort with an escort of ten men, on his way from the Sweet Water Bridge post to Fort Laramie to draw pay for his company. The son of Lieutenant Bretney has long been a good friend of mine and copies of numerous telegrams and letters, from the War Department records at Washington, D.C., regarding the death of Lieutenant Casper Wever Collins, are in my possession. Among these is the following:

Headquarters Eleventh Ohio cavalry volunteers
Fort Laramie, D.T., April 7 [18]66

To the Adjutant-general U.S. army, Washington, D.C.

Sir: In compliance with instructions from your office I have the honor to submit the following report of the circumstances leading to and connected with the death of the late Lieutenant Casper W. Collins, Eleventh Ohio cavalry volunteer, as obtained from the combined evidence of the sworn testimony of enlisted men present at Platte Bridge at the time of his death.

From the testimony it appears that Lieutenant Collins had been to Fort Laramie for the purpose of drawing horses for his company, which was stationed on the telegraph line west of Sweet Water Bridge with company headquarters at the latter place about fifty miles west of Platte Bridge and one hundred and eighty-five west of Laramie, and on his return he arrived at Platte Bridge on the evening of the twenty-fifth of July and found the garrison there expecting an



Fort Casper

Old army post, recently restored

Indian attack on the post, as the Indians had been seen that evening on the hills about one or two miles north of the post.

The garrison was composed of Company I Eleventh Kansas cavalry and detachments of Company D and K Eleventh Kansas, and a few infantry, mustering in all probably about one hundred fifteen men with the following officers: Major Anderson, Eleventh Kansas cavalry, commanding post, Captain Grier and Lieutenants Clancy and Drew, Company I, Eleventh Kansas, Lieutenant Walker, Eleventh Kansas, acting post adjutant, and Captain Lybe, Third infantry.

About two o'clock a.m. of the twenty-sixth, Lieutenant Bretney with ten men [of the] Eleventh Ohio cavalry arrived at the post from Sweet Water Bridge being en route to Fort Laramie, D.T., for the purpose of drawing pay for his company. Immediately upon his arrival he learned that an attack upon the fort was strongly anticipated from the demonstrations of the Indians the evening before, and Lieutenant Bretney reported that he passed a train en route to Platte Bridge camped at Willow Springs twenty-five miles west and tried to induce the sergeant in charge to come through with him, telling the sergeant's party they were too weak to resist a heavy attack, and as the country was infested with Indians he was likely to be attacked at any moment, but the sergeant said he had seen no fresh indications and would rather risk it than make the drive as his stock were fatigued.

At early dawn of the twenty-sixth the Indians were seen in vastly increased numbers upon the hilltop occupied by them the previous evening and they were now beginning to make demonstrations against the post by riding about sounding their war whoop, etc.

About seven o'clock in the morning Lieutenant Collins was ordered by Major Anderson to proceed in charge of twenty-five men of Company I, Eleventh Kansas cavalry, to relieve and bring through the train referred to, as it was evident that the Indians would attack and destroy it as soon as it came in sight of them.

Lieutenant Collins being dismounted was furnished with a very spirited horse belonging to one of the members of the band of the Eleventh Kansas, and just before starting out Lieutenant Collins came to Lieutenant Bretney and asked him for the loan of his pistols. When Lieutenant Bretney tried to persuade him to disobey the orders, telling him that he was foolish for complying with it, that it was not his province to go while Major Anderson had officers of his own regiment present for duty who were acquainted with the

men, and that if he were in his (Lieutenant Collins's) place, he would pay no attention to the order, but Lieutenant Collins said that he never had and never would disobey an order under any circumstances and could not do so now, and mounted his horse with a pistol in each boot, dressed in a beautiful new uniform, smoking a cigar, and proceeded at once with his party to cross the river by the bridge and followed the road, which leads in a northwesterly course and near the foot of the bluffs.

And as soon as he reached the foot of the bluffs and the table-land above was hidden from his view, the Indians were seen from the post to come out of cover of the hills and brush on his front right and left about fifteen hundred strong and were evidently preparing to attack him as soon as he should gain the eminence they occupied, and as soon as he had gained which, he saw the party on his left, but from the nature of the ground he could not see those on his front and right, although all were distinctly visible from the garrison.

As soon as he saw this party attempting to flank him, he wheeled his men by fours left into line and ordered a charge, but no sooner had he struck their line than the other two parties came dashing in upon his rear and right and in such overpowering numbers that he evidently saw he must retreat or lose all, and here there is no evidence except the statements made by the men under him (none of whom are present) and from their statements it appears that he ordered a retreat by his left, which movement faced his command toward the post and left himself in the rear, and here again for want of the evidence of those with him the matter is not clear. One report is that he was surrounded at once and shot down, while another is that he fought his way through and reaching the foot of the hill he heard the cries of a wounded soldier who had fallen from his horse and that he went back to his rescue and was surrounded and killed.

Either statement may be true, but certain it is that he was killed here and within fifty paces of where the body of the wounded soldier referred to was afterwards found.

The party then retreated to the post with a loss of four men killed, and then the train referred to was attacked by the Indians about eleven o'clock three and a half miles from the post and twenty-one (21) of their number (four only escaping) were killed. In conclusion I deem it proper to state:

1. That Major Anderson was aware of the position of the train on the evening of the twenty-fifth, for when the Indians were seen that evening the probability of the destruction of the train was discussed by the officers and men of the garrison. In view of which fact it would appear that Major Anderson should have sent relief to them under cover of the night, or if unable to relieve them to have at least sent a messenger to apprise them of the danger by which they were threatened and have thus diverted the fate that befell them the next day.

2. It is not clearly understood that Major Anderson had authority or could at least with propriety send Lieutenant Collins (an officer not directly under his command but casually at the post en route to join his company at Sweet Water Bridge) on this perilous duty over men whom he had never seen before that day, when he had a captain, first and second lieutenants belonging to the company from which the men sent out under Lieutenant Collins were selected, and also another line officer of his own regiment, all present at the post for duty.

3. No good reason is evident why Major Anderson did not recall Lieutenant Collins and his party when in plain view of the post he was being surrounded by so vastly a superior a force of Indians whom he could not see, but who were plainly visible from the garrison before he had gone half a mile, when it was perfectly evident that it would be impossible for him to go through with so small a force.

W. H. Evans
Major, Eleventh Ohio cavalry volunteers, commanding regiment.

Lieutenant Bretney had tried to save the young hero by intervening and arguing with his superior officer, saying that Lieutenant Collins's father, Colonel William O. Collins, was a good friend of his and he refused to stand by and see his only son sent to certain death.

Although the Platte Bridge fort was abandoned soon after this affair, it has since been restored and renamed Fort Casper, in honor of the daring young cavalryman.

As the little settlement of Casper, founded in 1888, was the hub of rapidly developing cattle country, we

had felt for some time that our interests would be better served if the oversized Carbon county, of which we were a part, could be divided approximately in half by a line running east and west. In 1888 a bill was introduced in the legislature of Wyoming territory, making this division.

After many discussions and meetings we had agreed that Natrona would be a good name for the new county, a name taken from natrum or carbonate of soda, which is found in large natural deposits in numerous places in this section of Wyoming. The line of division that we wished would create a new county seventy-five miles square.

The act was passed, but when it came to Governor Moonlight for his signature, it was vetoed. It was again passed by the legislature, over the governor's veto.

In the latter part of 1888 a petition, signed by two-thirds of the people of Natrona, asked Governor Moonlight to appoint Jacob E. Ervay, Nathan S. Bristol, and myself, as temporary commissioners to organize the new county.

A newcomer, who was booming a real estate promotion, filed a remonstrance against the appointment, and the governor refused to make it. This delayed the organization of the county.

About a month after this refusal Governor Moonlight was removed from office, and President Benjamin Harrison appointed Francis E. Warren to become governor of Wyoming territory.

Again the people of this section circulated a petition asking the appointment of three commissioners to organize Natrona county. Mr. Bristol refused to act the second time, so the three named on the petition were Jacob E. Ervay, George Mitchell, and myself.

We three commissioners, appointed by Governor Warren to organize Natrona county, took the oath of office on March 5, 1890. We established voting precincts and ordered an election for all county and precinct officers.

The land embraced in Natrona county includes a little over five thousand square miles, largely a valley section, watered by the North Platte, Sweetwater, and Powder rivers, as well as Bates, Salt, and Muddy creeks, and numerous other small streams. Although it is an elevated table-land, averaging about six thousand feet altitude, it is sheltered by high mountain ranges that protect it from the blizzards of many other sections.

The most important decision to be made was the selection of a county seat, the contest being between Bessemer and Casper.

It was claimed on both sides that fraudulent votes were cast. When we met to canvass the returns, however, the entire vote from the Bessemer precinct was thrown out, not only for the county seat but for the county officers, for the reason that, as of record:

> The official returns from Bessemer made to the board of commissioners, upon being opened, were found to be grossly irregular, no official summary or return being made, or certified to in the poll book, as required by law, nor was the tally list signed or certified to, or identified in the manner provided by law, and it is therefore, upon motion, ordered that the said returns from Bessemer voting place be not considered or counted in the canvass.

On July 10, 1890, Wyoming was admitted as the forty-fourth state of the Union. It was the first state in the United States to grant equal suffrage to women in its constitution.

On that date the city of Casper, county of Natrona, the state of Wyoming, was given its full name.

The V — V Grows

Pushing back the last frontier, by the intensive development of cattle raising in Wyoming, was merely a part of the history of a much larger movement, that of the settlement of the Great American Desert. While it would be maligning the land that is now Wyoming to consider it a part of the true desert region, it is a recognized fact that few crops grow here without irrigation.

The range cattle area, or the "cow country," was the prelude to the coming of homesteaders, always pushing to the west. The few settlers that were here when I started the V—V outfit honestly believed that the thousands of cattle on a thousand hills, with a half-dozen cow ranches inhabited by a score of wild and woolly cowboys, were absolutely all the country was good for, and in fact, all that it ever would support.

Settlement was discouraged because it meant the death of the range cattle business. Home-seekers received a chilly reception, were looked on with suspicion, and frequently annoyed. Every homestead that was taken up was one more step towards the passing of the free range.

One leader in the range cow business voiced the general opinion when he stated, that what Wyoming needed was "more cattle and less men."

In the early eighties the range cattle business through this section was very prosperous. There were no sheep

and few settlers, and the grass was excellent. Cattle could be run the year round on the open range at a cost of a dollar per head. Those were boom days in the cattle business. Speculation ran wild and large herds were bought, sold, and mortgaged on book tally.

Morton Frewen, a great English financier, organized a large company of English and Scotch capitalists and started to buy many of the larger outfits in this section of Wyoming.

The greatest beef herd ever gathered on our plains was made up from the Frewen cattle by Fred Hesse, the foreman, and driven down to Fort Fetterman, with the intention of shipping them from Douglas as soon as the railroad, which was then building west, should reach that city. At Fort Fetterman, however, Mr. Hesse received a cablegram from London, instructing him to turn the beef herd back and ship them from Medora, a loading station near the old Roosevelt range in Montana, with the intention of shipping them direct to Duluth and exporting them to Liverpool.

The herd, numbering several thousand, was turned back on the long, weary trail, across the waterless desert to the Northern Pacific railroad. Before they could reach the shipping point, winter had set in. The cattle were finally loaded in a blinding snowstorm.

If Hesse had not had the best cowboys in his outfit that ever rode the range, he never could have gotten through with the drive. For years afterwards the cowboys used to recount glorious tales of the hardships they endured. Many ponies perished in bringing the horse *cavvy* back to the home ranch.

The cattle were shipped to Duluth, where they arrived too late for shipment abroad, as the lakes had

frozen over. After endless cablegrams, the cattle, which had been turned loose in the snow and were eating the branches from the trees, were finally ordered to be shipped down to Chicago and sold for a song. Many of the stockmen estimated the loss in all this fiasco was at least two hundred thousand dollars.

I merely tell the story to illustrate the natural consequences of trying to manage a Wyoming cattle business from some office in Europe. Distance and inexperience combined have wrecked many a livestock proposition in Wyoming.

The Frewen outfit also originated the idea of a big packing plant on top of Sherman hill and actually invested large sums of money in the foolish undertaking. Some of the packing plant buildings remained for years. They thought that on account of the high altitude, cold nights, and rare atmosphere, western cattle could be slaughtered on Sherman hill and then shipped to distant markets without using any ice, thereby making a large reduction in packing plant costs and putting all the older packing plants, less favorably located, out of business.

As a matter of fact, these spectacular failures gave the livestock industry in Wyoming a black eye and probably seriously retarded the growth of the industry. I know in the early nineties, after the fact of some of these dismal failures had been full measured, one cow outfit in this state went to a prominent bank in Boston, offering as security for a large loan a mortgage on several thousand head of cattle on our ranges. The banker told him that he would just as soon have a mortgage on the codfish in Massachusetts bay.

Since these colossal and ridiculous failures in Wyo-

ming, the cattle business has been greatly systematized, safeguarded, and improved.

The attempt of the cattlemen of Wyoming to keep out homesteaders proved as futile as the old woman's effort to sweep back the waves of the ocean. During the eighties the friction continued to grow between range cattlemen and the homesteaders, until it became intense and unbearable. Innumerable unlawful acts could be pointed out on both sides, and valuable lives were sacrificed. The hard winters of 1886 and 1887, followed by distressingly low prices, made the cowmen desperate, and the climax came in the great Johnson County Invasion in 1892. This was a disgraceful, inexcusable affair; and yet, like a disastrous cyclone, it cleared the atmosphere, sweeping aside the misunderstandings and making possible the substantial progress we have since enjoyed. It rang down the curtain on the range cattle business.

Amid cheers and bright bouquets, the brave, happy-go-lucky cowboy retired from the footlights; the bad man laid aside his gun; the rustler coiled his useless lariat; and even the word "maverick" became a meaningless thing, no longer vexing the brain of our legislators.

Then, unchecked, the settlers came pouring in; whereas before they had met with scowls and questionings, now it was a hearty handshake and glad "howdy."

Despite the fact that many of the older and more experienced cowmen had assured me for several years that I was making a great mistake to try to improve a ranch and feed the cattle during the winter, claiming that it would be impossible to show a profit in handling cattle that way, I had continued with my new type of

ranching. Fortunately, with my improved ranch and plenty of haystacks, I pulled through the disastrous winter of 1886-1887 without suffering the frightful losses which put so many of the open range cattlemen out of business.

Aside from protecting my cattle from the hazards of grazing during the winter months, I also added to my income during those early days, by guiding hunters through the mountains. This was not only a pleasure to me but frequently the source of hilarious amusement, as the time I had five young men from Lincoln, Nebraska, spending a summer vacation on my V—V ranch.

They were well equipped with Winchester rifles and had enough ammunition along to supply a standing army. They were having a good time, shooting around and scaring all the antelope, deer, and other game out of the country, without hurting any of the animals.

I decided that it was perfectly safe to have a little fun out of these brave hunters. So early one morning I sent one of my cowpunchers to lead a polled Angus bull into a bunch of shrub, up the side of Muddy mountain, leaving a lot of other cattle at the foot of the hill. When everything was ready, he rushed into the cabin, breathless, and told the boys he had just seen a big black bear go into a clump of bushes up on the side of the mountain.

Seizing their rifles, every Nebraska son of them rushed towards the hiding place indicated. Before reaching the bushes, they began to move slowly and finally halted; then looking down they saw me watching them from below, so they advanced, though deploying like soldiers on a skirmish. When they were within about fifty yards of the bushes, the cowpuncher turned

the bull loose and started him down the hill. As the animal came out of the bushes and saw the cattle below, he gave a loud roar and started in a run down the hill toward the boys.

Without taking a second look, they thought it was the black bear and started in a long run for the cabin. Just as I expected, they didn't take time to shoot and one of them, who was a crack foot racer, beat all previous records.

Two of them lost their guns and none of them stopped running till they reached the valley and saw me whooping with laughter. You can imagine the way they felt when they heard the real story.

During all these years I was continually building fences to use up the holes dug by Post Hole Jack; naturally, herds, fields for feed, irrigation ditches, and outbuildings had to grow in proportion to all that land. One thing just simply led to another, and the V—V outfit continued to grow and prosper.

My partners in the cattle business, my father and brother, not only renewed their partnership but increased their investment. The following copy of a newspaper clipping, of 1893, speaks for itself.

PARTNERSHIP NOTICE

State of Wyoming, County of Natrona

Know all men by these presents, that we, the undersigned, have agreed to renew and continue the special partnership formed in the month of August, 1883 (renewed and continued June 30, 1888, until July 4, 1893), and do hereby certify

FIRST: That the partnership is to be conducted under the name of "B. B. Brooks & Co."

SECOND: That the general nature of the business intended to be transacted by said company is the growing, buying, and selling of livestock and farm products, and the buying, selling, and leasing of real estate.

THIRD: That the names and residences of the partners are as follows, viz:

Bryant B. Brooks, Casper, Wyoming, GENERAL partner;
John Brooks, Greenwich, N.Y., SPECIAL partner;
Silas N. Brooks, Chicago, Ill., SPECIAL partner.

FOURTH: That the said John Brooks and Silas N. Brooks have each contributed to the common stock – as capital stock – the sum of twelve thousand dollars ($12,000).

FIFTH: That the said special partnership begins at and continues from the termination of said former special partnership, to wit: the fourth day of July, 1893, and will end on the fourth day of July, 1898.

BRYANT B. BROOKS
JOHN BROOKS
SILAS N. BROOKS

Dated July 25, 1893.

The foregoing certificate, in substance, properly acknowledged, and accompanied by proper affidavits, was filed in the office of the county clerk, and recorded in the office of the registrar of deeds, both in the county of Natrona, state of Wyoming, on the first day of September, 1893.

BRYANT B. BROOKS
JOHN BROOKS
SILAS N. BROOKS

As the livestock business grew, cooperation among those engaged in the industry became increasingly important. Livestock associations began to be organized as soon as ranching on the plains had reached any considerable proportions. These organizations grew in numbers and power with the growth of this important industry.

These associations took measures to prevent a newcomer from bringing cattle upon a range that was already stocked to its full capacity, and cooperated in caring for the animals, branding calves, gathering beeves for shipments, and in preventing loss from predatory animals, or by theft or straying. The first men who

established ranches in a region tried to protect their ranges by controlling the water supply.

One of the greatest of these organizations, and one that was notably successful in getting its rules translated into statute, was the Wyoming Stock Growers' association. Organized in 1873 with a membership of ten men, owning some twenty thousand head of cattle, within twelve years it had extended its operations into Colorado, Nebraska, Montana, and Dakota, and had a membership of four hundred, with its members owning about two million head of cattle.

During these years of upbuilding the V—V ranch, my family had increased and I felt a need for a suitable home. In 1898 I built a new house on my home ranch, that is still outstanding as a ranch house in Wyoming. It has eleven rooms, with bath and all modern conveniences. At the time I built it, forty years ago, it was equipped with acetylene gas lights and hot water radiators. Since then it has been wired with electricity. A double front vestibule protects the front hall and stairs from the invasion of inclement weather.

I had little cottonwoods brought from the creek and set in an aisle for the front walk. Today those stately trees are about a hundred feet high, and form an impressive approach.

That same year I cut about two thousand tons of hay, about eighty per cent of which was alfalfa, and all of which was raised by irrigation. This gives some suggestion of the progress that had been made on the V—V since I had traded six beaver traps and a sack of flour for the cabin and squatter's rights to the site of my home ranch, seventeen years before.

In 1895 I went up to Hot Springs, South Dakota, for

“New House” of 1898
The present home on the V—V ranch

a visit with my old friend Ed Howe, the well-known journalist, who wrote:

> The first man I saw at Hot Springs was my old bear-hunting friend, B. B. Brooks, of Casper, Wyoming, who had run up to see me. . . When I used to visit him at his ranch, his wife told me that he wouldn't mend the fence around her flower garden, because he couldn't do it on horseback.
>
> He always has an old pony saddled and tied to the fence near the house. Wherever he goes about the ranch, he rides that old pony. The wonder is that he didn't bring a "string" of bronchos with him to Hot Springs. When he goes on the round-up, he is not satisfied with one horse; he takes along a "string," which means a whole lot . . .
>
> I once went hunting with him, and we were followed by a lot of horses. I supposed some man in the horse business had caught up with us, and was throwing his herd over on to another pasture. Later I learned that they were our horses, that we were supposed to ride them.

Demands for civic and social service also increased during these years of ranch-building. In 1891-1892 I served as a county commissioner..In 1892 I was elected to the state legislature; and in 1896 I was a presidential elector at St. Louis.

Discovery of Brooks Lake

Ever since the days of Astoria and Captain Bonneville, northwestern Wyoming and the headwaters of Wind river have stood renowned as the hunter's paradise: not only famous as the natural resort for every large species of game in North America, not only celebrated for the size and quality of the mountain trout that fill her icy streams, but here nature unrestrained chants her grandest, most soul inspiring hymns.

> Who has not felt in nature's works, the pulse-beat of eternity?
>
> LILLIAN L. MCBRIDE-VAN BURGH

Here the world was finished. Here on the eleventh hour of the sixth day the mighty sculptor of the universe dropped a handful of left-over clay. The result was the anarchy of nature, sublime chaos. The snowy mountain peaks, rising so far above the dark pines that the eye grows dizzy searching for their summits, are here tossed in indescribable confusion. Could we scale them, we might tickle the feet of the angels.

It is the backbone of the world, and down its cragged sides rush melting snows that spread and swell until they traverse two-thirds of the United States.

Take a man who has spent his life in a tame and flat country, knowing nothing of the feelings of sublimity that are latent in his nature, and unexpectedly, on a bright day, set him down at the foot of the Tetons. Who knows what that something is, that would suddenly

awaken in his soul at the sight of those mighty hills rising into cloudland. But let us on with the story.

In 1889 I escorted some men from Lincoln, Nebraska, on a six weeks' trip to the head of Wind river. We outfitted at Casper, Wyoming. A mess wagon, four big mules, with old reliable Post Hole Jack holding the ribbons, a cook, horse wrangler, and five well-mounted hunters made up the party.

Do you know about the one hundred and fifty mile stretch between Casper and Lander? If not, you have missed nothing. Suffice it to mention that upon sighting the beautiful Lander valley, one feels like a lost desert traveler, suddenly reaching a well-watered, palm-treed oasis.

Lander is a good place to stock up. For reasonable prices one can obtain everything necessary for the comfort of man or beast. From here we struck across the great Indian reservation, passing Fort Washakie, whose gallant officers entertained us royally, and pushed on and up the great valley of the Wind river.

What a chance to study the untutored savage. How we enjoyed peeking into the "tepees" and watching the sports of the little copper-colored children. How we admired the masterly horsemanship of the bucks, and the ingenuity of their tireless squaws. And those night camps on the banks of the Wind river; how soundly we slept, lulled by the music of the rock-tossed, rushing waters, sounding ever like the soft winds blowing through the tree tops or the wings of innumerable birds.

Finally, turning up the Riviere du Noir, we reached the head of navigation, so to speak. Right at our feet, towering one above the other, stretched the rocky, pine-clad hills of the great Sierras.

After unloading our pack saddles, and carefully concealing our wagon and harness, we started out on the most enjoyable hunt of my life. I will not attempt to give a minute description of those two very pleasant weeks.

We pushed far back into the heavy pine forests, and found deer, mountain sheep, elk, and bear in abundance. After the fourth day, while gathered at evening about the camp fire, we made a solemn compact, that none of the party should kill another elk.

In the seven days following, we killed nine bear, and eight of these were shot in fair fight, one only being caught in a trap. It happened, however, that this last, a mammoth grizzly, came nearer making things warm for us than any of the others. This fellow broke the chain and escaped. Three of us were trailing him along an elk path on the side of a canyon, close by which grew a small clump of brush. I cautioned the men to go slowly, as "Old Eph" might be hidden there. However, after reconnoitering carefully, we concluded the bear had passed on. But just as we were skirting this clump of bushes, our grizzly, with a "woof," suddenly reared up not twenty feet from us.

The straightness of his bristling hair was fully equalled by that of our own. The forty-pound trap, with its broken chain, was firmly glued to one front paw, but he handled it as if it had been a feather.

Three rifle shots echoed sharply through the canyon. The bear was dead.

Three excited hunters told how they were perfectly cool, not one bit afraid, and just where they had aimed so as to hit the grizzly and kill him instantly. The skin was removed and carefully examined. One bullet hole,

and one only, pierced that hide. Every man claimed the honor.

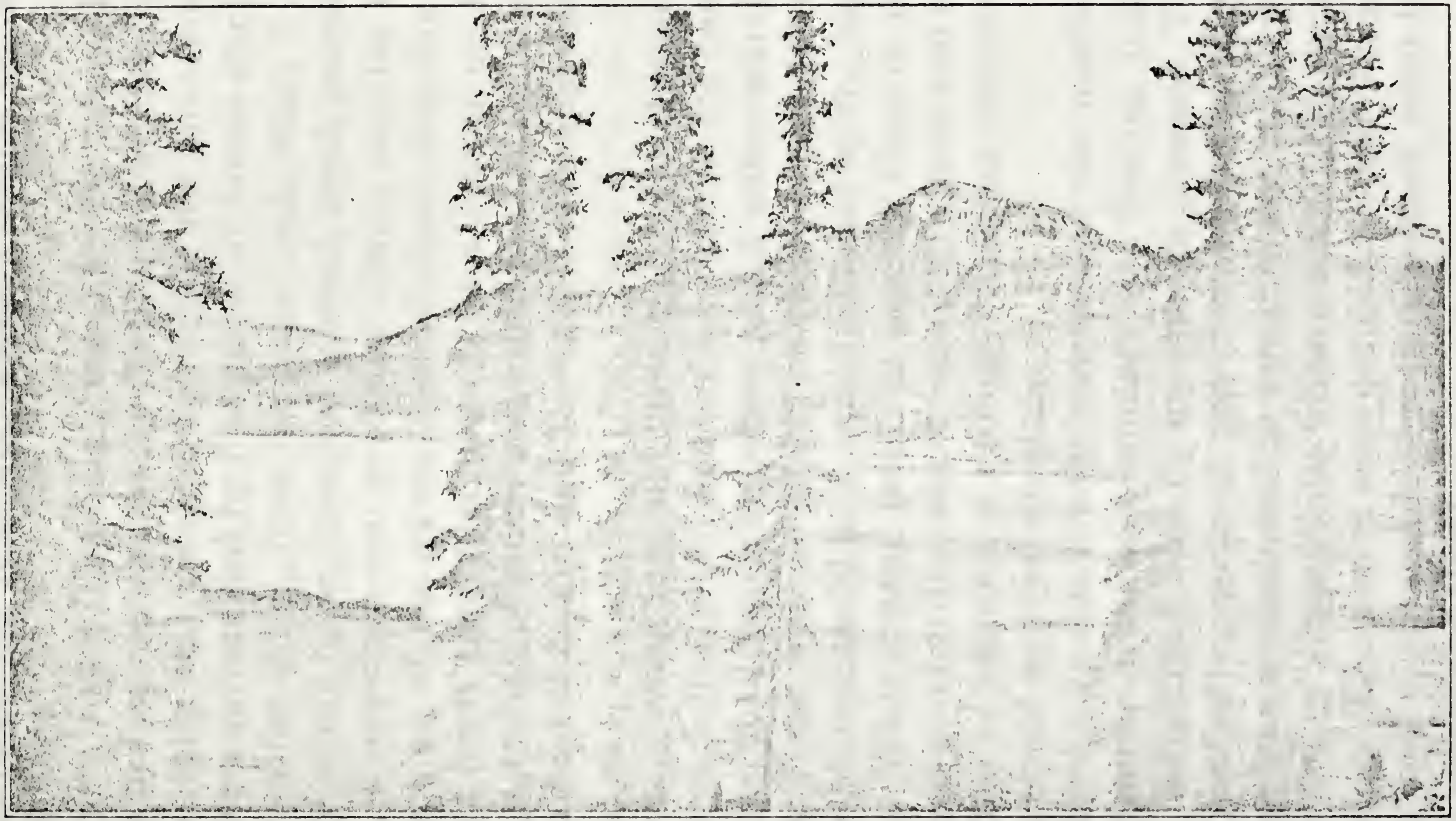
The next day I went out alone after mountain sheep, as one of the party was extremely anxious to get a good specimen head to take home with him. That was one of the "red letter" days of my life.

I wish now that I could experience one-hundredth a part of the keen enjoyment and the innumerable sensations that that day produced, or else a renewed acquaintance with the feelings which that day transported me to a higher plane. I would be content if only I had the ability to pen picture them, so that others might feel and know.

I did not kill my sheep or anything else. I did not even fire a shot. In fact, about eleven o'clock that day, while descending a frightful bluff in search of bighorn, my horse slipped, fell, and rolling over a few times, broke the stock of my gun.

All that beautiful morning I had followed fresh sheep tracks from cliff to cliff, from crag to crag. All that morning I had gazed awe-inspired at the grandeur and sublimity of surrounding nature. For simple deviltry I had startled a band of elk and sent them dashing down the great canyon. For gleeful amusement I had baited a porcupine, until in maddened rage he shook the spines from his quivering tail. The very air seemed to breathe new life and hope and joy. There were "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything."

After the accident I started out, like Columbus of old, to discover the unknown. Shaping my course to a mighty promontory, I took my field glasses and scanned the surrounding wilderness. Far to the west, and down,



Brooks Lake

Discovered by Bryant Butler Brooks in 1889

down thousands of feet below among the pines, glistened a lake, large and beautiful. There I would go, and there I went.

What a sight! The beach was like the ocean, but dented by innumerable tracks of elk and bear. The lake seemed fully half a mile wide. While the three lower sides were surrounded by fine primeval forests sloping gently to the shore, from the upper end, where I sat silently on my horse, stretched a broad, level, peaceful valley. Everywhere was profound silence, save for the soft lapping of the waves. I stood closer that day to nature's heart than ever before. As I looked up the valley, a feeling of power and exultation, of peace and home swept over me, and for once I was supremely happy.

It was growing late, and turning, I rode reluctantly up the park-like plain. Suddenly I came to the banks of a broad shallow stream, whose placid waters scarcely moved. There were no bushes on its sides, and for all the world it seemed like a canal fashioned by the hand of man. What strange freaks of nature! Here in this sublimely quiet valley, where you could almost feel the pulse-beat of eternity, a rushing boisterous mountain stream would seem sacrilegious.

Following up this strange waterway, I saw numberless mountain trout of mammoth size floating lazily along, undisturbed even by my strange presence. The valley gradually narrowed, and about two miles above the large lake it terminated in a smaller one, which was surrounded by rugged hills whence burst forth countless springs. The waters were quite clear, and I could see hundreds of thousands of mountain trout, great big fellows, swimming about.

Reluctantly I returned to camp, full of enthusiasm about my discovery. The next day we packed two mules, and I guided most of the party back to this enchanted spot, where we fished and spent the night.

There was but little sport in fishing. It required no skill to catch them, for they would bite at anything as fast as one could haul them in, and they seemed too fat and lazy even to fight the hook when captured.

Today this is called Brooks lake, and is quite a well-known resort.

There is another lake that is sometimes referred to as Brooks's lake, located on my V—V ranch. This lake has a legend that has long since passed beyond my power of explanation.

You see, in the old days we had no radios, picture shows, nor other forms of ready-made amusement, so we had to make our own entertainment. From time to time I have concocted a number of tall tales that went further than I ever expected.

Take, for instance, the one about the bullet going around the mountain. I told tenderfoot hunters that they had to watch out on a certain mountain for a bullet, because an Indian had been up there hunting and he fell and bent the barrel of his gun; then he saw a bear and took a shot at it. But the bent barrel curved the direction of the bullet, so that instead of going straight, it went in a circle, round and round the mountain.

I concluded, that as the bullet traveled it gathered momentum like other things, and now it was going so fast that you could not see it, but if you happened to get in its path, it would kill you. So everytime tenderfeet went up the mountain, they had to dodge at a certain place to escape the mythical bullet.

There was another tale that I told about this lake on my land, sometimes referred to as Brooks's lake. As a matter of fact, this lake is about eighteen miles from Casper, in a natural basin at the foot of the mountains, and is fed by winter snows and year-round springs. It it about three-quarters of a mile long and a half-mile wide. In Indian days it was a favorite camping ground for the redskins.

I often told a tale, just for amusement, of the ghost of an Indian chief who paddled his canoe across the lake and disappeared in the middle. One man of undoubted integrity was passing there one night and actually "saw" this apparition, which he vividly described when he got into Casper. Whether he had heard this tale of mine and was gifted with an over-active imagination, or whether he really saw something, I would not presume to state.

Strangely enough, through the years several tragedies have been enacted at the lake, which have served to feed the circulation of the legend of the "haunted lake."

Years ago my own hound chased a coyote across the frozen surface of this lake. Some place out in the middle of the lake, they both disappeared, probably under the ice.

At another time two young men were duck hunting on the lake, and their boat was found next morning, up-side-down in the lake. We dragged the bottom with chains for two days before we rescued the bodies. Why the boat capsized, or why two strong young men were unable to swim out, we were never able to explain.

However, the true Brooks lake, so named because of my discovering it, has become the source of untold happiness to thousands of visitors.

The Sheep Arrive

With the decadence of the range cattle industry, the sheep came flocking in, uninvited, unwelcomed by the cattlemen.

To us old cowboys they were a strange, insignificant, unromantic animal. We didn't like their size, their appearance, their taste, or their smell. We could not chase them on horseback, for they would not run. We could not rope them, for they dodged and would not fight. We could not brand them, on account of the wool.

So we just left them alone, mostly, and wished them all kinds of bad luck. We had read of foot-rot, and hoped they would get it; but somehow the dry sandy loam of our plains and the decomposed granite in our mountains seemed to suit them.

We knew there was poison weed and alkali on our ranges, and hoped that would fix them; but they browsed greedily upon our dozen varieties of sagebrush and greasewood, devoured every kind of weed and flower, and fattened upon the grama grasses so successfully that even a cowboy could eat the juicy, tender meat without distress, while epicures contended it was the healthiest and rarest flavored meat obtainable.

Then we thought, surely the blizzards, with the cold and deep snow in winter, would exterminate them; but they did not. In time we discovered that sheep could stand more hardship and bad weather than the cattle.

Even the small ranchmen distrusted and disliked

them. Still they kept coming, multiplying, prospering. Then we said, "Well, they kill out the grass anyway, so the range will soon be one great dust patch where nothing can live."

That was more than forty years ago. Now, we don't talk so much about the sheep killing out the range. Why? Simply because we know by experience that sheep are less injurious to the range than cattle or horses.

Cattle graze over the same range all the year and feed differently from sheep, invariably eating the coarser, taller grasses first, thereby destroying the seed stalks so the ranges do not re-seed. Sheep eat the flowers, weeds and fine grass first, and let the stalks alone. Then, too, sheep rarely graze long in one place, and the balance of the year the range rests up.

Sheep had come to Wyoming to stay and gradually the prejudice against them wore away. Our soil, climate, and pasturage seemed to suit the little "woollies," as the herders call them, exactly.

In the summertime they were driven into the mountains so the grasses on the plains could re-seed. In the fall, winter, and spring, this seed is trampled into the ground, so that now the ranges in Wyoming produce twice the amount of feed that they did thirty years ago.

Numerous bands of sheep were trailed in from Oregon and Washington over both the old Sublette trail and the Lander cut-off. Some herds were very large, running up to four, five, and even six thousand.

Prior to this, in 1870, the Durbin brothers of Cheyenne trailed sheep from New Mexico into southern Wyoming, and the next few years witnessed other importations from the same source of supply. In these

cradle days of Wyoming the losses among sheep trailed in from the south were appalling. Adverse climatic conditions coupled with woeful inexperience exterminated many flocks.

After about 1880 the importation of western sheep continued for many years, and was the main source of supply, from which our ranges were stocked so swiftly that in twenty-seven years Wyoming became first in the Union in wool production. Between 1880 and 1890 there was a series of very unprofitable years in the cattle business, and it was during this time that the sheep increased rapidly, until it was estimated that there were more than a million sheep in the state.

Sheepmen, ignoring all so-called range rights, had invaded our country, and without any semblance of home ties. Their migratory flocks would graze off my pastures, preventing my cattle from getting fat, and destroying most of the winter range. I concluded the only way to meet this new menace was to go into the sheep business myself, meeting fire with fire.

At the time the famous, or infamous, Johnson County Invasion took place in April of 1892, I was in Denver, buying my first sheep, a band of about three thousand.

On this venture I had a partner, Robert White. We trailed our sheep from Denver up to the V—V, or home ranch, on the Muddy. As we had bought them before they were shorn or lambed, this was a profitable purchase.

But the next fall White went back and bought another band. These were very fine Vermont merinos, but scabby. We had a terrible time with that band. However, we sheared early and sold our wool at ten cents a pound. It had been put on the free list, no tariff, as

Grover Cleveland was president then; and those who sheared later that year got only four cents a pound.

Mr. White and I separated our interests, and I put my own men to work on the sheep. By hard work with the "scabs" we managed to pay out on our investment. Ed Howe, the newspaperman and writer, had loaned me the money to buy sheep and afterwards said that was the only investment he ever made, besides in his own business, that was profitable.

As my knowledge of this new branch of the livestock industry increased, I was greatly surprised to find that in many instances sheep were more profitable than cattle, and where they were both under one ownership, both could be managed in a highly satisfactory manner.

As the number of cattle were reduced, the number of sheep increased. They were brought in large numbers to many ranges that had been so closely grazed in the past as to be no longer capable of supporting a large number of cattle.

According to the assessment rolls, Wyoming had 898,121 head of cattle and 308,997 head of sheep in 1886; while by 1894 there were only 334,724 head of cattle and 881,695 head of sheep. By 1907 the value of sheep in Wyoming exceeded that of cattle; while by 1909 the number of sheep assessed for taxation had reached the enormous total of 4,580,433, while the number of cattle was but 792,797.

These changes did not take place without many difficulties between cattlemen and sheepmen. There was bloodshed, with almost "range wars" in some localities, but eventually such troubles were adjusted, and the two groups carried on their business in comparative peace, though bad feeling would occasionally flare up.

Sheep of the V—V Outfit

Contributors to Wyoming's leadership in wool

The methods of handling sheep in Wyoming have been slowly changing, almost from the beginning of the industry. For many years no emergency feed was provided, and losses from hard winters were staggering. Many conservative bankers considered the sheep industry unduly hazardous and favored cattlemen in their loans. Gradually, the more far-sighted sheepmen started the practice of buying and storing corn, oil cake, and hay at convenient places on their winter range, to be used in cases of emergency.

Another change has been in the improved methods of lambing, and every year sees more and better shelter sheds provided for ewes and lambs during the lambing period. One of the main reasons for increased protection during the lambing season is the fact that the lamb is relatively more valuable now than when sheep were run almost entirely for the wool they produced.

In the early days wethers were grazed until they were three years old, but in recent years every lamb not needed for replacement in the flock is sold for twice the value of the fleece of a full-grown sheep. Hence, every extra lamb saved is an immediate and direct addition to the income of the sheep business.

With these improvements, the bankers of today consider the sheep industry a safe and profitable one to finance, for in this business there are two sales a year, wool and mutton, while in cattle grazing for beef production, there is but one.

Wyoming was the very last of the "cattle states" to welcome sheep, and our early government report on the sheep industry of the state says that there were over two million cattle in Wyoming before there were any sheep.

It was the sheep that actually brought steady pros-

perity in the early days. The old cowboys were only employed six months in the year; but the sheep outfits employed lots of men the year round; and whenever you find a country where men are blessed with regular employment, that is, ample work and good pay, you are sure to find prosperity. It never fails and is just as true today as it was forty years ago. Have no fear of hard times or adversity as long as men are profitably employed. It is the "idle man's brain that is the devil's workshop."

So I can truthfully say that the wool industry has been one of the most important factors in the peaceful progress of Wyoming.

There are two very important factors which we should consider in order to insure permanent prosperity. First, orderly marketing of wool; and second, freedom from tariff tinkering, or reduction.

In the summer of 1923 I went to Chicago for a conference in connection with maintaining the activities of the Chicago Wool Warehouse association, an organization formed largely of western woolgrowers, fourteen years before, for the purpose of bringing about the cooperative orderly marketing of wool.

Unfortunately, the association was not well managed and in 1920 made excessive advances on many wool clips, which financially embarrassed them. A year later it was reorganized and improved marvelously.

In recent years, the Wyoming Woolgrowers association with headquarters at McKinley, Wyoming, has greatly increased the income for sheepmen of Wyoming. Cooperation and business judgment in marketing are just as important as experience and ability in growing and handling sheep.

After an experience of almost fifty years in the sheep industry and almost sixty years in the cattle industry, I can say with assurance that it pays to grow both sheep and cattle on the same range, provided they are under one management. Otherwise, there is a conflict of interest which makes it unprofitable for both the cattle and sheep grower.

The range sheep industry has paid greater net profits for the amount of capital invested than any farming business in Wyoming. It pours a steady stream of gold into our state and enriches many people. It puts a large amount of money into general circulation.

We receive from our wool and mutton each year many millions of dollars, and much of this will be used to start new enterprises of every sort and kind. Some day our mutton will all be fattened and finished here, and hundreds of thousands of dollars thereby added to Wyoming's wealth.

Governor of Wyoming

The same year, 1904, that Theodore Roosevelt was elected president of the United States by a landslide, J. DeForest Richards, governor of Wyoming, died in office.

As one of the pallbearers at my friend's funeral, I saw his body taken to its final resting place and realized, as I trust the majority of the people did, that the state had lost one of its truest and best citizens by the death of DeForest Richards. He had been one of the first governors of Wyoming to realize that the agricultural industry was one of paramount importance.

The duties of chief executive of Wyoming fell temporarily, upon Fenimore Chatterton, the secretary of state. An election was scheduled to fill the office made vacant by Governor Richards.

My friends urged me to allow my name to come before the people. As I have always had but one idea in the election of a governor, and that is that the people who are to have a voice in the selection of their standard bearer should have ample time to consider the leader they are to choose, on the first of January I allowed the newspapers of this state to announce my name as a candidate for the office of governor on the Republican ticket from the northern central section of Wyoming.

For four months the people all over the state were given every opportunity to discuss the matter, with their families and their wives, in groups and by every

fireside. During the pre-election campaign the state press published many complimentary things regarding me, that I duly appreciated then, and still appreciate, but I feel reluctant to quote any of them in this volume.

When the primaries were held in the northern part of the state, out of eight counties in the north I received the endorsement of five, and can say without the slightest egotism, that never before has a candidate received the backing that I did from that section of the state.

There has been a great deal said about the primaries of Cheyenne and Laramie county. I wish to state, that before the primaries of Laramie county were held, I had received enough support to enter my name, regardless of Laramie county.

I believe that the primaries of Cheyenne and Laramie county were absolutely fair; but, anyway I won the state convention with eighty-five delegates out of one hundred twenty-six. I simply mention this matter because it has had considerable discussion.

I received the nomination without making a solitary promise to any section or any individual. I had determined that I would win this election without making a solitary promise to any section or any individual or I would not win it.

The people had merely been promised, that if I were elected governor, I would to the best of my ability endeavor to give all the people of this great, young commonwealth, a straightforward, economic, honest, business administration, without any frills or fuss, treating every interest, corporate or individual, with absolute fairness, giving the corporations the same hearing as the individual, and no more.

During several previous campaigns for others I had

traveled over Wyoming, preaching the Republican gospel, not because I had an ax of mine to grind, but because all I have, all the property that I possess, every success I have had in life is due to the opportunities presented by this great young state of Wyoming. I have believed, that in preaching Republican doctrine to the people, I was preaching principles that it was for their own best interests to follow.

At last I had come to a time when I had to preach a little for my own salvation, and I was doing it with Republican principles.

Prosperous years had come to Wyoming during the Republican administration, both in the state and in the nation. Our industries had been developed, our properties increased, and our livestock multiplied. There must have been some reason for that.

I did not, nor do not, believe that it is best to try to warp the judgment of the people. I merely called attention to the fact that we did have a Democratic national administration, a Democratic president, with a Democratic congress back of him from 1893 to 1897. We did have a Democratic governor and a Democratic state legislature back of him in these years. What was the result?

The assessed valuation of all the property in Wyoming in 1893 was $32,350,000. Despite the untold resources of this great state, business conditions in general went downward, until in 1897 the assessed valuation of the property in Wyoming was $30,300,000. We lost $2,050,000 in the assessed valuation of property in those four Democratic years.

In my own campaign, I did as much talk, or more, for the Republican national administration, as I did for

my own cause in Wyoming. I never did and never expect to ask any man or woman to vote for me. I always did and do advise, "Cast your ballot for what you think to be for your own best interests."

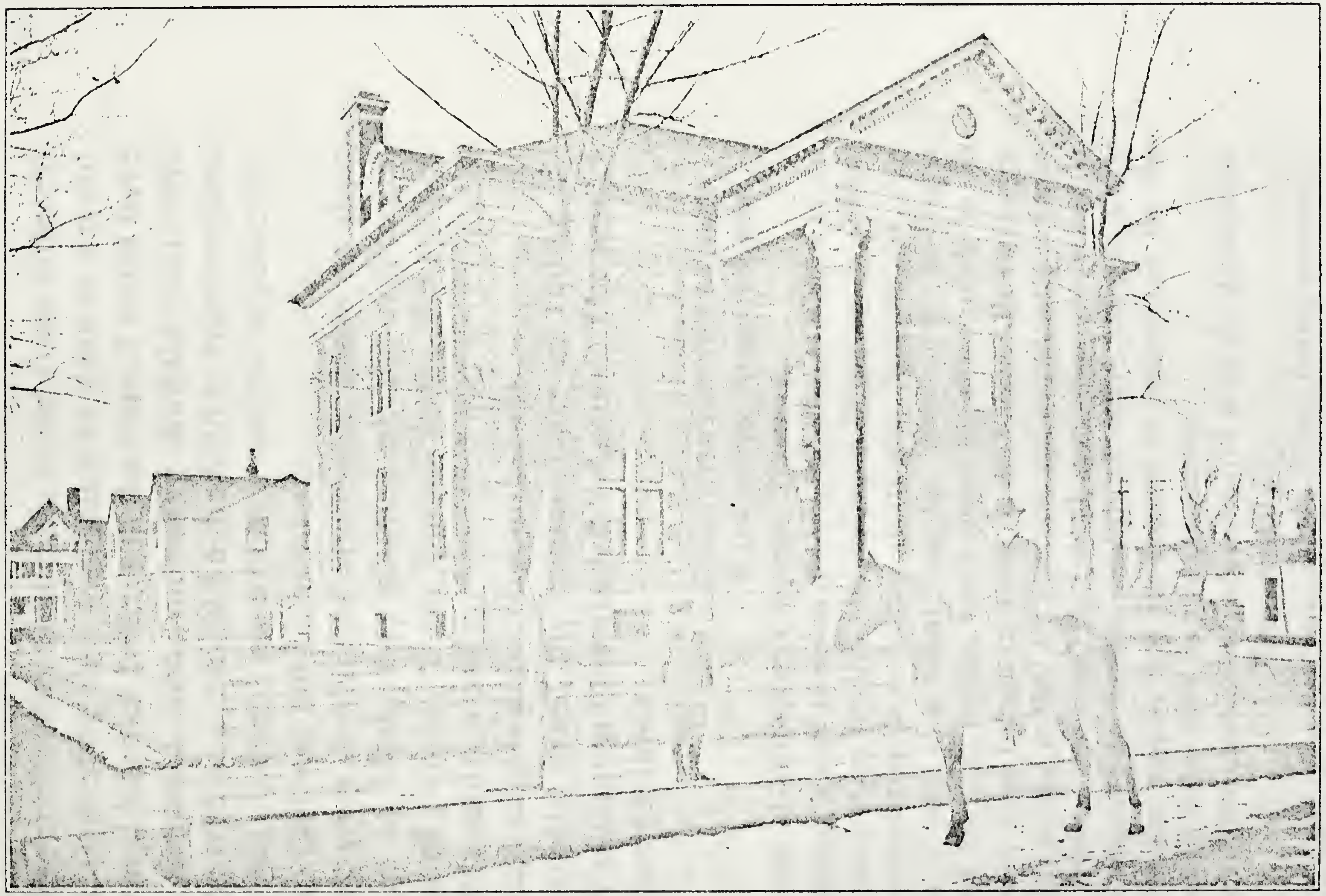
I took my oath of office as governor of Wyoming, on January 7, 1905.

My family was moved from the ranch-house on the V—V to Cheyenne, where they were the first occupants of the new governor's mansion, which is still in use.

At the time I became governor and through the ensuing years of my administration, there were many economic and political issues crying for solution. Tariff revision was paramount; and regulation of the trusts had centered attention on the Standard Oil and Chicago packing companies. Joe Cannon, or "Cannonism," was the target of a battle against machine-control in politics. And all costs were rising, from dry goods to government.

The most colorful episode of my first term was the Ute Indian invasion in the summer of 1906.

A band of renegade Indians from the White river reservation in Utah made their appearance in Wyoming. Their number was variously estimated at from two to five hundred, including squaws and children. They had several hundred head of ponies and were heavily armed and well supplied with ammunition. Complaints first came to my office from the Green river section. However, during the summer and early fall these Indians traversed the entire width of the state. Although they disclaimed any intention of transgressing any law, they did slaughter large quantities of antelope and other game, in direct and flagrant violation of our game laws, killed some stock belonging to ranchmen



The Governor's Mansion in Cheyenne
First occupied by the family of Governor Brooks
Governor Brooks on horseback and son, Silas, on walk

on the open range, and begged and foraged from ranches.

Frequent communications came to me from different localities, requesting that something be done to get rid of this armed band of Indians in the state. I could have put one thousand men, including Buffalo Bill who was on my staff as a colonel, in the field to remove these Indians; but it would have been a useless expense for a problem that was not rightly ours.

As they were holders of allotments, made on their reservation in Utah, they claimed all the rights and privileges of citizens of the United States, but seemed absolutely unable to comprehend that that very citizenship carried with it grave responsibilities.

I repeatedly wired the commissioner of Indian affairs at Washington for some federal action. The answer to my request follows:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
WASHINGTON, August 28, 1906.

The Governor of Wyoming, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

SIR: Replying to your telegram of the 25th instant, relative to the presence of some three hundred Ute Indians in Wyoming, on account of whom serious trouble is feared, – I transmit herewith for your information, a copy of a report from the commissioner of Indian affairs, dated the 27th instant, which shows the efforts made by his office to induce these Indians to return to their homes. He concludes, however, that as long as they are peaceable and do not commit depredations or threaten hostilities, the federal government would not be justified in resorting to forcible measures to return them to Utah, and expresses the opinion that the cause is at present one for the local authorities rather than for this department.

The views of the commissioner are concurred in by the department.

Very respectfully,
THOS. RYAN, Acting secretary

8466 Ind. Div. 1906, 1 enclosure

Finally, the sheriff of Converse county, impatient at the delay, announced that he and a band of armed citizens were going to put the Indians out of Wyoming. I personally visited him, urging him to await official action, as I realized that any encounter between the citizens and the Indians must necessarily cost bloodshed and probably considerable loss of life, which must be avoided if possible.

Then I wired President Theodore Roosevelt, appealing to his sense of justice. That got action, as the following letter and telegram, which were sent me immediately, show:

THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON
Oyster Bay, N.Y., September 21, 1906.
Hon. B. B. Brooks, Governor of Wyoming, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

MY DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 17th instant with enclosures, concerning the Ute Indians from the Uintah and Ouray agency in Utah, has been received, and the president has taken the matter up with the department to see if anything can be done. Very truly yours,

M. C. LATTA, Acting secretary to the President.

Washington, D.C. Sept. 21 1906 [telegram]
Hon. B. B. Brooks, Governor, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Your letter seventeen, relative to Ute Indians, received; as result of conference with acting commissioner of Indian affairs, Inspector McLaughlin has been ordered to proceed at once to Casper to confer with these Indians in the hope that he may be able to persuade them to return to their homes, without the use of troops, meantime the department will today communicate all the facts to the president and recommend that troops be used if Inspector McLaughlin fails in his mission, if that can be done lawfully.

THOMAS RYAN, Acting secretary.

As a result, Inspector McLaughlin, one of the best men on Indian affairs that the federal government has

ever had, induced a number of the Indians to return home peacefully. A train was provided to transport these.

Those who refused to move caused President Roosevelt to call out the federal troops, and the more obstinate Indians were moved to Fort Mead, where they were kept all winter.

July 10, 1905, was "Wyoming Day" at the Portland fair, commemorating the Lewis and Clark expedition. I delivered an address there, before some two thousand persons, at a meeting presided over by C. B. Richardson, chief of the Wyoming commission to the exposition.

At this fair, the nucleus was formed for later exhibitions, advertising Wyoming throughout the nation.

On July 31, 1905, I left Cheyenne for a horseback trip through the Yellowstone national park.

Our party, consisting of Colonel Pierce and Mr. McInness from Massachusetts, John Brooks and Mr. Bonesteel from New York, and myself, with cook and horse wrangler, outfitted at the Cody Mercantile company store at Cody, Wyoming. Our outfit, a mess wagon round-up style, drawn by four horses, and ten saddle ponies, reminded me of old times. Except the cook, or driver, all the party made the trip on horseback.

It would be impossible to describe in a few words, or in any words for that matter, the rushing, swirling trout streams; the majestic, pine-clad peaks piercing the very heavens, dotted here and there with white patches of everlasting snow; mighty canyons with bare, perpendicular walls showing the geological formations of untold centuries; deep, dark, mysterious gorges through which a silver stream winds dizzily; and the soft winds that fan your face with the balsamic aroma

of the pines; or the scampering wild life and singing birds.

The people of the world would be happier, better, and broader if every one could take an annual outing near to nature's heart. In less than a month I returned with renewed energy, a feeling of strength, and inspiration to carry me through a strenuous winter as the chief executive of Wyoming.

Beginning in 1905, the entire period during which I was governor of Wyoming was noteworthy for the large amount of railroad construction in this state.

At the beginning of 1905 the Burlington line only had about forty-five miles of road on the west side of the Big Horn range, extending down from Montana to Cody as a terminus; and the Chicago and Northwestern railway system had its terminus at Casper.

During the next six years the Chicago and Northwestern was stimulated by the opening of the Shoshone Indian lands to push construction westward, through the edge of the newly ceded lands, to the terminus at Lander. The Burlington railroad built a line diagonally across Wyoming from the northwest corner to the southeast corner, from Billings, Montana, to Cheyenne. Thus, an immense region in northwestern Wyoming, previously accessible only by stagecoach or horseback or freight wagons, had been put within the reach of settlers, prospectors, and tourists, traveling by railroad.

The Union Pacific double-tracked a major portion of its road in the state, during these same years.

While this railroad construction was in progress, numerous complaints came into my office about people establishing "road ranches," or saloons, near the construction camps. Similar complaints came in from the

sheepmen in the Big Horn mountains. Investigation showed that there were inmates of the penitentiary, many of them serving life terms, who had been drawn into drunken brawls in these "road ranches" and committed some act of violence without premeditation.

I talked the matter over with the attorney-general of Wyoming and found that it would be legal to have a bill introduced in the legislature, which was then in session, prohibiting saloons outside of unincorporated towns.

After a great deal of discussion such a bill was passed. I consider this was an important stroke for law and order in Wyoming, as all saloons except those under police supervision were forced to close. Lawlessness in isolated places was wiped out.

I believe that I played an important part in the building of the Burlington line, by effecting a compromise in a matter that would, otherwise, have blocked construction.

There was a man named Boysen who had some claims on land in the Indian reservation. Congress passed a bill granting Boysen the privilege of selecting one square mile of land, any place in the reservation, in lieu of his claims. This was while construction of the Burlington extension was still pending.

Considerable speculation was made as to where Boysen would make his selection, because there were valuable coal and oil lands on the reservation. However, Boysen selected his square mile of land at the entrance of the Wind river canyon.

Then he requested permission to construct a dam ninety feet high, to supply electricity for mining and other purposes. Burlington railroad officials protested

that it would be impossible to build a railroad through the canyon, if a dam ninety feet high should be built there. I questioned the advisability of granting Boysen permission for his proposed construction.

Many delegations of citizens came to me, claiming to be from the Wind river area and claiming that they needed the water or power from the proposed dam, all voicing the old maxim, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." Their argument was that Boysen was willing and waiting to build his dam immediately, while it was uncertain whether the Burlington ever would build a line there.

After a little investigation I called a meeting of representatives of the three railroads in the state to meet at Cheyenne, as I believed that the railroad was vastly more important to the progress of the entire state, and ultimately even to the Wind river area, than the dam could be.

The three railroads, the Union Pacific, the Chicago and Northwestern, and the Burlington, sent representatives to this meeting, which was in session two or three days in the supreme court-room in Cheyenne. The engineers finally cut the proposed height of the dam in half, making it forty-five feet high.

Boysen's dam was built at the lower height, and the Burlington railroad went through. The railway is a permanent part of the development of Wyoming; whereas, the dam was eventually condemned as a public nuisance and blown up.

The construction in Wyoming during my administration was probably the last large railroad building in the United States, up to this date. In addition to these two measures of assistance in railroad construction, which

I have already mentioned, I made several trips east, for conference with railroad officials.

In a public position it is not only important to accomplish things, but equally so to prevent anything being done that will "stay the hand of progress."

My Second Term

On completion of the partial term which I filled as governor of Wyoming, from January 1905 to 1907, I was re-elected and served until the expiration of my second term, January 2, 1911.

During my administration, from 1905 to 1911, the most noteworthy development, perhaps, was the increase in state functions. These represented new institutions, branches of old institutions, and the creation of new offices and the appointment of boards and commissions.

Some of the special items found in the statement of 1908 which had not appeared in the 1899 statement, indicating the expansion of governmental functions and services, were for the boards of law examiners, school examiners, pharmacy, dental examiners, board of health, historical society, Hot Springs funds, board of horticulture, state game fund, horticultural experiment, Wyoming state fair, and farmers' institutes.

In the four years between 1904 and 1908 assessed property valuation increased approximately twenty million dollars. Naturally, with the increased activities of the state, the cost of government increased; however, this was more than met by the increase in assessed valuation, so that the tax rate actually decreased.

President Theodore Roosevelt called the Deep Waterways convention of governors for October, 1907. This was of great importance to the people of Wyoming, as a stimulus in competition in shipping between

the steamships and railroads. Lack of transportation and excessive freight rates on wool have always been major problems of our state. With freight competition by water, transcontinental railroads would, of course, devote more attention to the local development of territory tributary to them.

Our party assembled at Washington, D.C., where we were tendered a dinner at the White House and extended the rare gesture of hospitality, of "making ourselves at home" throughout the impressive mansion. From the national capital we entrained for St. Louis and proceeded down the Mississippi by special boats to Memphis, in a veritable pageant of glory.

While on this trip to the convention, the large party of governors who traveled together discussed the advisability of a convention to meet later in Washington, for the purpose of urging the conservation of natural resources, such as lands, water, coal, iron, and lumber, by the federal government.

During this discussion all of the valley governors seemed to appreciate the importance of taking some united action, and they also agreed that some laws should be enacted giving greater protection to public interests.

In my own state of Wyoming, for instance, the water power resources have an enormous value and should be kept for the benefit of the whole state rather than made a means of taxing the state for the enrichment of outside corporations. I did not, nor do not, believe that great syndicates should be permitted to acquire water power sites and privileges without restriction and regulation. However, I was, and am, committed to the belief that such local reforms should be left to the virtue and

Conference of Governors
Taken on the steps of the White House
during the administration of President Theodore Roosevelt
Governor Brooks on right end of second row

patriotism of the individual state. Local irrigation and drainage are essentially matters for local management. It is for the people who use the water to say how it shall be conserved and controlled. I took a positive stand against the whole idea of a convention on this matter in Washington, saying that the people of the west want the resources of that section developed, and do not want them tied up by the government itself.

However, in his speech at Memphis President Roosevelt announced that he would call such a convention to be held in Washington early the following year.

From Memphis I continued in President Theodore Roosevelt's retinue as far as Nashville, where he went bear-hunting, and I continued on a tour that took me through twenty-three states before I returned home.

The conference of the governors of the states and territories was called by the president of the United States to be held May thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth, 1908, to consider measures for the conservation of the country's natural resources. I know of no better way to set forth my attitude and what I may have accomplished at this conference than by quoting the two addresses which I made as the standard bearer of the people of Wyoming.

> MR. CHAIRMAN, GOVERNORS, GENTLEMEN: I will try to keep safely within the five-minute limit. I simply want to follow the advice just given by the governor of Missouri, and express briefly the sentiments of the western people relative to this great question. I speak from personal experience, and believe in doing so I but voice the sentiment of a great majority of the western people.
>
> Your attention has been called to the state of Wyoming. I ask you to notice also that it is one of the squarest states in the Union; (applause) that its people, blessed by a mile-high altitude, perfect climate and woman's suffrage, face four-square to all the world.

No state in the Union has more undeveloped natural resources. Our pine timber covers an area larger than the state of Massachusetts. Our coal deposits underlie territory greater than Vermont and New Hampshire. Our oil fields are more extensive than the oil fields of Pennsylvania or Ohio; and our vast iron deposits, many of them beyond the reach of transportation, have all been analyzed and found superb.

My people want the conservation of natural resources along the lines outlined so splendidly by the president yesterday. We want the conservation, but not stagnation. We want the conservation of natural resources which means the intelligent exploiting of those resources, thereby sensibly preventing waste by both producer and consumer.

I want to set myself right before the gentleman from New York. The people of the west favor forest protection and want reforestation on burned-over and waste areas, but we also want fairness. I was delighted to hear the governor from Missouri say he is going home to appoint a forestry commission. We want a forestry commission in every state of the Union, and we want state protection of our forest reserves as far as possible.

We also need this National Forestry association; but we would like to have it conducted more along the lines followed by the Agricultural Department. (applause) Let the national association send experts into every state to ascertain what is necessary to kill the bugs that are destroying the trees, to find the trees best adapted to the soil. But it is not right to Wyoming, with one-sixth of its area taken up by national forests, or to Idaho with nearly one-fourth of its area taken up by forest reserves, or to Montana, with one-fifth of its area taken up by forest reserves, to be taxed to support a national association that is doing work down in the Empire state of New York free of cost.

The governor of New Jersey said they did not have to levy any taxes for state development. Out west we necessarily tax our people to the limit, and last year Wyoming people also paid over one hundred fifty thousand dollars for grazing privileges and logs and lumber brought out from the forest reserves which should go to our settlers absolutely free. This tax on Wyoming forest reserves was partly used to protect forests in the state of New York. You certainly should pay your share toward forest preservation.

We want this National Forestry association to be great and strong, but we want it fair throughout the country. Let all contribute alike, just as the money is raised to run the Agricultural Department.

Just one other word. The mention was made in some paper here a moment ago about government control of the open ranges. Wyoming spends thousands of dollars yearly trying to get new settlers. That is the best conservation, the very best of all. We invite the settlers, and our land offices are busier now than ever before. We ask you, gentlemen, not to lay any burden upon us that would prevent the settlement of that great young state. We want the people to come out there and become as one with us. I thank you. (applause)

WYOMING'S VIEW OF FORESTS

Since listening to the able remarks made yesterday by the honorable secretary of the Interior relative to water power development in the forest reserves and their control by the federal government, I feel that Wyoming's position in this matter should be briefly stated. Wyoming is one of the best watered states in the arid west. Our streams and rivers feed both oceans and fertilize the farms of every adjacent state. Our rivers have a vertical fall of nearly a mile from their source to where they leave the borders of the state. Consequently the opportunities for water power development are simply endless and beyond computation.

In the near future this water power will be utilized, and in granting water power rights Wyoming has determined to protect posterity and profit by the experience of some older states and nations. We know that the water power resources of Wyoming have an enormous value, and should be developed for the benefit of the whole state rather than made a means of taxing the state for the enrichment of outside corporations.

There is no reason in economics or good government why any state should give perpetually free water power sites to wealthy syndicates, knowing that later on these will be amalgamated into huge companies, constituting monopolies of energy more indefensible and irritating than the present monopoly of oil.

In Italy water power rights are limited to thirty years, and any party developing power pays sixty cents per year per horsepower, and at the end of the thirty-year period this is subject to further regulation; yet American machinery is being purchased and used to

develop power under these laws. In Canada any party making a filing on water power has to pay a tax on that filing from date of making it, whether he develops it or not. Furthermore, this Canadian power privilege is a license, subject to an annual license fee, and a regulation of charges whenever the government thinks fit.

Wyoming intends to act along these lines. Under our state constitution, "The waters of all natural streams, springs, lakes, or other collections of still water within the boundaries of the state, are declared to be the property of the state," and our constitution states further, "Water being essential to industrial prosperity, of limited amount and easy diversion from its natural channels, its control must be in the state, which in providing for its use shall equally guard all the various interests involved."

Bearing this clause of our constitution in mind, the people of Wyoming believe the federal government can exercise no control over the waters of Wyoming, and that certainly the forestry department has no right to charge for power privileges or for water which runs from various reserves. We do not believe in the idea of accomplishing all reforms through federal agencies. We consider water power privileges, irrigation, and drainage as essentially local matters, leaving to the people of our state the full right under our constitution to use the water and to say how it shall be conserved and controlled. These corporations are purely domestic in their character and should be controlled by the state, and all charges made upon them should go to the benefit of the state and not to increase federal revenue; and inasmuch as these industries and plants can and should only be subjected to a reasonable charge, any fee laid upon them by the federal government diminishes by that amount the income that the people of the state may be able to derive from the development of resources of this character.

Wyoming has already framed wise laws and regulations to govern the use of water for irrigation, and the same can be applied to hydroelectric development. On the other hand, so far as I know, the national government has never suggested any rules or regulations relating to the supervision or administration of this natural resource. To date, no misuse has been made of the water power resources of Wyoming, and the people of that state feel fully competent, without any assistance from the federal government, to see to it that no waste or misuse occurs in the future.

We spent three days in discussing the natural resources of the nation and the problems involved in their management.

The conflict of ideas and interests between the eastern conservationists and the western conservationists can readily be understood when it is realized that to the former it was a great and worthy hobby, while to the latter it meant their very economic existence and future progress.

Theodore Roosevelt placed a broad interpretation upon his presidential powers in entering what William Jennings Bryan referred to as the "twilight" zone between the rights of the federal and state governments.

The further fact that the federal government has proceeded with its course of assuming control of the conservation of natural resources is a matter of record. However, my attitude on the subject has not changed.

The Department of Immigration was created in Wyoming in 1907, taking over most of the work which had been handled ex-officio, and by special acts of the legislature for state publicity. By 1909 the department had circulated thirty-six thousand pamphlets, including six thousand copies of the illustrated book, *State of Wyoming*. Advertisements had been inserted in one hundred twenty-four newspapers in eastern states.

During this time no new bonds were issued by the counties except for the construction of courthouses, and there was a substantial decrease in public debts.

The Board of Charities and Reform had experienced great difficulty in making provision for the care and education of feeble-minded children, as there was no institution in Wyoming, and those in other states were either over-crowded or unavailable for some other rea-

son. By the act of 1907, the long unused property of the state poor farm, four miles from Lander, was turned over to the board for the purpose. However, it was unsuitable.

The legislature of 1909 authorized the sale of that property, giving the Board of Charities and Reform the right to use the proceeds to purchase another tract of land a short distance northeast of Lander. Here, a building was erected at a cost of about forty-seven thousand dollars, including plumbing and heating.

Other improvements of the period, in state-owned buildings, included an approximate total of one hundred seventy-five thousand dollars. Among the more important were: a new addition to the branch hospital at Sheridan; elevator and other improvements in the Capitol building; an addition to the hospital at Rock Springs; an appropriation for improvements and the holding of a state fair at Douglas; the construction of a new building for patients of the state hospital for the insane; the construction of a new building for a girls' dormitory at the state university; improvements at the Big Horn Hot Springs; and a new lighting plant at the soldiers' home.

The school census of 1907 had reported 26,794 children of school age, with a total enrollment of only 19,795. The 1907 legislature effected a revision of the school laws, creating a state board of examiners for teachers, and passed a compulsory attendance law. By 1910 there were 33,334 children of school age in the state; of whom 24,584 were enrolled. The act of 1905 had given the people of each county, by vote, the power to create special high school districts and establish a county high school at the county seat.

Near the end of 1908 I appointed a tax commission to investigate the tax situation in Wyoming and to make a study of the manner of handling taxation matters in other states. This commission in its report, based on nearly a year's research, stressed that no radical legislation nor change in the state constitution be enacted; but submitted in the form of a bill, measures for more stringent regulations and their enforcement. I believe that this was a noteworthy step in state financial management.

The Trans-Mississippi Dry Farming congress met in 1908 at Salt Lake City. This organization was founded in the interest of an interchange of ideas for furthering agricultural results. I was elected president of this organization, being also president of the National Dry Farming congress.

Agricultural interests were chiefly responsible for the influx of approximately fifteen thousand new settlers in Wyoming in 1909. Many of these were attracted as the result of "dry farming" experiments, sponsored by the state government. Through conferences, for which I personally went to Chicago, I obtained two thousand five hundred dollars from railroad officials to supplement the state fund for "dry farming" experiments. This was turned over to the state auditor.

These things had a great deal to do with the fact that the total population of the state increased from 101,816 in 1905 to 145,965 by 1910.

President Taft called a Deep Waterways conference in October, 1909. The president of the United States, members of his cabinet, senators and representatives of the national Congress, and the governors of states were tendered a luncheon by the Business Men's league of

St. Louis, on our arrival from Washington, where we had been extended the same hospitality as in the Roosevelt regime.

From there we embarked on the broad Mississippi in a parade of special steamers, amidst a fanfare of applause, music and flag-waving. We proceeded down the river in a triumphal pageant to New Orleans, where the convention was held.

This same year my wife was elected president of the state Federation of Women's Clubs of Wyoming, with which she had been affiliated since its organization in 1903.

In spite of a coterie of opposing politicians who persistently and maliciously sought to stir up conflict, the administration progressed harmoniously and constructively.

Oil for Wyoming

Although the mineral production of Wyoming was about ninety per cent coal at the beginning of my administration, this state was well on its way toward becoming important in the production of petroleum by the close of my administration. The development of this young giant among industries is more readily understood when we remember that, although petroleum was used in lamps in the times of Herodotus and Pliny, the commercial production did not actually begin until 1859, just twenty years before I left my home to "go West."

Consequently, there were but few people who had more than the vaguest idea of the methods or possibilities of this great natural resource. Both because of my willingness to admit a lack of understanding of the subject, thereby advocating caution and a quest for understanding, and by my position as governor at this crucial time, there were several ways in which I was able to play a major role in the development of oil. I refer both to the interest of the general public and to the state coffers of Wyoming.

On November 26, 1910, as governor of Wyoming I issued a call for the first state oil convention, the text of which follows:

WHEREAS, the phenomenal development of the oil industry in Oklahoma, California, and other western states indicates a constantly increasing demand for crude and refined oil, and

WHEREAS, during the past two years earnest and active drilling in many different fields has demonstrated conclusively that Wyoming contains vast quantities of high grade lubricating and illuminating oil, and

WHEREAS, our state geologist, after careful and thorough investigation, reports that this is the one state in the Union where high grade oil has actually been discovered in such vast quantities, and in so many different localities, and

WHEREAS, I believe it is now time for those interested in the development of these rich oil lands to meet in convention and discuss ways and means to bring about more rapid development and the profitable marketing of Wyoming oil, and

WHEREAS, many important recommendations should be made to our legislature and to Congress, suggesting laws, which would insure a clear title to oil lands and encourage prospecting, and other laws preventing unscrupulous promoters from soiling the fair name of the state with wildcat companies, and

WHEREAS, to successfully market our oils, it will be necessary to provide transportation by means of pipe lines or the extension of railroads; and, having this rich empire of undeveloped wealth, it is our duty to call the attention of those interested in oils throughout the world, to what we have:

NOW, THEREFORE, I, Bryant B. Brooks, governor of Wyoming, urge all oil men interested in the present and future of this great industry in Wyoming to meet at the Capitol building in Cheyenne, on December 14, 15, and 16, 1910, for the purpose of perfecting a state organization and discussing such subjects pertaining to our oil industry, as may prove advantageous to Wyoming and her people.

Every citizen of Wyoming was affected by this movement because increased activity in the oil districts brought more people and more capital into our state during this period.

In this same year of 1910, pressure was brought to bear on me to sell outright "section 36," state school land, and use the proceeds to clear the public debt. Had I done so, the act would have met with great public

applause. By not doing so, I gained some criticism at the time; but, eventually, *I saved considerably more than ten million dollars for the public coffers of the state of Wyoming.* The historical background is requisite for a clear understanding.

The first legislation on the subject of the mineral development of state lands was made by the Seventh State Legislature, known as chapter 85 of the session laws of 1903. That law merely declared all mineral lands belonging to the state of Wyoming to be free and open to exploration, occupation, or purchase at the option of the state board of land commissioners, but *state lands should not be sold at less than ten dollars per acre* and the state land board should establish rules covering the acquisition to title of state mineral lands. The act of 1903 was not a practical success, in fact, proved to be a trouble maker, for the reason that there was no way to confer preference rights upon those who discovered mineral on state land. In any event, the land had to be sold at public auction and the location of a lode or placer claim on a school section, or other state land, was a thankless accomplishment.

I had made up my mind that the best way to handle the state's natural resources, including water, power, oil, and all kinds of minerals, was under some form of leasing instead of outright sale as provided in the act of 1903, just referred to. I therefore requested R. P. Fuller, state land commissioner, and Hon. William E. Mullen, state attorney-general, to prepare some form of a mineral lease law for state land and this was submitted to the state legislature, and a leasing act was enacted in 1907, known as chapter 81 of the laws of that year.

A number of leases were granted under this act; and the first lease granted on section 36 was made upon a form prepared under my suggestion by the attorney-general and the state land commission for use in making mineral leases.

The leasing act of 1907, above referred to, has been amended in part and repealed in part, by subsequent legislatures, but most of it remains in effect at the present time. I am rather proud of the fact that the leasing policy with reference to state mineral lands was adopted during my administration.

In explanation, I must touch upon some of the early history of that famous section 36, which as a revenue producer is the richest and most remarkable square mile owned by the state of Wyoming. According to the records of the surveyor-general's office, this particular township and section was first surveyed under contract by Alex Barnett in 1882. The survey commenced March 16 and was finished March 22, 1882; and the record reads that the land was classed as "generally rolling, soil first-rate, vegetation sagebrush and bunch grass and the township watered by Salt creek," but nothing whatever was said in regard to minerals or any possibility of oil production.

The first oil prospecting lease on this section was made on December 5, 1907, by the state land board, to the Central Wyoming Oil and Development Company and under the terms of that lease, the renter was to pay thirty-two dollars per year and a test well had to be drilled within the first two years, at a cost of not less than three thousand dollars.

This special provision of the lease was never complied with, and the lease was cancelled by order of the

state land board on December 18, 1909, on account of the failure of the lessee to perform the required amount of development work as specified in the lease; and the commissioner of public lands was authorized to advertise that he would receive bids for an oil lease upon this section at ten o'clock in the morning, Thursday, December 30, 1909.

It was also advertised that anyone bidding on the lease had to comply with a number of specific requirements, as follows: The first payment to be not less than two hundred dollars, the payment of the second and subsequent years to be five hundred dollars in advance, all such advance payments to apply on a royalty of ten per cent of the gross output of oil from the said section produced in the year for which the advance payment was made; the lease to be conditioned further that drilling operations should commence upon the said section on or before April 1, 1910 and continue, without cessation, until oil was developed to the satisfaction of the lessee, and in quantities sufficient for commercial production, or the lease cancelled at the request of the lessee after the first year; provided also, that at least five thousand dollars should be expended in the installation of machinery and construction of buildings and drilling operations upon the land prior to August 1, 1910.

It was also required that each bidder for the lease should present and deposit with his bid a certified check, or cash payment, of the amount bid for the first year's lease, which deposit should be forfeited to the state by the said bidder, if he did not, on or before the first day of February, 1910, execute a lease embodying the above conditions and other general conditions prescribed by the board, and execute and deliver to the board a surety

company bond in the amount of five thousand dollars, conditioned upon the carrying out of the above conditions and other conditions of the lease, hereinbefore mentioned, or make a cash deposit of five thousand dollars in lieu of said bond, to be forfeited in the case of non-fulfillment of the conditions of the lease.

Under these conditions, the lease was put up at auction, after full advertisement and William M. Fitzhugh was the successful bidder.

I think that this lease was the real foundation of the oil development in Salt Creek, and perhaps more than any one thing, made possible the building of the Midwest and Standard Oil refineries in Casper. Possibly, without this one solid foundation rock on which to stand, Casper would not today be the hub and oil center of the petroleum industry in the Rocky mountain region.

At the time this lease was made there was no real foundation upon which capital could base future operations with any actual guarantee of secure title. It is true some prospecting was going on, but everyone felt that government withdrawals might occur any moment, and in fact did occur; and it was very difficult, almost impossible, to acquire any clear title to oil property.

However, with a foundation of this six hundred forty acre school section lease with proven production, pipe lines could be laid, refineries started, and capital safely invested.

At the time this lease was made the city of Casper had been on the map about twenty years, and during all that time I had been more or less instrumental in making its history. I, of course, was aware that oil possibilities existed and had been widely discussed.

mineral resources. Also, he argued, by selling this section 36, even at three hundred dollars per acre, the state would secure enough money to pay off all its bonded indebtedness. The total bonded indebtedness of the state on January 1, 1910, was $163,000, which I had always been anxious to pay up in full, feeling that if we could advertise Wyoming as one state without any bonded indebtedness, we could place ourselves in an extremely attractive light before both capital investors and would-be settlers.

Mr. Burdick said that his company would be glad to bid cash for the land; whereas, Mr. Fitzhugh, representing his associates, said he was not in a position to buy the land outright but would be glad to bid on a lease. Some of my best friends urged me to sell it.

Had I made that mistake, it would have cost the state of Wyoming considerably more than ten million dollars; and yet, I have no doubt the land could have been sold by the state land board and the state's debts all paid without any adverse criticism. In fact, such action at that time would probably have met with much greater public approval than the action really taken by the land board in putting the land up at auction under a leasing proposition.

I simply mention this fact to illustrate the great truth that success in all lines of human endeavor depends just as much upon not taking unwise action, or doing foolish things, as it does upon our actual deeds.

At the time the lease was made there was great pressure brought to bear to extend the time for twenty years instead of five. This, too, would have been a sad mistake.

I contended that the entire board was ignorant of the oil business and called attention to the fact that crude oil was selling for fifty cents a barrel in the state of

Ohio, at that particular time. Although we wanted to encourage in every possible way the drilling of wells and the development of the Salt Creek field, which would include the building of pipe lines and the marketing of oil; nevertheless, I maintained that we were not wise enough to see more than five years into the future, and if we were making the royalty or price too low at that time, our successors could correct our mistake without much loss to the state because no great amount of progress would be made in the first five-year period, even under the most favorable wildcatting conditions.

At that time there were no good wells, no pipe lines, and no market for the oil.

William M. Fitzhugh discovered high grade oil of great value and on June 3, 1911 sold out, assigning his lease to the Midwest Oil Company. Then, like many others, Mr. Fitzhugh took his large profits out of Wyoming and built the magnificent Fitzhugh office building in San Francisco.

Under this first five-year lease, the total royalties received by the state of Wyoming amounted to $72,693.75.

In January of 1915, *after* good oil in such large quantities had been discovered, pipe lines laid, and the great refinery in operation, this famous lease on school section 36 was renewed and signed by Joseph M. Carey, governor elected on the Democratic ticket, for the ridiculously low royalty of twelve and one-half per cent. I think that was the worst and most inexcusable deal ever made in Wyoming, one that caused a direct loss of over one million dollars, possibly double that amount, to our public schools. Under that second five-year lease with only twelve and one-half per cent royalty, that should have been at least twenty-five or possibly fifty

per cent, the state received a total of $460,052.52.

It is worthy of note that the present Standard Oil refinery adjacent to the city of Casper, by far the largest ever built in this Rocky mountain area, was located largely on land purchased from the J. M. Carey and Brother Cattle Company. Records do not reveal the amount of the purchase price.

In October of 1919, under Governor Robert D. Carey, president of the state school land board, this lease was renewed for a royalty of thirty-three and one-third per cent of all oil produced; in October of 1924, under Governor William B. Ross, president of the state board of land commissioners, this royalty was raised to sixty-five per cent; and again renewed in October of 1929, under Governor Frank C. Emerson, for sixty-five per cent royalty.

In December, 1934, a new ten-year lease was granted with a royalty averaging less than thirty per cent.

Up to September 1, 1938, Wyoming's state school fund has been enriched in royalties from this section 36, township 40 north, range 79 west, in the Salt Creek oil field, a total of $10,893,550.06; and I presume the state will receive several million dollars more from this section in future years. *In other words, this six hundred forty acres, despite its bad deals under certain state officials, will pay Wyoming in royalties well over $17,000 per acre, which compares very admirably with the $300 per acre that I was urged to accept for it during my administration as governor.*

I feel that any unpleasantness or effort in maintaining my opinion on leasing, instead of selling, this section 36 has been well repaid in the welfare of the school children of the state of Wyoming.

Farewell as Governor

It was during my period in office that Wyoming reached its prominence as a sheep and wool state. In 1906 Wyoming stood second among the states in the production of wool, and the value of wool and mutton exported during that year was more than twelve million dollars. In 1907 Wyoming ranked first in number of sheep, and its wool clip was estimated at more than thirty-three million pounds.

During my administration the great Shoshone dam was completed, being at that time the highest structure of its kind in America. The Shoshone dam on the Shoshone river, and the Pathfinder dam on the North Platte river, were due to the Reclamation Service. Other irrigation projects were being financed by private capital.

Although my salary as governor for the six years had been twenty-five hundred dollars a year, which was the amount fixed by the constitution twenty years before, a sum so ridiculously low that any man without outside income would have hesitated to accept the office, I endeavored to the best of my ability to give the people of Wyoming an honest, straightforward business administration.

Although the contingent fund allowed for all expenses of the governor's office had amounted to approximately fifteen hundred dollars per year for the six years, we managed to make it cover the salary of a stenographer, telegraphing, postage, stationery and printing,

blanks, commissions, state papers, office furniture, stationery supplies, and the many incidental expenses necessarily incurred in transacting the volume of business, which went in a steady flow through my office.

At the expiration of my second term as governor of Wyoming, I gave the following farewell message:

To the People of Wyoming: In my first inaugural address, six years ago, I stated that I should take up the arduous duties of chief executive, without fear, favor, or foreboding, relying upon the people for earnest and thoughtful encouragement and reverently invoking the support and blessing of Almighty God.

Today, as I am about to relinquish the reins of government to my successor, I feel that God has been merciful unto us and blessed us, and that the people of Wyoming have given my administration generous and loyal support.

During the past six years Wyoming has prospered as never before. Many new and beautiful churches have been built and $400,000 has been invested in new school buildings. The number of schools taught in the state has increased from 684 to 1004, and number of enrolled school children from 18,247 to 24,584. Today we have 1,109 school teachers in Wyoming as compared to 763 six years ago. During the past six years we have enjoyed great industrial prosperity, and Wyoming has prospered.

On every side there has been ample and profitable employment. No unfortunate strikes have occurred. Mines have multiplied, farms increased and cities grown.

Many miles of irrigating ditches and new railroads have been constructed, and hundreds of new business enterprises started. Our bank deposits have grown from $8,139,186 to $18,239,265, and today we have eighty-six banks in the state where six years ago we only had forty-two. Our population has increased more rapidly in proportion than any other surrounding state except Idaho.

With this great moral, intellectual, and material progress, our lawmakers have endeavored to keep even pace, and during the past three biennial sessions of the Wyoming State Legislature many important and progressive measures have been moulded into laws.

Six years ago our State Land Department was reorganized and placed upon a substantial, business basis, thereby increasing the state land revenues over $100,000 annually.

The state militia has been remodeled and improved so as to conform to federal requirements, and today the National Guard of Wyoming consists of a full infantry regiment of twelve companies, with band and hospital corps.

To protect, encourage, and stimulate greater agricultural development, laws were passed creating a State Board of Horticulture and provision made for extensive dry farming experiments. Numerous improvements have been made in our irrigation laws, and our resources have been widely and systematically advertised.

Settlement and development have been stimulated by the generous display of our products at numerous expositions and fairs. Beginning at the Lewis and Clark exposition, we retained the nucleus of our exhibits there, and by adding to them from time to time, succeeded in making excellent displays in many of the central and eastern states.

A permanent state fair has been created, and a Board of Immigration established. This board has cooperated with the railroads in a splendid effort to secure new settlers.

The health and happiness of our people has been increased by the enactment of up-to-date pure food laws, and our dairy, food and oil commissioner has intelligently and vigorously enforced them. The health of the men employed in our mines has been safeguarded by many laws insuring proper ventilation, equipment, and frequent inspection.

Every public institution in the state has been greatly improved by the installation of modern equipment and by numerous enlargements and additions. Several new public buildings have been constructed, and we have added to our institutions by building a new state hospital in Casper and a magnificent home for defective children in Lander. During the past six years the state has expended over four hundred thousand dollars in improvements and betterment on our various state institutions.

We have kept pace with other progressive states by providing for parole for our convicts and adopting an indeterminate sentence system. Our last legislature increased the liquor license to one thousand dollars and prohibited saloons outside incorporated towns.

I could refer with pride and satisfaction to numerous other progressive measures, like the law securing interest on all public monies, which brought taxpayers $21,736 during the past two years on state money alone; also the splendid revision of our statutes at a total cost, including printing and advertising, of less than seven thousand dollars; and greatest of all, the provision for a state tax commissioner and the up-to-date improvement in our system of taxation, under which the railroads of Wyoming have paid a far greater proportion of state, county, and school district taxes than ever before.

Wyoming has always been one of the best and most economically governed states in the Union, and maintains a state government at less expense than any other state. Even in Nevada, with a population of only 83,000, or about half of ours, the total expenditures last year for state government exceeded Wyoming's by over $400,000.

Six years ago the state had $148,140 invested in school district, county, or state bonds, from which was received an annual interest income of $7,658. Today the state has invested $451,154 in bonds, yielding in annual interest income of over $22,000, and in addition to this we have $75,600 invested in state warrants.

The state has cash on hand, exclusive of trust funds, $337,018, and only one thousand dollars of the 1910 taxes has been paid. The state taxes for 1910, aggregating over $500,000, will soon be received. The people of Wyoming are to be congratulated on the steady reduction of our bonded indebtedness, which now amounts to but $120,000, as compared to $240,000 six years ago.

During the time it has been my duty to act as chief executive of the state, I have endeavored to become thoroughly familiar with the administration of its affairs. If in any way I could have suggested more economical methods of administration, I should have considered it my duty to do so. I have failed to find, however, any apparent waste of the public funds. The different state boards, constituted by law, the members of which serve without compensation, are zealous in their efforts to render to the state value received for every dollar expended, while the salaries paid to the state officers are as a rule less than amounts paid for similar intelligence and labor in business and professional life.

While state expenditures have steadily increased, yet that increase has not been out of proportion to our increase in population and wealth, or to that normal increase which we must naturally expect to

follow as a result of the ever increasing demands of our expanding population.

My social, political, and official relations have been pleasant and helpful to me. My long official stay at the capital has not only endeared to me my immediate associates, but has brought me in such close touch with the people from every section of the state, that I shall love and honor them forever and miss no opportunity to advance their interests along all lines.

I only ask that my administration pass into history for what it was worth to my state and my people. If the future historian writes that I was just, fair, and patient, that I was without prejudice and always in sympathy with the struggling masses; if he says that I attended to the duties of the office with assiduity and devotion; that my administration was clean, practical, and business-like, that I loved Wyoming and her people, I will be happy and content. The record is now made. Nothing I can say or do, or you can say or do, can change it.

At home I have tried to encourage our farmers and every form of industrial development, tried to stimulate state pride and inculcate higher ideals. Abroad I have attempted to advertise our great resources and to tell the world what splendid people live here; and so today at the close of my administration, I have no apologies, but only regret that I was unable to accomplish more for the people of Wyoming.

The position of chief executive in a young state like ours is quite similar to that of a manager in some great progressive business enterprise. Today the work of every department is well in hand: system, dispatch, courtesy, and economy are the watchwords. My co-laborers in every department have been men of exceptional ability and integrity. No business was ever transferred under more satisfactory and propitious conditions, and let us hope and pray that the future of this great state may continue bright and prosperous.

For the incoming governor and his administration, I ask of you the same kindness and consideration that has been given me, and I know you will uphold him in every move that he makes for the state's welfare.

I might add that my heart-felt attitude toward the entire period of my administration as chief executive of

Wyoming, is adequately and fittingly expressed in the last public proclamation that I issued, as follows:

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION

The State of Wyoming, Executive Department

The president has issued a proclamation, designating Thursday, November 24, 1910, as a day of national thanksgiving and prayer, enjoining the people upon that day to meet in their churches for the praise of Almighty God, and to return heartfelt thanks to Him for all his goodness and loving kindness.

According to the law of this state, the day thus appointed by the president of the United States, as the annual Thanksgiving Day, is a legal holiday. THEREFORE, let the day be marked by appropriate expression of the gratitude, which the people of our state must feel toward Him, who in the year now drawing to a close, has preserved us from war, riot, and pestilence, has blessed us with industrial and commercial prosperity, and has in manifold other ways given us evidence of His thoughtful care and divine mercy.

Let the day be marked by the generous expression of sympathy with the poor, the afflicted, and the unfortunate. The ways of God are often inscrutable, and those whom He loveth, He sometimes chasteneth, but amid distress, sorrow, and misfortune, human faith in divine goodness will ever be strong, when the genuine spirit of human fellowship, reflecting the love of our Heavenly Father pervades society and by its practical manifestations of sympathy and kindness banishes despair, revives hope, and makes the whole world kin.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name, and caused to be affixed the Great Seal of State.

Done at Cheyenne, this fourteenth day of November, A.D. one thousand nine hundred and ten.

Bryant B Brooks.
Governor.

BY THE GOVERNOR:

Secretary of State.

Lumbering and Mining

Cecil Rhodes said, "Mexico is the treasure house of the world." Such was my own impression when I made my first trip through the southern republic.

During my first term as governor of Wyoming I went on a special train to Mexico City with a party of American and English capitalists on a "good will tour," over the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient railroad that was under construction to Topolobampo Bay. On this trip I saw inimitable evidence of vast undeveloped natural resources, which proclaimed Mexico the land of opportunity. But I did not see the untamed Indian hearts that still beat beneath the veneer of so-called civilization, a constant menace to modern development.

This visit was during the regime of Diaz, a thirty-year period of unparalleled prosperity for Mexico, in which a billion dollars of American money and a similar amount from Europe had been spent on railways and other projects in that country. The government seemed to be stable. Our party visited President Diaz and met all the leading officials of the republic. After I returned to Wyoming I called a friend of mine in Cheyenne, whose business judgment I have always valued, and asked him whether he had time to go down to Mexico for a month or two, and investigate the possibilities for investment. This was C. B. Richardson, who went and made a brief survey.

At his suggestion I returned to inspect some of his "finds." One of these was a large *hacienda* out from the little town of Santa Ysabel.

On our arrival they met us at the train with a carriage, postillions, outriders with flashing swords, and a band. I inquired about the cause of all the sword-waving as the outriders pranced and dashed about, and was told that it was done to protect us from "wild cattle." As no cattle of any description were in sight, it struck me as rather silly.

However, we proceeded in great pomp until I happened to spy a covey of quail at one side of the road. It was part of my hunting instinct to draw my six-shooter and take a shot. The whole spectacular procession came to a halt.

I presume that because they were bunched so closely together, the one shot went through several of the birds. This so impressed the Mexicans that it seemed to take the glamour out of their own parade; for these southern people are notable as poor marksmen and childish in their love of display.

We arrived at the *rancho* in due time, and to this day I marvel at the beauty of the place. A hedge of American Beauty roses in full bloom ran around the far-flung, white buildings, gleaming in the brilliant sunshine. The interior appointments were equally impressive and we were royally entertained. However, we did not let our love of beauty overrule our business judgment, and decided against the *hacienda*.

That proved to be a wise decision because the entire property was later confiscated by Villa, and the owner shot. It was at Santa Ysabel, the nearest railroad station, that Villa lined up twenty men, stripped, and shot them,

just because they were some of the despised *Americanos.*

Instead of the *rancho,* we decided on the purchase of a tract of timberland and a lumber company. Starting negotiations that year, we acquired in the spring of 1907 a tract of some fifty thousand acres of fine timber. The land ran for thirty miles along both sides of the Mexican and Orient railway.

Our headquarters were in the city of Chihuahua, where we bought the Chihuahua Lumber and Manufacturing Company. Our three sawmills were in the Indian country, near the junction of the states of Sonora, Sinoloa, and Chihuahua.

Mr. C. B. Richardson became general manager of the company.

Our factory was an adobe building about three hundred feet long, equipped with about thirty machines, besides innumerable small machines for finishing. We made doors, sashes, blinds, frames, moldings, interior finish and railroad ties, fixtures and furniture. One year we bought thirty thousand dollars' worth of glass to use in our productions.

Almost immediately, in active production, we became the biggest lumber company in all of Mexico, supplying inside finish for nearly all the buildings down to Mexico City and furnishing ties for practically all the railroads of the northern district. In fact, at one time we had eighty per cent of the national business of Mexico.

We employed between fifteen and sixteen hundred men. All of these employees, including the office staff, were Mexicans, except some eight or ten Americans in charge of different departments.

Although we did not start operations until well into

the year of 1907, an excerpt from my correspondence states:

> January 20, 1908. Have just received annual statement from the lumber business, which we will have printed and send to all the stockholders. Business last year was fairly satisfactory.

As that was less than a year after we had even started operations, the business looked very promising. In the fall of that year I had felt much in need of a vacation from my duties as chief executive of Wyoming, and my physician, Doctor Barber, who had been governor before me, advised a trip. So I went down to Chihuahua to our lumber interests.

My old friend, Woodruff, was superintendent of the sawmills at that time, and I wired him to get me two horses and a *mozo* (guide) for a hunting trip.

Going out from Chihuahua to the mills, I changed to a small railroad that had a mixed train; six freight cars were immediately behind the engine cab; then there was a car divided between mail, baggage, and general passengers; last, there was a compartment for first-class passengers, including high caste Mexicans and Americans. On this train I happened to be the only American passenger.

It was a beautiful day in early fall, just at sunset, and I was looking out the train window as we went around a curve in the mountains. I noticed a brakeman sitting on the side of the box car next to the engine, with his feet hanging off. Below us a deep chasm yawned. It occurred to me that the brakeman was in a dangerous position, as the lurching cars might throw him into the depths below.

A few minutes later we came to a quick stop. Mexi-

cans from the second-class compartment ahead ran hysterically through the car and out the rear door. I went down the rear steps and started forward to where I saw the other passengers grouped. Then I saw what had happened.

We were on a curved trestle, or bridge, crossing the Guerrero river. The engine was still partly on the tracks with one end just at the far edge of the chasm. The rear coach was partly on the track and partly off. But the six box cars that had been between were now rolled into the canyon, far below. Apparently, two couplings had broken, saving the engine and the passenger coach, when the freight cars went over.

The conductor was an American, although he spoke the Mexican language fluently. As he knew who I was, he jokingly remarked, "Wyoming came close to being out a governor, but fortunately, we didn't lose a person."

I answered, "I'm afraid you did lose a brakeman." Then I described how the man had been sitting on the front freight car immediately before the accident.

Whereupon, he told me a strange story, that he had entirely discredited until I mentioned seeing the brakeman on the front car. He said the brakeman told how he was sitting, as I described, when he started to roll a cigarette. Just then he felt a hand clutch him by the shoulder. He looked up, startled, and saw no one. Thinking he had just imagined the feeling, he again started to roll a cigarette. Again the hand clutched him and seemed to drag him back from the edge.

Thoroughly frightened, he had jumped and run towards the passenger coach as fast as his legs would carry him. Just as he scrambled into the passenger coach, the freight cars had lurched and left the track

on their downward journey. The conductor finished, "There's the brakeman in the center of that crowd up there, telling his story."

You may interpret this story as you see fit. However, I heard afterward that this brakeman rose to a prominent place in Mexico, probably on account of this story, as the people believed that he had some supernatural protection.

At that time the conductor told me that a work train was right behind us, but that it would probably take a couple of days to clear the wreck so the train could proceed on its way. He advised me to go back on the work train to the last town at the junction, called Minaca. He told me there was a hotel across the street from the railroad station, and described how I should open the street door and enter an alcove, then open the next door and go into a room, where I would find the landlady.

I arrived back in Minaca at midnight. Everything was dark in the little town, but I followed instructions about the hotel. When I entered the second door, in inky darkness, I seemed to have stepped into a cage of snapping, barking dogs.

Then a woman in a nightdress came through an opposite door, holding a tall candle over her head, and I saw there was only one dog, a little Mexican one at that, but he was running around and around the room as fast as his short legs would carry him and exercising his jaws and lungs to their full capacity.

The landlady led me out into a patio, which served as the rotunda for bedrooms opening off it. The rooms were clean, with a single bed and a wash basin with water on a stand.

The next morning I secured a saddle horse and rode over to the entirely native settlement of Guerrero. About halfway there I met a party coming in from a gold mine with a train of pack mules, who warned me that it was dangerous to go over to the Mexican town, as I might be held up or kidnapped for ransom. However, I rode on, ate in the native village, and returned safely to my hotel.

The train went on the following day. When I arrived at the sawmills, Woodruff had two good horses and a *mozo* waiting for me. I spent a very enjoyable time hunting deer and wild turkeys.

This was aboriginal country. The scenery was breathtaking, with canyons so deep and precipices so steep that I was constantly amazed, even though I thought I had seen rugged country in the Rockies.

In the depths of the canyons there was a rock fortress on every curve. It seemed that fighting must have been the popular pastime of these people for ages.

Up on the side of one precipice I saw cavelike openings. The *mozo* explained that people had lived in them a long time ago. I took out a silver dollar and offered it to him, if he would go up and bring me back a souvenir.

He swiftly took off every shred of clothing he had on and started up what seemed the sheer face of rock. As a matter of fact, prehistoric people had hewn steps in the face of this cliff, but dirt had filled them. However, the *mozo* was getting a toe-hold on these old steps, mounting with the seeming agility of a fly.

As the monkey-like fellow ascended, my amusement changed to anxiety at the thought, that if my *mozo* should fall, I would be hopelessly lost in these wilds.

At last he reached a cave, entered, and came out with

a skull in his hand, holding it out for my approval. I shook my head at his offering but held up the dollar, motioning for him to come down and get it anyway. I was glad to see him get back on his horse.

About the middle of November, 1909, fire destroyed our sawed lumber at Cuesta Prieta, but the mill was uninjured. However, that loss did not interfere with our filling orders promptly. It was governmental trouble that caused our downfall, as is the case with most business in foreign countries, particularly Mexico.

In 1910 the revolution headed by Madero forced Diaz to resign. The country was thrown into a turmoil that seethed anew at each change of government in the next few years, as Huerta and Carranza rapidly followed Madero.

During the greater part of this time, Pancho Villa was terrorizing northern Mexico by what he termed a counter-revolt, in reality organized banditry.

In November of 1912 Mrs. Brooks and I were down there in Chihuahua, when the city was swept by revolution, and the civil authorities had abandoned their posts, leaving the place with little semblance of law or order. That same year, we closed down the Chihuahua Lumber and Manufacturing Company, so far as any profitable production was concerned.

When the revolution started we had a big stock of lumber on hand, which the "government" took from us, giving us a "receipt." The railroads owed us three hundred eighty thousand pesos and the banks four hundred thousand pesos, all of which was promptly paid, in enough paper money to fill several large mail sacks, every scrap of which became utterly valueless at the next change of administration.

The principal difficulty of operating in a foreign country, subject to such governmental upheavals as Mexico, is the monetary devaluation. At one time, we had four hundred twelve thousand pesos, distributed in five national banks of Mexico; but all were banks of issue and our deposits went to nothing. Each new government changed money, and the value of all previous issues was wiped out.

From time to time our plant was taken over by governmental authorities and operated. We were given "receipts," upon which we have never been able to collect.

In 1925 we sold the remnant of our business and filed claims in Washington, D.C., for the obligations of the Mexican government to us.

This claim at the time of filing amounted to more than a million dollars. Nevertheless, it has been adjusted several times, and it is doubtful if we will ever be able to collect a cent.

On the other hand, it is equally possible to lose money invested in the United States, particularly where labor difficulties arise.

Sometime before I was elected governor, I became president of the Cole Creek Coal Company, with headquarters at Big Muddy, Converse county, Wyoming.

Although it is estimated that approximately one-half of the state of Wyoming is underlaid with beds of bituminous or subbituminous coal, expert advice led some business associates and myself to believe that we had located an unusually valuable deposit of bituminous coal on Cole creek.

Believing that we had a safe investment in the development of this mine, we organized a company; each

of us taking as much stock as we could afford and selling the balance to friends who also had faith in the venture.

My old friend J. D. Woodruff was the manager. We bought about fifty thousand dollars' worth of machinery, comprising new and improved hoists, boilers, dynamos, and electric mining machines.

However, the vein most accessible to transportation proved to be part slate, and innumerable labor troubles caused great difficulty. Various contributing factors, for the detail of which there is neither space nor reason, caused us to lose our entire investment.

My lumbering and mining losses have been charged off as a part of the hazards of fortune.

Shipping from Maine

The launching of the five-masted schooner, "Governor Brooks," from the yard of its builders, Percy and Small, in Bath, Maine, on Tuesday, October 22, 1907, was of national significance.

It was during my administration as governor, and Wyoming and Maine joined hands in sending overboard the finest craft of her class that the world had yet seen. It was a combination of New England energy, skill, and muscle with western confidence and money, that made the event one of the most auspicious in maritime history.

The weather was flawless. The skies were bright, the winds favorable, and the historic old city in the background, with an autumnal setting, was beautiful.

It was also Governors' Day in Bath; Governor Joshua L. Chamberlain of Maine was present to do honor to me as the governor of Wyoming. Governor Chamberlain had formerly been president of Bowdoin college and a general of undying fame.

The launching was scheduled to take place at noon, and all the morning great crowds of people wended their way towards the South End. Special cars were run by the Lewiston, Augusta, and Waterville railroad; and all were crowded.

Our party arrived in the city on Monday evening. This party included, besides Mrs. Brooks and myself, our second daughter, Abby, who was the sponsor of the

vessel; as well as Mr. and Mrs. Ocea Cahill and Miss Cahill of Dorchester, Massachusetts; James W. Green and E. C. Naylor of Gloversville, New York; S. L. Dodd of East Orange, New Jersey; W. C. Dodd of Balston Spa, New York; H. D. Bonesteel of Troy, New York; and Mr. and Mrs. John Brooks of Boston, Massachusetts, my elder brother and his wife.

Upon our arrival Monday evening we were taken out to the New Meadows inn and entertained with one of the famous Cahill's shore dinners.

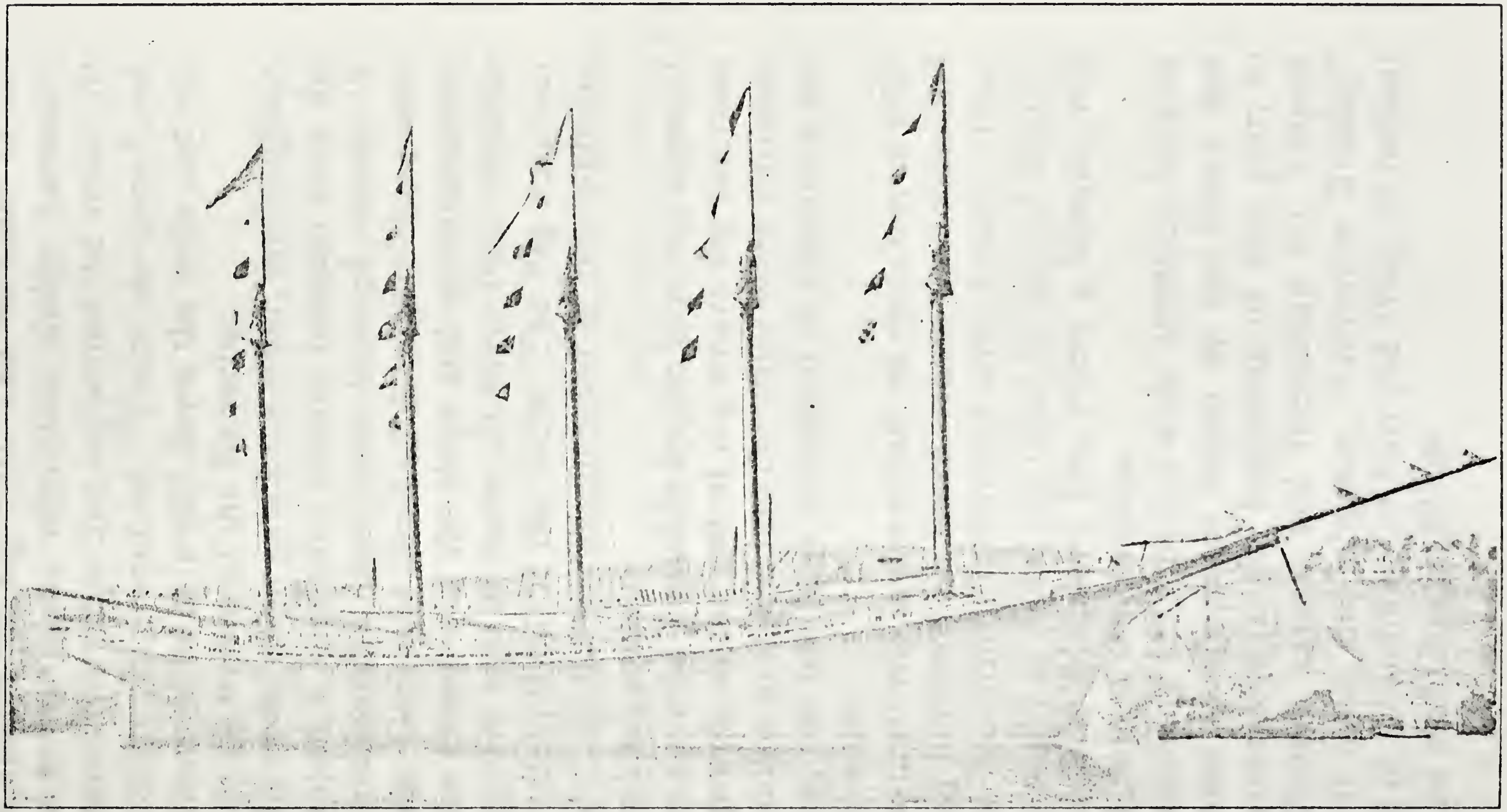
Early the next morning we were conducted on an observation tour of the city. Few of our party had ever been in a shipbuilding city before, and all of us were filled with wonder and delight at the stirring scenes in the active yards.

Captain S. R. Percy and Frank A. Small, with the assistance of their wives, did everything possible for our comfort and enjoyment, which we duly appreciated.

The scene at the yard just before the launching was a notable one. The new five-master was resting on the ways of the yard of Hon. William T. Donnell, which was hired for the purpose of building the vessel, as the ways of the Percy and Small yard were overcrowded at the time the keel of the "Governor Brooks" was laid.

The schooner presented a stately picture on the ways, ready for her maiden dip into the waters of the blue Kennebec. She was not quite ready for the sea, and her top masts were not in position, but strung along between her lower masts was the international signal code, and a large red and white banner bearing the initials, P. & S., as well as a special flag flaunting the insignia, V—V, the brand used on my home ranch in Wyoming.

Our launching party arrived early and was immedi-



"The Governor Brooks"
Schooner named for Governor Brooks of Wyoming
and launched at Bath, Maine, during his administration

ately taken aboard the big craft. The workmen of the yard made merry music with their sledge hammers, knocking away the props that supported the vessel. At exactly 12:20 the cry went up, "There she goes," and slowly but surely the ship slid down the ways and out into the waiting stream of the Kennebec.

Just as the vessel's bow struck the water, my daughter, Abby, dropped a handsome shower bouquet over the bow and pronounced those time honored words, "I christen thee, Governor Brooks." A mighty cheer went up from the crowd and the ships and manufacturing plants, tugboats and steamers all blew their whistles loudly in celebration of the event. The big schooner swung easily into the stream, attended by two tugboats, and dropped her anchor.

There was a wild scramble by the boys and some of the older people at the end of the wharf for the roses that the sponsor dropped into the water when christening the ship, but few were successful in capturing the wanted souvenirs.

After the craft was in the stream we were served with a refreshing luncheon on board, where the rooms and cabin were beautifully decorated with flowers. Then we were brought to shore and taken by special electric cars to the New Meadows inn, where a banquet was served in honor of the occasion.

This launching held nation-wide attention because it culminated a movement begun by the Percy and Small organization at the beginning of that year, to interest Western capital and friendship for Eastern shipping. It made the schooner, "Governor Brooks," the symbol of a handclasp of East and West, in mutual sympathy on maritime problems.

Earlier in the year of 1907 some business associates and myself had acquired an interest in some of the older vessels of this same company. We felt that we should carry insurance on our interests, regarding which Captain Percy wrote:

> The risk is not so great as many think. Of course, there is more or less danger in this business, as there is in everything else. I have been investing in vessels all of my life, but have never carried any insurance unless I had a very large interest, and then only partially. We have no insurance on three-quarters of our fleet and not much on the balance and none on any interests we hold with other concerns. If your people cared to insure, we should not advise putting on more than half. The rate is seven per cent on new vessels.
>
> There is no liability on the part of the stockholders where cargo is lost. The charter party, or agreement, entered into between the owners of the vessel through the agent and the owners of the cargo, covers that the vessel agrees to deliver the cargo, the dangers of the seas always mutually accepted.

We signed the contract for the building of the "Governor Brooks" in April of that year, with the specification that the total cost was to be not more than one hundred twenty-eight thousand dollars, on the basis of one sixty-fourth at two thousand dollars or less.

At that time this schooner was the finest vessel of her size and class ever constructed. Her official measurements were: length, 280.7 feet; breadth, 45.8 feet; depth, 21.5 feet; gross tonnage, 2,628 tons. She had a white oak keel 262½ feet long; there being two tiers 13 x 15. The frame was of white oak ceiled with yellow pine 12 inches thick to the bilge, five streaks of 14 inch, and balance to lower deck 12 inches. The main keelson was six tiers, 14 x 14, and there were two sister keelsons on each side 14 x 14. There was a log under the lower deck, 14 x 14, and the beams were 13 x 13 and 14 x 14.

There were three streaks of 14 x 14 between decks, the balance being 12 inches thick. The middle deck beams were 11 x 13 and 12 x 13, the balance 12 inches. The upper deck beams were 9 x 13.

The lower and main decks were of yellow pine, 3 x 6. The poop deck was white pine, 3½ by 5 inches. There were two sets of stringers on each deck 13 x 13, locked down and up, and the stringers on the main deck were 12 x 12, also locked the same.

The poop was ceiled with 11 inch thickness and one streak of 14 above. There were two streaks of lock streaks on main deck, 9 x 14, on the middle deck were two streaks, 12 x 14.

The planking was three streaks of garboard, 8 x 14, balance to rail was 5 x 14, down to six inches. The rail was 6 x 15 inches. There were two belt straps of 12 x ⅞ iron running the whole length of the hull. She had shelf streaks 14 x 14 on each deck, instead of knees. There were four hatches, 12 x 16 feet, for convenient handling of cargo, in connection with Hyde Windlass engine forward and steam hoister aft.

The after house was 30 x 34 feet and contained captain's room, three spare staterooms, mate's room, dining-room, and pantry. The cabin was finished in quartered oak and mahogany with white spruce and cypress ceilings, hardwood floors, and decorated with gold trimmings.

The midship house was 20 x 27 feet and had second mate's room, steward's room, gallery, mess-room, and carpenter shop.

The forward house was 27 x 27 feet and had the engineer's room, sail-room, engine-room, and forecastle.

All of the houses were eight feet high, and all had

steam heat. The midship house and the forward house were finished in North Carolina pine.

The "Governor Brooks" had a handsome set of Oregon masts, the lower masts being 115 feet long, the fore 30 inches in diameter, and the others were 29 inches. The top masts were 56 feet long, the fore being 21 inches in diameter and the other 17 inches.

The new schooner was commanded by Captain Angus M. McLeod, considered one of the finest sailors in coastwise carrying trade. She was ready for sea on November 19, 1907.

Less than two months later the first dividends were paid on the "Governor Brooks." Other dividends followed regularly.

On September 20, 1915, a dividend of eight thousand dollars was declared to owners, on account of oil freight from New York to Santos. It said: "This schooner is chartered to load linseed at Buenos Aires for an Atlantic port north of Hatteras at thirty shillings per ton. A complete statement will be made out at the end of the voyage."

My initial investment in the "Governor Brooks" was paid back in full in dividends by July 11, 1916.

During the World war our company sold the entire fleet of sixteen vessels, of which I had an interest only in four or five, to some government for colliers. On September 12, 1917, I received payment for my interest in the schooner, "Governor Brooks," sold through the Percy and Small Company, Inc., ship brokers, of 52 Front street, Bath, Maine.

Sometime after we sold her, the "Governor Brooks" went on the rocks off the coast of Brazil and was beaten to death by the waves that she once rode triumphantly.

Another of our vessels that met a tragic end after we

had sold her with the rest of the fleet, was the "Wyoming." This schooner was the largest one of its class in the world and was built in 1909.

The launching of the "Wyoming" in 1909 was a scene similar to that of the "Governor Brooks" two years before. Mrs. Brooks and myself were present with our party, and our third daughter, Lena, who was east in school at the time, was the sponsor.

This vessel also paid good dividends during the period I held an interest, and was disposed of with the fleet in 1917, returning my capital investment.

Seven years later, the "Wyoming" went down off Chatham, Massachusetts, in a terrible storm. That very night my wife and I were on the stormy seas between Halifax and New York harbor returning from a trip to Europe.

The next morning we were greeted in New York by glaring headlines across the papers, about the tragedy of the "Wyoming."

The entire crew of the big six-masted schooner were lost with her, according to coast guardsmen. Captain Charles Glaesel of Boston, who commanded the vessel, had a crew of twelve, and was bound from Norfolk to St. John, New Brunswick, with five thousand tons of coal. No survivor was ever found to tell the story of her disaster.

This shipping venture not only paid good returns on my investment but gave me an insight into the maritime industry. Since one of the stumbling blocks in the way of all legislation proposed in Washington is the lack of understanding of other sections of the country, I believe that national benefit and individual breadth is derived from investments tending to break down sectional prejudice.

President of a Bank

Back of all the romance of the colorful, adventurous industries and professions stands the supposedly prosaic business of banking.

Not only is the "coin of the realm" the lever of all industrial accomplishments; equally so, the banking institution is dependent upon the healthy condition and growth of every business within its territory as a base for its leverage. In the natural course of events, as my business investments grew, my attention and interest turned to banking.

On May 2, 1914, the Wyoming National Bank of Casper opened its doors for business, taking over the Cosgriff and Abbott State Bank which had been in operation for a little more than a year.

The first meeting of the new board of directors had been held two weeks before, on April 15, at which time the following officers were elected: Bryant B. Brooks, president; George E. Abbott, vice-president; Roy C. Wyland, cashier. Carl Shumaker was authorized to sign drafts drawn on outside banks.

The first board of directors included George E. Abbott, with 91 shares; Roy C. Wyland, 45 shares; Patrick J. O'Connor, 45 shares; Thomas A. Cosgriff, 136 shares; and myself, with 99 shares.

The other shareholders at the organization of this new bank were Major Ormsby with 18 shares; John Daly, 18 shares; Mrs. Bessie McCarty, 18 shares;

Graddus R. Hagens, 10 shares; Charles B. Manbeck, 10 shares; and John E. Schulte, 10 shares.

The capital of the new bank was $50,000, five hundred $100 shares.

The Wyoming National Bank was originally located in the corner of the Grand Central building, under a lease from H. E. Miller, and continued business there for seven years. As the volume of business increased, these quarters became too crowded.

In June of 1921 the bank moved into the corner location of the newly completed Midwest building on the corner of Second and Wolcott streets. This structure was owned by the Equality Investment Company, of which the stock was held by the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, P. J. O'Connor and associates, and myself.

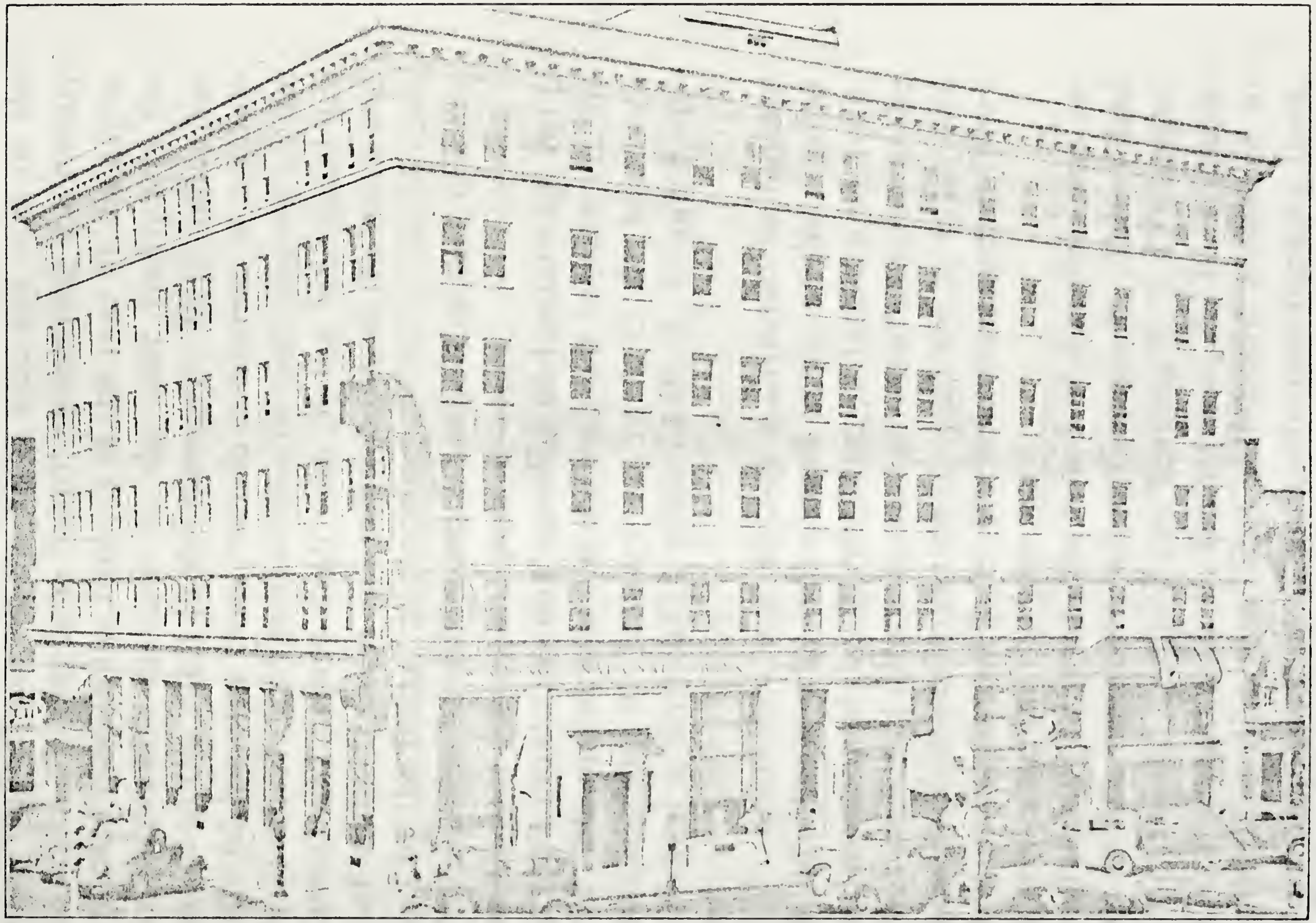
Saturday, June 25, from three to nine o'clock, a reception was held in the new quarters. Hundreds of patrons and others who took pride in local achievements thronged the new banking rooms during those hours.

Although a few changes have been made between that date and the present, the quarters are virtually the same today.

The main entrance from Second street has a vestibule of Vermont marble with swinging doors of bronze and an inner revolving doorway.

The main room is thirty-eight by eighty feet, with an eighteen-foot ceiling, supported by two massive octagonal pillars of Vermont marble. The appointments are in dark-toned woods, with decorative notes of bronze. On the walls are the mounted heads of a buffalo and a magnificently antlered elk.

Marble steps with a bronze railing lead to the safety department in the basement.



Wyoming National Bank Building
Purchased by the Wyoming National Bank, May 28, 1934

The consultation rooms, my desk, and other executive desks are on the left side of the main entrance. The ten service "cages" are on the right side and rear of the main room. A telephone board, connecting the twenty telephones used in the bank, is at the rear of the cages.

An hydraulic elevator in the rear transports the "trucks" to the vault in the basement. Each teller has charge of his own truck, which is similar to a safety desk on wheels, and at the close of each day all of the collateral and papers dealt with by the individual are placed in the drawers and safety boxes of the truck and locked by the teller.

Few changes have been made in the directors, officers, or employees during the passing years.

At the annual directors' meeting of January 13, 1915, Carl F. Shumaker was elected assistant cashier. At the annual meeting of January 11, 1916, C. B. Manbeck was elected a director in place of T. A. Cosgriff, deceased.

C. F. Shumaker was elected a director to replace C. B. Manbeck, who had moved away, at the regular annual meeting of the shareholders on January 20, 1919.

The number of directors was increased to seven at the stockholders' annual meeting on January 8, 1924; and C. B. Richardson and R. H. Nichols were elected. They were re-elected for the year 1925.

On January 12, 1926, the board of directors was reduced to five members, when George E. Abbott and Roy C. Wyland dropped out, leaving P. J. O'Connor, Carl F. Shumaker, C. B. Richardson, R. H. Nichols, and myself as directors. This able board continued to serve for eight years, until under the new banking laws, Mr. Richardson was forced to resign because he was a

director of the Richardson Brothers Company in Cheyenne, and L. A. Parker was elected on January 9, 1934, to fill the vacancy. Also during the year of 1934, R. H. Nichols resigned and Boyd R. Sims, the new cashier, was duly elected to take his place.

The Wyoming National Bank and the great oil boom in Casper started about the same time. It was a period of reckless speculation and wild confusion, a mad scramble with people and money pouring in from every direction.

The population of the little city of Casper jumped from three thousand to more than thirty thousand, with construction work of every kind keeping pace. Many new banks were incorporated until the city had five national banks and two state banks, with total deposits reaching a peak in 1923 of nearly fourteen million dollars.

The Wyoming National Bank shared in this too rapid and unhealthy expansion. Its deposits of $270,929.62 on December 31, 1914, increased during the next five years to $3,194,805.01. On December 31, 1923, they reached the highest point in all the history of the bank, $4,465,255.12, which was 30.9% of the total deposits of all the seven banks in Casper, which on that date aggregated $13,821,654.38. Our capital stock had been increased to $250,000.

From this high point the banking business in Casper fell off rapidly, and bank after bank was forced to consolidate and go out of business. Fortunately, all of these consolidations were carried through without any actual bank failures, and without the loss of a penny to any depositor, which is a record rarely equalled.

From this high peak of 1923 the deposits in the Wyo-

ming National Bank shrank gradually and consistently, about in line with the steadily decreasing total bank deposits in Casper. In the next five years, they decreased over $1,000,000, but were 32½% of the total Casper bank deposits. Still another five years showed over $1,000,000 additional falling off of our deposits, which on December 31, 1934 were $2,425,138.05, but 40.1% of Casper's total bank deposits of $6,044,093.99.

In this ten-year period Casper's seven banks with $13,821,654.38 deposits had shrunk to two banks with $6,044,093.99 deposits, a loss of $7,777,560.39, or 56-1/5%.

These figures tell the story of the disastrous loss that Casper bank stockholders have sustained during that ten years, but we are proud of the fact that depositors have never lost a dollar. The Wyoming National Bank never consolidated with any other bank but always tried to be fair and helpful through all these difficult times.

In order to meet these changing conditions, the following affidavit was filed, and its contents eventually approved by the comptroller and Federal Reserve Bank.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY that at the regular called meeting of the board of directors and stockholders of the Wyoming National Bank, held in Casper on July 12, 1932, the following resolution was unanimously adopted by all of the directors, representing in person 94% of the capital stock of said bank, and approved by the remaining 6%.

WHEREAS, Wyoming is essentially a livestock state, with approximately 800,000 cattle and 4,000,000 sheep, with vast area of mountain and plain more suitable for livestock production than any other phase of agriculture and with many fine herds of pure bred Hereford cattle and numerous flocks of high grade sheep, making Wyoming's future dependent largely upon the continued success of her livestock producers, and

WHEREAS, restricted credit now seriously jeopardizes this paramount industry and many flocks and herds will be sacrificed on an already depressed market to the irreparable injury of all Wyoming people, unless plans are made to carry our stockmen and farmers over this unparalleled critical period, and

WHEREAS, at the examination of this bank made by the national bank examiner on April 25, 1932, a large part of the slow and doubtful loans listed at that examination are secured by livestock, mostly sheep, with additional security on land and improvements, and

WHEREAS, there is submitted with this resolution a close analysis of these loans which report is attached herewith showing that these borrowers are almost without exception men of high integrity and long experience in the livestock industry, and

WHEREAS, the board of directors has always insisted, in approving these livestock loans, that the borrower must be of good character and wide experience in handling livestock and must own and control enough land and equipment to enable him to run his livestock properly, and that this year we have assurance of ample hay and grain with excellent grass on the range which will materially reduce feeding expenses, and despite the unprecedented low market prices of livestock now prevailing, enable our customers to pay their full running expenses and interest charges, and

WHEREAS, a brief analysis of our bond account also submitted herewith shows that over half the bond depreciation based on present distressed market quotations is on Federal Land Bank bonds and bonds of the Denver Joint Stock Land Bank, both of which are believed good as shown by this report, and

WHEREAS, in the four-year period from January 1, 1928 to January 1, 1932, the total net earnings of this bank were $203,124.22 and the recoveries from charge off accounts during the same period amounted to $59,156.73, and

WHEREAS, during this same four-year period we charged off loans amounting to $265,307.36 and depreciation of $28,920.40, thereby keeping the bank practically clean of all probable loss in our notes, and

WHEREAS, when we moved into our new location on June 25, 1921, we had made an actual cash investment in our new furniture and fixtures of $114,245 which is now carried on our books at $32,364, making a total charge off in our furniture and fixture account during that period of $81,881, and

WHEREAS, it is estimated that a substantial recovery will be made in the future on our charged off notes and bonds, and

WHEREAS, at our January meeting in 1928 the board of directors increased the capital stock of this bank 25% making our total paid in capital $250,000 at which time our total deposits were $3,149,210.01 and our loans and discounts $2,205,597.74, and

WHEREAS, at the close of business June 30, 1932, our deposits had decreased to $2,071,278.60, a decrease of over 34%, and our loans and discounts were $1,588,329.49, a decrease of 28% with rediscounts at the Federal Reserve banks of $289,538.88, and

WHEREAS, this large decrease in deposits has occurred during the past year and our own decrease in deposits corresponds closely with the total decrease in deposits in all Casper banks as shown by the fact that on December 31st, 1928, the total deposits in all the Casper banks were $10,528,687.25 and on June 30th, 1932, the total deposits in all the Casper banks were $6,301,569.24, a decrease of 40% during that period, and

WHEREAS, it has been the policy of this bank not to work an unnecessary hardship on our farmers and stockmen and therefore our large decrease in deposits without a corresponding curtailment in our loans has brought about an over-loan condition which should be corrected this fall, thereby giving this bank a larger cash reserve and insuring it against any unforeseen adversity, it is recommended as the best way to safeguard the bank and still not work an unnecessary hardship on this community, that proper application be made to the comptroller and Federal Reserve Bank requesting permission to decrease the paid in capital stock of the Wyoming National Bank from $250,000 to $200,000, and

WHEREAS, at a regular called meeting of the board of directors and stockholders held on June 14th, 1932 at which time 94% of all the capital stock of the Wyoming National Bank was represented in person, after full discussion and investigation it was unanimously agreed that the remaining stockholders of record should be immediately notified and after thirty days, to-wit, on July 12th, 1932, application should be made to reduce our paid in capital stock $50,000, and

WHEREAS, it was agreed that if this reduction was made our stockholders would immediately organize an agricultural livestock loan company with a paid in capital of $50,000 for the purpose of rediscounting with the Intermediate Credit Bank of Omaha or the

Reconstruction Finance Corporation livestock loans of responsible farmers, many of which this bank is now rediscounting with the Federal Reserve Bank of Omaha, thereby enabling this bank to overcome our present over-loan condition and at the same time preventing forced liquidation of livestock and greatly strengthening the entire industrial situation in Casper and central Wyoming, and

WHEREAS, this proposed action has now been approved 100% by all the stockholders of this bank,

THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED, that the officers of this bank be instructed to immediately file with the comptroller and Federal Reserve Bank proper application requesting permission to reduce the paid in capital stock of this bank from $250,000 to $200,000.

B. B. BROOKS
R. H. NICHOLS
P. J. O'CONNOR
C. B. RICHARDSON
CARL F. SHUMAKER

On May 28, 1934, the Wyoming National Bank purchased all the stock of the Equality Investment Company for $55,000 and assumed the bonded indebtedness of $123,000, all of which bonds are owned by the bank, with the exception of $2,000. The total cost to the bank was $182,050, which included bond premiums, but not the outstanding $2,000 bonds.

The name of the building acquired by this purchase was changed from the Midwest building to the Wyoming National Bank building. At the time of its construction this was the largest office building in Wyoming.

The record of service of officers and employees of the Wyoming National Bank is gratifying. Carl F. Shumaker and I have been with it since the organization, for twenty-four years. George Craig has served seventeen years; George M. Rafferty and Mabel Val Dez, sixteen years; Paul Bartling and Betty Teahon,

fifteen years; Rachael Snyder, twelve years; Leora Foose, eight years; Boyd R. Sims, four years; E. C. Penney and J. D. Woolston, three years; Fred D. Stearns, ten months; Verne Mokler and Mary Dale Collins, six months; Mabel German, three months.

I thoroughly enjoy my position as president of the Wyoming National Bank because it keeps me in close touch with the struggles and successes, the problems and prosperity of my fellow citizens of central Wyoming.

My Petroleum Interests

More than a hundred years ago Captain Bonneville of the United States army reported the first oil discovery in the west, a spring near the present city of Lander, Wyoming, from which the oil was widely used by Indians and trappers for medicinal purposes. This was long before Colonel Drake drilled his first "discovery" well in Pennsylvania. However, it is only in recent years that Casper, Wyoming, has become one of the largest gasoline producing centers in the world.

Today a greater national wealth in potential monetary value than the gold reserve, even at present inflated quotations for gold, is the petroleum reserve of the United States. According to estimates of the American Petroleum institute, whereas the United States now has a gold hoard of around fourteen billion dollars, representing more than half of all monetary gold in the world,

> . . . petroleum reserves are estimated to be worth better than fifteen billion dollars even at today's reduced quotations for crude oil, and without taking into account the enormous potential value of natural gas, asphalt, and oil shales. . .
>
> The production annually of just under one billion barrels of crude oil in the United States creates not only a huge trade value for the commodity, but produces roundly one billion dollars in federal and state tax revenues on its gasoline content alone. Taxes on other petroleum products, and on the industry itself, are estimated to lift the total well above the value of all gold produced in the entire world in a year.

Considering the magnitude of the petroleum industry, it was inevitable that I should become interested when oil came to Wyoming. In 1917 I became president of the Consolidated Royalty Oil Company of Casper, treasurer of the Western Exploration Company, president of the Grass Creek Oil and Gas Company, and interested in several affiliated companies.

In this business connection I am often reminded of the thousand and one Arabian Nights stories told so graphically by the charming lady whose very life from day to day depended upon her tact and wisdom in telling tales, in which we read how a worthless, dissolute youth found a lamp, that if rubbed, would instantly produce spirits so powerful that any wish expressed by this youth would be instantly granted. In other words, this "kid" Aladdin was a "winner."

Now, unfortunately, some people seem to think that they can play the oil game the same way. And many oil stock promoters have made fortunes by playing on this spirit of Arabian Night credulity. Oil stock novices should remember that in the story of Aladdin the lady lied, and history often repeats itself.

As a matter of fact, no industry in the world calls for greater caution or higher business judgment and ability than the complicated oil industry, upon the successful operation of which practically all other business depends today.

I attribute the immediate and lasting success of these oil companies in which I became interested to the able officers and employees on their staff. Also a great part of the success of the companies has been due to the loyalty and unselfish interest of the stockholders in the progress and growth of the industry.

Other officers of the Consolidated Royalty Oil Company are C. B. Richardson, executive vice-president and treasurer, who has been with the company since its inception; L. A. Parker, secretary; and R. S. Ellison, Charles W. Hirsig, Harry F. Scott, and Sidney J. Kent, directors.

At the time of our organization our chief geologist and a director, W. H. Geis, gave us able advice for our initial investments.

This company derives its income from royalties on lands of which we have bought the mineral rights; as well as three hundred twenty acres owned outright in the heart of the Salt Creek field.

In September, 1917, the same year that it was organized, the Consolidated Royalty Oil Company paid quarterly dividends and has paid them regularly ever since.

The Consolidated Royalty Oil Company originated by the consolidation of several companies and individuals, prorating stock to these. Although it is listed on the New York stock exchange, stock has never been sold to the public.

In 1920 the Consolidated Royalty Oil Company purchased a building in Casper, which is a five-story, fireproof, modern structure, one of the most substantial office buildings in the state of Wyoming. Our executive offices are located on the fourth floor.

The Western Exploration Company, of which I am now secretary and treasurer, has as its other officers, C. B. Richardson, president, and L. A. Parker, vice-president and assistant secretary and assistant treasurer.

More than ninety-nine per cent of its stock is now owned by the Consolidated Royalty Oil Company and

the management of the two was consolidated in 1930.

Properties of these two companies are located in Wyoming, California, Kansas, Texas, and Oklahoma.

Up to the present time the Consolidated Royalty Oil Company has more than repaid the stockholders' initial investment in cash dividends, and in addition has paid a ten per cent stock dividend.

The Grass Creek Oil and Gas Company has all of its holdings in the large and important Grass Creek field of Wyoming, nearly one hundred fifty miles from Casper. Eighty-nine per cent of the stock in this company is owned by the Consolidated Royalty Oil Company. I am president of the Grass Creek company and other officers are C. B. Richardson, vice-president and treasurer, and L. A. Parker, secretary and assistant treasurer.

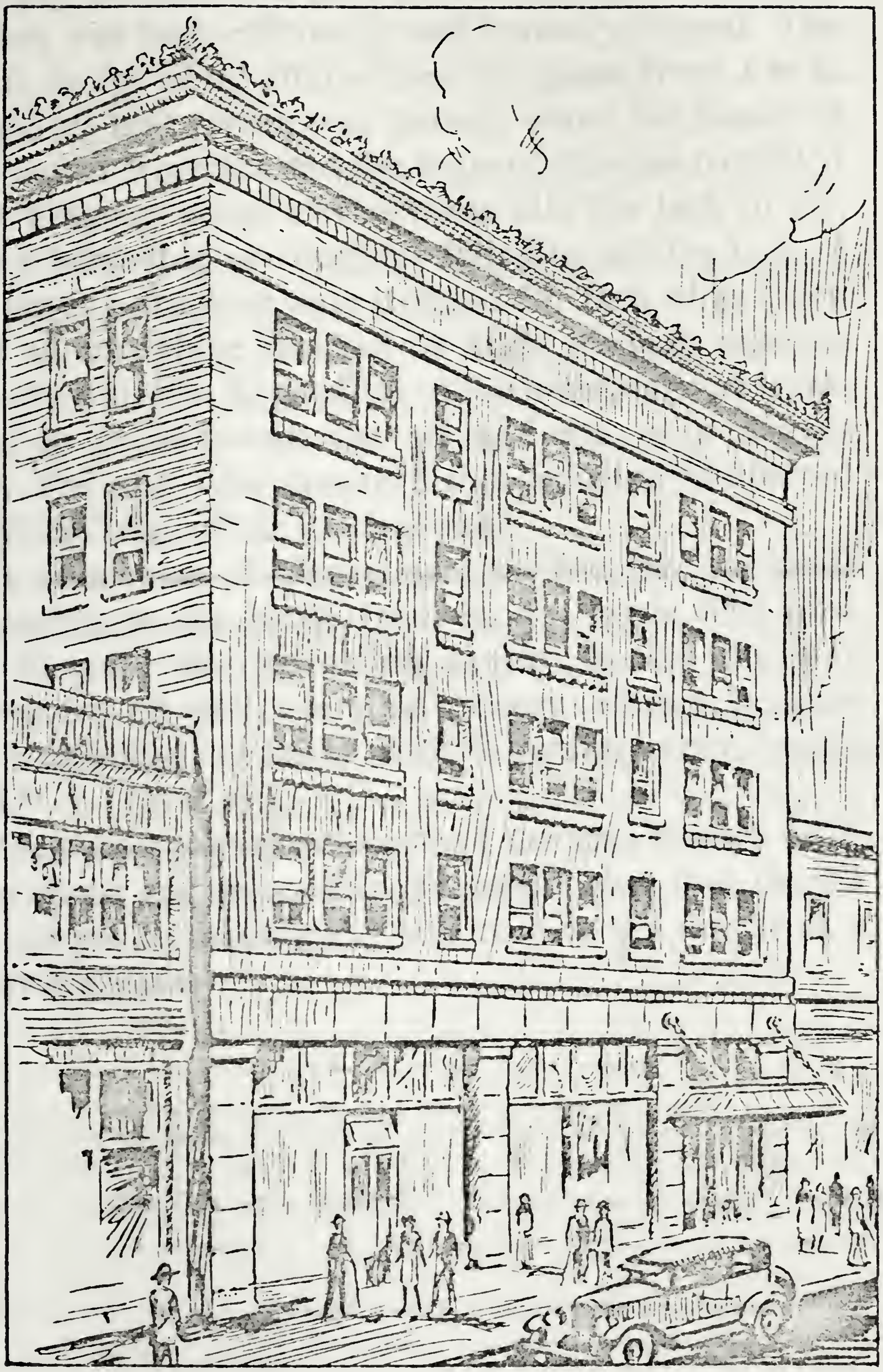
The Consolidated Royalty Oil Company also owns fifty per cent of the Hudson Oil Company and has large interests in several other companies.

Practically ever since the organization of the American Petroleum institute I have been a director.

For many years I have been president of the Rocky Mountain Oil and Gas association, which is an outgrowth of the nucleus formed when I called the first state oil convention during the time I was governor of Wyoming.

Few people not associated with the industry realize the great part played by the petroleum business in the nation's prosperity in peace and defense in war.

During the World war our efforts would have been unsuccessful had our oil supply failed. This vital factor was little discussed or considered by the average citizen. Why?



CONSOLIDATED ROYALTY BUILDING
Purchased by the Consolidated Royalty Oil Company in 1920

Simply because the part played by the oil administration was both efficiently and honestly played. The men in charge of oil affairs knew the game from A to Z. During all that trying war period, when the honor of our beloved America and the hope of Europe trembled in the balance, never a wheel was idle for lack of oil, never a battleship or freighter failed to sail for lack of fuel, never a truck or auto stopped for lack of gas, and never an aeroplane checked its flight because naphtha was not available. Regardless of labor shortage or transportation breakdowns, the oil and gas were always there. The men who managed this industry "delivered the goods" regardless of obstacles.

My own town of Casper sent six hundred carloads of gasoline to the battle front in one week. The men who directed the petroleum supply during the war knew every oil well, every tank, every refinery, because they had helped to build them. Therefore they "made good."

When the books are closed and the true history written without any censorship, the noble part that the oil men played in the big war will receive the thanks of a grateful people.

The Land Problem

There is nothing more important to Wyoming today than the public lands situation.

Wyoming state government controls about four million acres of grazing land. The balance of this public domain is under federal bureaus for forest reserves, parks, Indian reservations, mineral or oil reserves, and the Taylor grazing act. The eastern people are honest in thinking that this land constitutes a resource to be saved for the benefit of all the people. But does it?

Thirty years ago I attended that famous conservation congress in Washington, when Theodore Roosevelt was president, and at that time the movement was very strong in favor of the government leasing the remaining public domain, the theory being that all the land on which a man could earn a living had been appropriated and homesteaded, and that the remaining public lands were only fit for grazing purposes and should be leased by the federal government. If that bill had passed at that time, there would have been no additional homesteading; the big stockmen would have been in control.

The leasing measure did not go through thirty years ago, and what has happened to the western public land situation in the intervening years? The passing of the remaining public domain into private individual ownership has increased steadily from year to year.

The old cattlemen, who were honest in their belief, could not visualize the future of this western country.

But our land laws have not been administered generously. Every homesteader out on the public domain has had many obstacles and restrictions thrown in his way. Now the entire lands have been withdrawn from homesteading and further settlement blocked. I wish that every acre of land in the whole state of Wyoming were in private ownership, then it would pay taxes. I believe that our greatest handicap today lies in the large federal ownership of our lands, our forests, our minerals, and about everything else that checks state progress.

Are the people who have their own homes in the east correct in believing that they have just as much right to our government owned lands, and are just as much the owners of our forests and minerals, as we, who live in Wyoming?

I am still in favor, as I have always been, of the taking up of the public domain by private citizens.

During the past sixty years I have watched with honest admiration the growth and development of these small ranches. It takes patient toil to make "two blades of grass grow where one grew before." It takes honest, persevering labor to transform a dry sagebrush flat into green fields of grain and alfalfa. It takes intelligence and courage to gradually change the log cabin with its dirt floor and smoky fireplace, into a well-furnished and comfortable home. It takes a few milk cows to supply wholesome food for the babies, and it takes some outside grass and range to keep the milk cows fat and healthy.

If the adjacent range is to be leased, the ranchman who lives there with his immovable worldly possessions should be given the first opportunity, and the funds

from the leasing should go into the state coffers for the upbuilding of Wyoming, not into national funds. The remaining government lands, now that homesteading is prohibited, should be given to the state.

This proposition of giving the public lands to the states is not a new question. I recall conditions in 1892, when I went to the Second Legislature of the new state of Wyoming, elected from this county, which in legislative matters was then a part of old Carbon county. At that time this same matter had come up in Congress.

Senator Warren was back there in the Senate and some other senators went to him and said, "We are sick and tired of all this agitation; good God, Senator, if you want the public lands, we will give them to you." The story goes that Senator Warren replied, "All right, let us have them."

That reply defeated Senator Warren, for the one and only time in his life, for the United States Senate. A political upheaval swept over the young state of Wyoming because it was charged that Senator Warren was trying to get the United States government to give the public lands to the state, so he could grab them all for his own sheep range.

At that time senators were elected by the state legislature, and they defeated Senator Warren.

The greatness and glamour of the old free range cattle days were still strong with us, even though the settlers were pouring in. Right at that time I made my first public speech in a little fire-hose station here in Casper. They had pinned every one down on the proposition of saying whether they would support Senator Warren or not.

I knew then and stated, that while I would not com-

mit myself on whether I would support Senator Warren, I would promise that any time they wanted to give Wyoming all the public land, I had enough confidence in the people of Wyoming to instantly accept such a princely gift. And I am not afraid of the same question today.

Texas never had any government land, it was state domain. Texas has gone ahead, the great livestock industry of Texas has never suffered. I have made recent automobile trips through Texas and seen great high buildings going up that rival New York City. And that is only part of it; they seem to have confidence in their state, their own friends, and the people they are associated with day after day. That's what we need in Wyoming.

If we ever get a chance to get all the public lands in Wyoming, let us grab it.

As Abraham Lincoln said about the tariff, if the government sells this public land, then the government gets the dollar and a half an acre. If the state sells it, the state will get the settler and also the dollar and a half an acre.

I think we would be a great deal safer if the lands were in state ownership. The state could pass laws to homestead, if it wanted to. So I say, that if we have reached that point where it is either federal control or state ownership, I am for state ownership, just as earnestly as I know how to be. Now, all of these things do not come in a minute. I do not expect to get all the things we should have at once; but if we get the public lands with the mineral rights, as we should, then we can truly hope for real conservation of all our natural resources.

The homesteader has frequently put the large stock grower out of business; and when settlement is permitted without undue hindrance, it will be only a question of time until every acre of land in Wyoming will be in some form of private ownership or control, producing revenue for the state treasury.

While there is no possibility at the present writing of the public domain being ceded to the state, no issue is ever finally defeated until the people quit fighting for it. Although there may have been many errors, and even abuses, in the leasing of the state supervised grazing lands, it is still simpler and more satisfactory to deal with a local representative than with one in Washington, who knows little of the problems of Wyoming.

The homestead policy was established only after long and earnest resistance. Today it seems that the battle must be fought all over again, or rather it must continue to be fought until the great young state of Wyoming can be freed from its fetters of restrictions and reservations, and go forward with the independent progress of its sister states in the east.

Water for Wyoming

Two new principles in governmental affairs, known as conservation and reclamation, were established by Theodore Roosevelt while he was president of the United States. Both of these movements went hand in hand for the advancement and orderly settlement of all the western arid-land states.

About the time I became governor of Wyoming, the federal government, through its Reclamation Service, applied to the state of Wyoming, through our engineer's office and Board of Control, for a permit to construct the Pathfinder reservoir thirty miles above Casper on the Platte river.

This matter was under discussion by state officials for some time; and before this permit was granted, positive assurances were given by representatives of the federal government that all the water necessary to irrigate lands in Wyoming, between the Pathfinder reservoir and the state line, would be reserved for us, and especially that the large irrigation project near Casper, which is now referred to as the Casper-Alcova project, would be included in their reclamation work in the so-called North Platte project.

Conservation of our natural resources, in the correct interpretation of the term, to include the widest, wisest, and most extensive use of those natural resources possible, would work in reference to reclamation, meaning the irrigation of every acre of land possible along all

our water courses, and such universal reclamation work could only be made possible and successful by irrigating all the lands higher up on our streams so that the natural seep-back of the water used would give ample supply for everybody.

At that time Clarence T. Johnston was president of the Board of Control of Wyoming.[3] The danger of granting the Pathfinder reservoir permit to the government by the state of Wyoming was clearly seen and broadly discussed by Mr. Johnston, before it was ever granted.

Although it was definitely understood between the state and federal engineers, that the available land in and around Casper should be the first to be reclaimed, this understanding was not observed in the years that followed the building of the Pathfinder reservoir.

However, it was claimed there was ample water for reclaiming the lands of the Casper-Alcova project.

In the meantime, Dr. Elwood Mead, the first state engineer and the "father" of the irrigation laws of Wyoming, had become commissioner of the Bureau of Reclamation, Department of the Interior, at Washington. He was an able man, an excellent personal friend of mine, and thoroughly familiar with the Casper-Alcova situation.

Excerpts from copies of my old letters tell a partial story of the unofficial part I played in helping to clear an unjust situation and pave the way for the construction of the Casper-Alcova project. In April of 1926 I addressed a letter, with varying introductory paragraphs, to six different congressmen with whom I had

---

[3] After my administration Mr. Johnston became professor of geodesy and surveying at the University of Michigan and director of Camp Davis, connected with the university.

various connections. The main text of the letter follows:

Our oil lands here are operated principally under the oil leasing act and the royalties accrue to the federal government. The oil fields of this county alone have already contributed to the United States government in the way of this royalty money, $35,418,652.11, and of this amount the Reclamation Service has been credited with $18,486,292.35. No part of this money which is going to the Reclamation Service has been expended in the development or reclamation of arid lands within this county and our city has been developed largely because of the oil discoveries in this immediate neighborhood.

We have a splendid community here, filled with high type of American citizens, our modern high school building costing over $750,000.00. We have some fifty miles of paved streets, with substantial homes, fine school buildings, excellent churches, etc. This is the largest city in the state of Wyoming, and many important establishments outside of the oil industry have located here. We feel that it would be a great calamity to the entire state, and in fact to all the western country, to have this city experience the same tragedy which has occurred to many other western cities when their natural resources are dissipated. We who live here, feel that the only way to escape such a calamity would be to develop our splendid irrigation project, known as the Casper-Alcova project.

There is an abundance of water in the Platte river to irrigate some 88,000 acres immediately adjacent to this city. Some twenty years ago the government secured a permit to impound the flood waters of the Platte river in Pathfinder reservoir, with the direct understanding that these impounded waters should be used as far as necessary to irrigate and reclaim lands in Wyoming, as well as possible areas in Nebraska, so that it is really in the nature of an old project, although actual construction work has never been started.

The reason why work was not started was because this was an expensive proposition, and other lands could be irrigated for less money. Now, however, with two large railroad systems cutting right through the heart of this proposed project, and with a large city and oil community right at the door, ready to consume the products of the land, the enterprise would be an assured success, and the farmers could and would repay the government for every dollar expended by the Reclamation Service.

Our congressional delegation has introduced H.R. 10356 and Senate File 3553, for the construction of the Casper-Alcova irrigation project, which has already passed the Senate and has received the unanimous approval of the House Committee on Irrigation and Reclamation, and for which I bespeak your support.

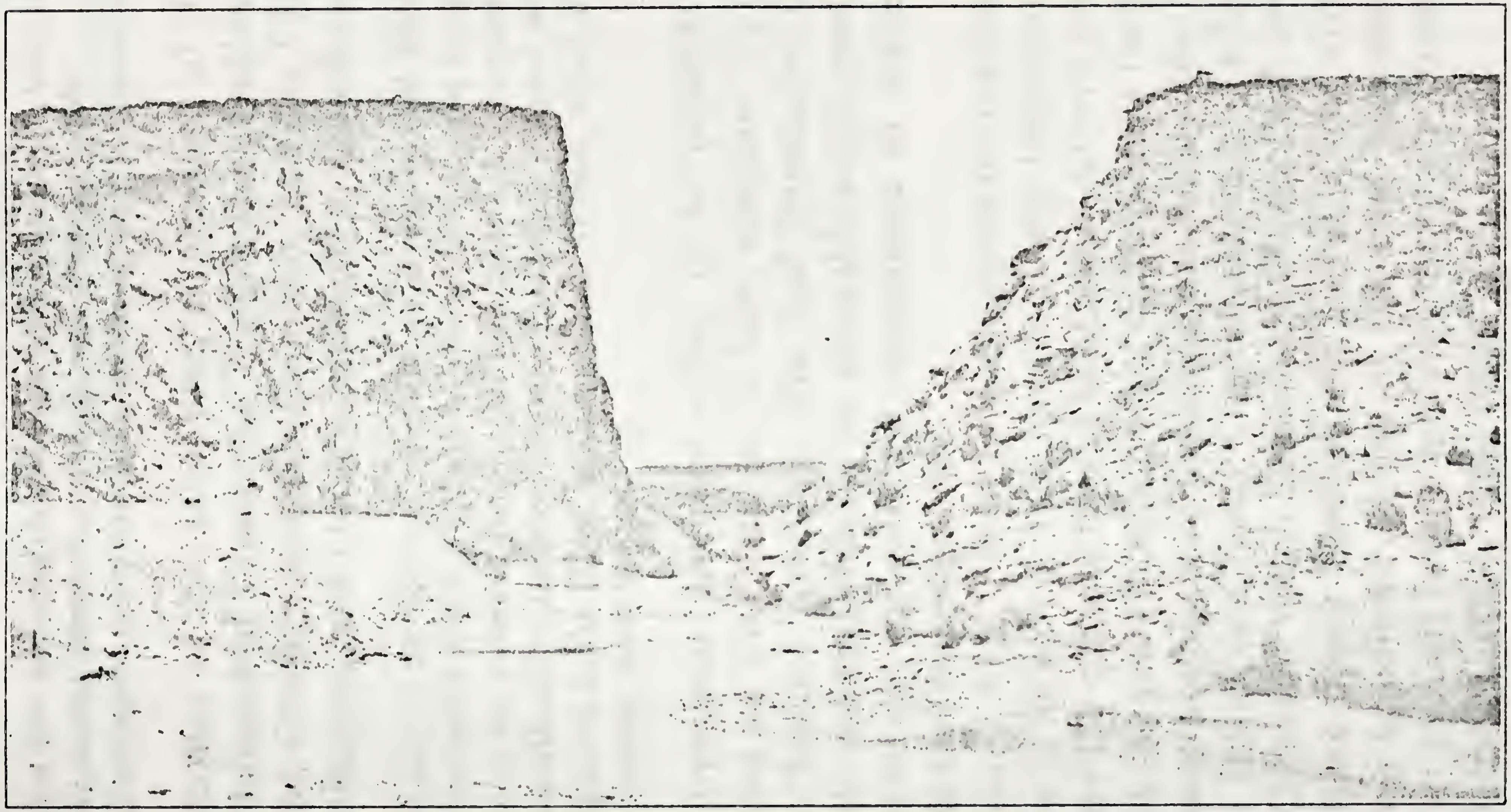
These western irrigation enterprises scattered all through the Rocky mountain states have furnished an enormous and profitable market of all kinds for the many manufacturing establishments in the East. I know of the development of no foreign markets which will compare with the markets built up by these large irrigation enterprises, and we people here feel that in simple equity and justice, this county is entitled to consideration because we have not only contributed to the reclamation fund from our oil royalties nearly double the amount of money required to build this project, but our future oil production will add as much more, and by the expenditure of part of this cash taken from us, we could build a project which would not only insure the life of this city, but could, in time, all be returned to the government without a loss.

After due consideration of the facts in connection with this important measure to our welfare, I trust you will give your valuable support to this bill when submitted on the floor, and I would deeply appreciate an expression of your views on our proposition, as outlined in this letter.

Very truly yours, B. B. Brooks

In the fall of 1927 I appealed to Clarence T. Johnston at the University of Michigan, who wrote me regarding his findings on the Casper-Alcova matter. Brief excerpts from a lengthy letter of December 7, 1927 read:

I have just returned from Washington where I spent four days with former Wyoming friends. On Monday noon, your state engineer, your governor, Dr. Mead, and myself had lunch together. I spent an afternoon and evening with Dr. Mead and had a chance to get into touch with the plans and policies of the Reclamation Service. . . Those interested in the development of Wyoming should . . . rest easy. This change is due to the thinking and administrative ability of Dr. Mead. He still has his interest in Wyoming and realizes how



ALCOVA CUT

Site of the Casper-Alcova reclamation project

> important it is to make full use of waters near the sources of streams. . .
>
> I think that you and your friends can well continue to keep the rights of Wyoming before the reading and listening public. . . I will go to Washington again late in the winter or early in the spring.

In December of that same year, as president of the Casper Chamber of Commerce, I wrote the presidents of both the Chicago and Northwestern, and the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy railroads, to the effect:

> The chairman of the Senate Committee on Irrigation and Reclamation has promised hearings on the bill to provide for the storage for diversion of the waters of the North Platte river and construction of the Casper-Alcova reclamation project. This bill is identical with the one introduced in the House by Congressman Winter, which will also have a hearing about January 15.

Both presidents promised either to be present in Washington on that date, or to have adequate representation. Senator Kendrick, who had introduced the Senate bill, felt that chances for favorable action would be increased by the personal appearance of leading citizens before the committee.

In January, 1928, I went to Washington for the hearings. Space forbids a full record of the long-drawn battle over the construction of the Casper-Alcova project during the years in which other citizens and I fought for its construction. A compromise was finally effected with the Board of County Commissioners of Jackson county, Colorado, which blankets the North Park territory and the upper basin of the North Platte river; and I was appointed as one of the land appraisers.

Another excerpt from a letter by me to Dr. Elwood Mead, dated March 1, 1934, reads:

> I herewith tender my resignation as one of the land appraisers

> under the Casper-Alcova reclamation project. I find it necessary to do this, first, for the reason that I am interested in a livestock company which owns considerable land under this proposed project . . . I might add, however, that any one recommended by the Casper Chamber of Commerce for this position will be entirely satisfactory to me.

Now, at the close of 1938, the Casper-Alcova project is just being completed. Never was the axiom, "Eternal vigilance is the price of success," more aptly applied than on this great irrigation project to bring the waters of Wyoming to Natrona land.

Seeing America First

When I first came into central Wyoming the only "highway" was the famous old Oregon trail, along which the explorers and the gold-seeking forty-niners had ridden, the Oregon home-seekers had driven their covered wagons, and the Mormons had walked and pushed their worldly possessions in carts to Utah. The only "roads" in the valley of the Platte were trails across the range made by the hoofs of buffalo and tepee poles dragged behind Indian ponies.

But as time marched on, it left triumphal banners strewn in its wake, ribbons of concrete and asphalt, a network of highways to wind across the plains and mountains of Wyoming. Travel ceased to be a tiresome necessity and became a delightful luxury. The open road beckoned.

Although we had taken a number of short trips prior to that time, the past ten years has been our period for really "seeing America," in five major trips by automobile.

On February 8, 1929, when the thermometer was eighteen degrees below zero, we left Casper for Texas.

We drove by Cheyenne, Denver, Colorado Springs, and Raton, New Mexico, passing over Raton pass at an elevation of eighty-five hundred feet. The roads were excellent, with little snow, even though it was very cold.

Crossing the Texas border at the little town of Texline, we reached Amarillo about five o'clock on the

third day after leaving home. I found that Amarillo has greatly changed from the old cow town that I knew so well only a few years ago. The discovery of oil and gas in wide areas has made a miraculous change, and farmers have transformed the old cow range into great wheat fields.

The next day we drove to Fort Worth, over paved roads all the way, and were surprised at the new office buildings over twenty stories high. I visited Roby Penn there.

Fifty miles west of Fort Worth is Mineral Wells, where we spent the following day visiting with my brother Jack and his wife Lena, who was a collector of fine old furniture.

At Austin, in the famous capitol for which the republic of Texas gave three million acres of land, I had the pleasure of addressing both the Senate and the House of the Texas Legislature.

At San Antonio, the largest aviation center in the United States, we visited Kelly field, where my son Silas took his first flying instruction, as a volunteer in the World war.

At Galveston we drove along the water front with its great sea wall, which surpasses anything of its kind in the world. We enjoyed the fishing and the seaport scenes.

After a tour of Houston, Waco, Dallas, and other Texas cities, we crossed the long toll bridge into Oklahoma, and back through Kansas and Colorado.

We spent the day in Denver, and Silas and I went out to the stockyards in the forenoon and contracted for a carload of registered two-year-old Hereford heifers to be shipped to Casper in a few days. Leaving Denver

at eight-thirty in the morning, we arrived in Casper at five the same day, completing a tour of 3,572 miles.

The same group on this trip, my wife, my son and his wife, and myself made a Pacific coast trip, by way of Pocatello, Idaho, crossing the Snake river at the big dam at American falls, which forms a lake a mile long covering old Fort Hall where I punched cows in 1880.

The drive of two hundred miles down the Columbia river is one of the most interesting and thrilling in the United States, skirting high bluffs and sheer precipices to the wide river, climbing mountains, passing through tunnels, glimpsing marvelous vistas of river, mountain, and plain, with orchards loaded down with fruit, green carpets of alfalfa, and livestock everywhere.

From Seattle we headed north to Vancouver, where the water front is very interesting.

Our drive south from Canada included Seattle, Yreka City, Vallejo, and San Francisco. At this city we enjoyed the Golden Gate park, the largest man-made park in America, which converted worthless sand hills into the site for the World's fair.

After inspecting Berkeley and Oakland we left for Yosemite national park. The water was very low in Yosemite valley but we felt repaid for our trip by the spectacular cliffs of the six-mile valley.

The forty-mile drive from Yosemite valley up the side of the mountains and winding around to the Yosemite Sequoia big trees was all through the best pine timber I ever saw, tall and one to six feet in diameter.

Southward, we passed through Fresno, Bakersfield, and other towns along the "ridge route" to Los Angeles. We stayed in Los Angeles four days, visiting friends in

Long Beach and San Pedro, flying over Hollywood and Beverly Hills in a Ryan monoplane which is a "sister ship" of the one Lindbergh used in his transatlantic flight, and taking a steamer for Santa Catalina island. While we were in Los Angeles, we inspected Commander Byrd's ship that was in port, a made-over sealer freighter with a square front.

We headed out of Los Angeles for San Diego and Tia Juana and returned via the Coachella and Imperial valley, around by Salton sea, and stopped at a Rotary luncheon at El Centro.

Our return from California was by way of Las Vegas and Salt Lake City, where we visited the Mormon tabernacle.

When we reached Rock Springs, Wyoming, it began snowing very hard and traveling was so bad that we took the train at Wamsutter for Rawlins. The next morning Silas went back on the train and got the car and we drove on home.

The total distance we traveled on this trip was fifty-three hundred miles, without any tire or other trouble.

Our tour of the Atlantic coast was of particular historical interest to us, as we visited the site of the eventful lives of some of our ancestors.

New York City now has more people than inhabited our entire country during the Revolutionary war. The Statue of Liberty, the shore line of tall buildings, and Wall street, the money center of the world, express the growth of this great, modern city; yet the true spirit of patriotism has preserved the old treasury building where on April 30, 1789, Washington took oath of office as the first president of our republic, and just a short distance away still stands the old Trinity church

with its surrounding graveyard, in which lie buried Alexander Hamilton, Robert Fulton, and many other master-builders of our nation.

We visited the New England states, home of our ancestors, and quaint old churchyards, among which we found the tombstone of the famous Mrs. Jemima Tute.

At Philadelphia, it is impossible even to list the historic places that are centered by old Independence hall, the birthplace of America. Two blocks away in the very center of the city is Christ church graveyard, in which Benjamin Franklin was buried in 1790.

From Philadelphia we drove twenty-four miles to Valley Forge, which is now a state park, and saw where the Continental army spent that terrible winter. It is a beautiful spot, well located for defense. Washington's headquarters, occupied by General Washington for nearly six months, contains his office and bedroom and is one of the most revered spots in America. The beautiful Valley Forge state park is one of the worthwhile sights. Washington's army lay in camp at this spot from December 19, 1777 to June 19, 1778, while the British occupied Philadelphia. It was from Valley Forge that Washington, with the American troops, began his famous campaign in the early summer of 1778.

From Valley Forge, we went to Annapolis, and of course visited the famous chapel and the United States naval academy. In the basement of the chapel is the sarcophagus containing the casket in which reposes all that is mortal of John Paul Jones, known as the father of the American navy.

His famous sea battle with H.M.S. Serapis is one of the most inspiring naval engagements in our history. When

called upon to surrender by the British commander, he gave that famous reply, "I have not yet begun to fight"; and this answer still remains the outstanding slogan of the American navy.

From Annapolis we drove into Washington for a four-day visit and then continued on our tour. Our party again included my son, our wives, and myself.

In 1932 we traveled over four thousand miles on a southward tour through Arizona and California.

Although it was a fine day when we left Casper, by the time we left Denver it was storming badly, and when we got to Walsenburg, Colorado, we were in a regular blizzard. Our trip over Raton pass, an altitude of eighty-five hundred feet, was made in a howling snow blizzard, amid a series of blockades. Si's was the best exhibition of real skill in driving that I ever witnessed.

We reached Raton safely after two and a half hours of fighting the storm and started on for Las Vegas. At one place a dozen or more cars were stalled in snowbanks, and the road crew was working with tractor snowplows to extricate them. We took a cut through fences and fields to get around the bad mess, and were only delayed a short time.

Las Vegas was reached after a three hundred forty mile drive over icy roads in a blizzard that gave us very poor visibility. At times the gale of drifting snow almost forced us to stop because we could not see the road.

From Las Vegas to Santa Fe we wound through cedar and juniper covered mountains and then to Elephant Butte dam, which at that time created the largest artificial reservoir in the United States. Through Hot

Springs to El Paso, thence to Juarez in Old Mexico, and back through Deming, New Mexico, we arrived in Arizona.

Soon after we passed the impressive Coolidge dam, it commenced snowing and stormed hard all the way into Globe. For twenty-five miles out of Globe the country is the roughest and rockiest I ever saw. The mountains are a jumble of rocks and boulders, with mighty canyons, and the twisting, winding road hewn into the solid rock sides of the precipices. We were in the midst of a driving snowstorm that obscured the majesty of the mountains, and covered the windshield in a very discouraging manner.

Out of the fine city of Phoenix we followed the Gila river for several hundred miles. For many miles west of Phoenix is one of the most attractive irrigation districts in the world, showing the success of real diversified farming, made successful by rich soil and abundant water, with no indication of alkali or water logging.

We drove on through San Diego to the Agua Caliente race tracks, which at that time was the greatest casino playground on the Pacific coast. This famous resort, costing several million dollars, included a fine hotel and one of the most gorgeous gambling saloons in the world. Although the place was thronged with excited crowds, no undue boisterousness was tolerated.

Back in San Diego we spent the forenoon in the mammoth zoo at Balboa park. The gorillas captured by Martin Johnson were the most interesting animals in captivity that I ever saw.

We reached Los Angeles by the road along the sea, a drive replete with ever changing scenes of restless surf, breaking ocean, beautiful hills and valleys, attractive

homes, wide-awake cities and villages. In this California city we called on many of our old friends, went out to Gay's lion farm where they kill a thousand horses a year for food, visited the W. W. Kellogg farm of fine Arabian horses, and went up with Si on our first ride in an autogiro plane, sailing over Hollywood mountains and city and Beverly Hills. On Sunday we attended St. John's church and heard Reverend George Davidson, formerly of Cheyenne, preach a fine sermon.

When we arrived at home, we had traveled 4,167 miles over mountains, plains, and deserts, through sunshine and blizzards, and visited many interesting towns and cities and Old Mexico twice, without one delay, not even a flat tire. My son is a great driver.

On Saturday, January 26, 1935, my son Silas and I, with our wives, left for an automobile trip to Florida.

Through the Platte river valley we saw hundreds of ducks and geese, also many pheasants and thousands of crows; it seemed to me they should be killed off.

At Lincoln, Nebraska, we enjoyed a pleasant visit with my wife's sister; and at Stephens college, Missouri, we stopped to see our granddaughter, Margaret Nichols, who was waiting for us on the front steps of that beautiful university.

That evening in St. Louis we enjoyed a delightful dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Manbeck, one of my real friends, the man who established the Standard Oil refinery in this city; all during the war, he and I served together on both the state and national Fuel Board.

The next day we ferried across the Ohio river, half a mile wide, badly swollen with muddy water, floating ice, and drifting debris. The ferry was a small flat boat

holding five cars, driven by a tug. We were all glad when we landed safely.

We drove through Kentucky, Tennessee, and Georgia, to Jacksonville, Florida, where our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bretney, took full charge of us and guided us everywhere during our seven-day visit in Florida.

At Miami we met my old friend Ed Howe; with him and other friends we had luncheon at the world renowned "Bath club." My son and his wife took a yacht and put in the day fishing in the gulf stream; their most thrilling catch was a ten-foot shark, that took an hour and a half of steady fighting to land.

Our highway through the Everglades to the west coast of Florida followed a canal literally alive with fish, while thousands of blue and white cranes lined the rocks on the canal banks. There is enough unclaimed land in this vast wilderness to furnish employment to every idle man in America; but the restoration of the sagebrush lands of the West is simple in comparison with the clearing of those dense, dark, impenetrable jungles of the South.

Near Tampa we visited Mr. Bretney's large fruit farm, a real show place with oranges, grapefruit, lemons, and citrus fruit of all kinds, located on the edge of a large lake. Mr. Bretney's father was the second ranking officer at Fort Casper the day Casper Collins was killed.

Crossing Alabama we drove to the thrilling old city of New Orleans. After visiting Baton Rouge and Shreveport, we entered the east Texas oil fields.

Our route home was via Dallas, Fort Worth, Wichita Falls, and Raton, New Mexico. From Denver we drove straight to Casper.

On that three weeks' trip we traveled in fifteen different states, and a total distance of fifty-six hundred miles, without a single mishap. As a health restorer and invigorator, nothing beats a long automobile trip.

In Foreign Lands

Within ten days from the time we first thought of taking a trip to Europe, we were leaving Casper.

The American Express Company arranged the itinerary and attended to all the details. Tickets and instructions for our entire trip were included in one little folder.

After visiting friends in Chicago, we reached New York in time to hear Galli Curci sing in "Rigoletto" at the Metropolitan opera house. When we went downtown to get our passports and tickets, we attended services at the Old Trinity church, where famous founders of our country sleep amidst the mighty swirl of modern business.

Our steamer was the New Amsterdam, of the old Holland-American line. As we started down the harbor, we passed the "Leviathan," the former pride of Germany that carried thousands of our soldier-boys to France and back.

When we returned to our stateroom, we were almost overwhelmed at the many expressions of thoughtfulness from our friends.

Our steamer was laden with wheat and merchandise and seemed to have less motion and vibration than a railroad train. The New Amsterdam was first-class in every respect of service and accommodations. We were on board for nineteen days, which I thoroughly enjoyed.

We reached Plymouth, England, in the midst of a

In Foreign Lands

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

longshoreman's strike and I was amazed to see the mail sacks left piled up on the tender for over a week, simply because the strikers did not wish anyone to touch it.

On the railroad there were three classes of accommodations for passengers; but the first-class accommodations on the best train in the heart of England were inferior to the worst accommodations on any railroad in America. Only the dining-car service was good; and you did not order dinner, but took what the waiter brought you.

The countryside up to London seemed indescribably beautiful, with carefully laid-out fields and little patches of woodland and meadow, with attractive homes all separated by hedgerows. The houses seemed to be all built of stone, with stone pavements in the villages.

In London one feels in the presence of the accomplishments of countless centuries, of classical beauty and majestic statuary. On our drive we passed the American embassy and I called on Ambassador Kellogg, an old personal friend. After our chat he put on his stovepipe hat and walked out to the car to shake hands with Mrs. Brooks, which seemed to impress our English guide.

In England the automobiles all drive on the left side of the streets instead of the right, and my wife and I were always looking in the wrong direction. The biggest thing I saw in England was Westminster Abbey, started thirteen centuries ago by a Saxon king, the last resting place of those whom England greatly honors. There are many remarkable chambers and chapels in the abbey.

In the chapel of Edward, the Confessor, on a stone

screen in one end, is placed the coronation chair. Beneath it is the "Stone of Scone," which was brought from Scotland in 1297, on which James the first was crowned, fulfilling the ancient prophecy, "If Fates go right where'er this stone is found, the Scots shall monarchs of that realm be crowned." Tradition declares this is the identical stone upon which Jacob pillowed his head at Bethel; upon it the kings of Scotland were crowned for centuries, and every English monarch from James I to the present.

Volumes might be written on this historic city, from the House of Parliament to the tottering Old Curiosity Shop.

We crossed the English channel from Dover to Calais, in favorable weather.

I agree with artists that Paris is the most beautiful city in the world, and the Champs Elysées is the most beautiful street in the world, jammed with its gay throngs. In that city I went to a big banquet, and Ambassador Herrick came down to where I was seated to talk with me.

From Paris we went north to Brussels. At the Belgian border we had to have our baggage inspected and show our passports. At each railroad station where we stopped, a car from the American Railway Express Company met us.

We took a side trip to the old seaport of Antwerp; Holland interested us greatly, with its quaint canals and windmills.

Our trip from Brussels to Boulogne took us across some of the greatest battlefields in France, where in some places large trees had been literally shot to pieces. Some of the ruined buildings were still standing, and

old trenches had been left as memorials to show visitors.

We were detained two days at Boulogne, as there was a wreck in the channel. However, it is an interesting city, dating back to the Roman occupation, preserving many historic relics and its old city wall.

The last day, from Halifax to New York, we hit a real gale and battled our way into the harbor in one of the worst storms of the year; but out of the storm and the sea, we steamed in past the Statue of Liberty.

In our hearts were the outstanding thoughts of gladness to be home and gratitude that we have the finest homeland in the world, for it stands today as the greatest hope and inspiration in government and civilization.

The following year, January 31, 1925, we sailed from Los Angeles for Honolulu on the "City of Los Angeles."

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Banner and other friends came down to see us off and participated in the general hilarities. They had sent us so many flowers that we could scarcely find vases enough to put them in.

After a six-day ocean voyage the green peaks of Oahu rose up out of the waves, with the bare, bold, rocky headlands of Makapuu and Diamond Head. As the scene developed, Waikiki beach with its long lines of gleaming surf and plume-like verdure presented "Aloha Land."

Our windows at the Loana hotel jutted out over the long beach and it was a constant delight to watch the swimmers ride a board on the face of a breaker, or come rushing in at twenty miles an hour in an outrigger canoe.

By rail, boat, and automobile, we explored the islands and spent one night at the Volcano House, a large frame hotel similar to those of Yellowstone, located in the national park thirty miles from Hilo.

As every one knows, the pineapple and sugar cane industries there are immense; yet the beauty of these plantations never ceases to cause wonder and admiration. All that can reasonably be done to humanize this great industry is being done.

One Sunday Mr. Armour, who used to live in Glenrock, took us for a trip around the island, through Nuuanu valley up to the Pali, the famous historical spot on which the Kamehameha forces routed the Oahuans in 1795 and drove them over the twelve hundred foot precipice where thousands met death on the lava stream rocks.

Few inland people in states like Wyoming realize the importance of a great military "guard" at the gates of the Pacific coast. As such, Hawaii stands.

Just one year later, in January of 1926, my wife and I went to Los Angeles to attend the American Petroleum convention.

From there we drove down to Tia Juana, enjoying the races and other attractions. On our return to Los Angeles we visited a number of old friends and took the train to San Francisco, with our tickets purchased through to Casper. We had planned to stop off for a few days in both San Francisco and Seattle.

At noon in the lobby of the St. Francis in San Francisco, I happened to meet a man from Sheridan, Wyoming, who told me that he intended to take a boat the next day for a trip to New York. This sounded so interesting that I asked my wife how she would like to go; and the next day at noon we sailed away on the "Finland," one of the three big ocean liners operated on the coast-to-coast trade by the Panama Pacific line.

We passed through the entire Pacific fleet of the

United States navy, in battle array for maneuvers at the Panama canal.

Among the passengers on our ship were about seventy-five women, wives and friends of the naval men, on their way to Panama. There were also a number of interesting oil and mining men on their way to different sections of South America, who gave us graphic descriptions of life in distant lands.

We visited both the modern Panama City and old settlement of Panama, now in ruins, still speaking eloquently of Spanish glory; also, the De Lesseps monument at the point where the French failed in their fruitless attempts to build the canal. Today, thanks to American courage, wisdom, and science, malaria and yellow fever are unknown and the Panama area is as healthful as our southern states.

The fifty-mile passage from Balboa through the canal provides a genuine thrill to the average passenger. However much one may have read about this passage, one is never quite prepared for the brilliancy of it all.

It is a lake as well as a lock canal, its dominating feature being Gatun lake, covering one hundred sixty-four square miles. The whole canal is something that any American may well be proud of.

We only stopped at Colon for a few hours and then started across the Caribbean sea for Havana. It had been four years since I visited this city, and I was amazed at the improvements.

When we reached New York, they were just digging out of a big snow storm. The harbor was so full of floating ice, we were unable to get within twenty feet of the pier and had to use an extra long gangplank for the passengers to get ashore.

However it seemed good to get back on land and headed for home.

In June of 1930 my wife and I left Casper by train for Seattle. Here I visited with Mr. Maxwell, now vice-president of the National Bank of Commerce, who as a boy in the early days used to hunt big game on my home ranch.

The next morning we took the boat "Admiral Rogers" for a twelve-day trip to Skagway, Alaska, on a thousand-mile trip through thousands of islands and interesting natural wonders.

At Skagway the long wharf is jammed against a high mountain with just room for a narrow gauge railroad and warehouses between. From there we took a side railroad trip to Lake Bennett, forty-one miles in the interior, a thrilling ride over White Horse pass, along the same old trail used by the Klondikers in 1898. There were many grand views of glaciers, waterfalls, beautiful lakes, and mountain pinnacles.

Sitka, Juneau, Wrangell, and other towns provided individual interest and beauty.

Our trip home on the "Empire Builder" of the Great Northern railroad, along the border of Glacier national park, added many scenic wonders to a magnificent trip.

I am convinced that the potential wealth of Alaska, both in agricultural lines and undeveloped minerals, is beyond all possible estimate, and that with improved transportation facilities this territory will in time support a large population.

January 24, 1937, my son Silas and I, with our wives, left for an automobile trip to Mexico. We went down through Cheyenne, Denver, and across the broad plains of Texas to Laredo.

As we reached Laredo on my seventy-sixth birthday, I received several telegrams from home, congratulating me and reporting everything well at home.

At this point we crossed the international toll bridge, where our baggage was inspected and our papers filled out. All of this took about thirty minutes, with courteous treatment.

The highway to Mexico City was replete with scenic beauty but enlightening in the poverty of the Mexican people, with their scrubby little burros and sod-roofed houses. Every man, woman, and child seemed to be a burden-bearer of some sort.

At Mexico City we visited the old Chapultepec castle, first built in 1292, where President Diaz was living when I visited Mexico at the time I was governor of Wyoming and met President Diaz. It is now open to visitors but guarded by soldiers, a tragically impressive place.

The prehistoric ruins of Mexico are worth the trip, including their pyramids, claimed to be older than those of Egypt.

We took the steamer for San Francisco, shipping the car from Acapulco. The "Pennsylvania," on which we sailed, was an extra fine ship of the Panama-Pacific line, the finest I was ever on.

There was a big card on the bulletin board reading: "Notice – all Rotarians please register at purser's office." So, we held a Rotary meeting on board; and special attention was given to the Rotarians.

We docked at Los Angeles. In Long Beach we visited with different friends and relatives and left for home on Washington's birthday.

When we reached Utah and Wyoming there was lots

of snow, but the roads were mostly dry and we made good time. Silas, as usual, drove all the way and certainly is by far the best automobile driver that I ever rode with.

The very best part of any trip is always the "getting home." And it seems doubly good, after you have been to a foreign country, as there is no place like the United States.

My Ranches Today

Nearly twenty years had passed since I went to Chicago and entered into a partnership with my father and brother to buy eighty head of heifers to start my Wyoming ranch. Herds had multiplied and land boundaries stretched out when the following was filed in the office of the secretary of state of Wyoming.

Certificate of incorporation

Know all men by these presents: That we, whose names are hereto and unto a duplicate hereof subscribed, desiring to form a company under and in accordance with the revised statutes of Wyoming, for the purposes hereinafter specified, do hereby certify:

First: That the name of said company shall be The B. B. Brooks Company.

Second: That the objects and purposes of said company are the buying and selling, breeding and maintaining of sheep, horses, and cattle and other livestock, and the acquiring by purchase, contract or otherwise, of real estate and ranch property and selling or otherwise disposing of the same.

Third: That the amount of the capital stock of said company shall be two hundred thousand dollars, divided into two thousand shares of the par value of one hundred dollars each.

Fourth: That the term of the existence of said company shall be fifty years.

Fifth: The number of trustees of said company shall be three, and the names of the trustees who shall manage the concerns of the company for the first year are John Brooks of Albany, New York, Bryant B. Brooks, and Mary N. Brooks of Casper, Wyoming.

The trustees of said company shall have the power to make all such by-laws not inconsistent with the laws of the state of Wyoming,

as they shall deem proper for the management and disposition of the stock and business affairs of said company, and prescribing the duties of the officers and servants that may be employed, for the appointment of all officers, and for carrying on all kinds of business within the objects and purposes of said company.

SIXTH: The operations of said company may be carried on in any and all counties in the state of Wyoming, but more particularly in Natrona and Converse counties in said state.

SEVENTH: The office and principal place of business of said company, shall be at Casper, Natrona county, Wyoming.

In Witness Whereof, we have hereunto and unto a duplicate hereof, set our hands this 11th day of August, 1902.

In presence of	JOHN BROOKS
E. D. NORTON	BRYANT B. BROOKS
A. ROHRBAUGH	MARY N. BROOKS

STATE OF WYOMING, COUNTY OF NATRONA,

On this eleventh day of August, 1902, before me, Eugene D. Norton, a notary public within and for said county and state, personally appeared John Brooks, Bryant B. Brooks and Mary N. Brooks, who are each personally known to me, and they each duly acknowledged to me that they subscribed their names to, and executed the foregoing certificate of incorporation freely and voluntarily and for the uses and purposes therein set forth.

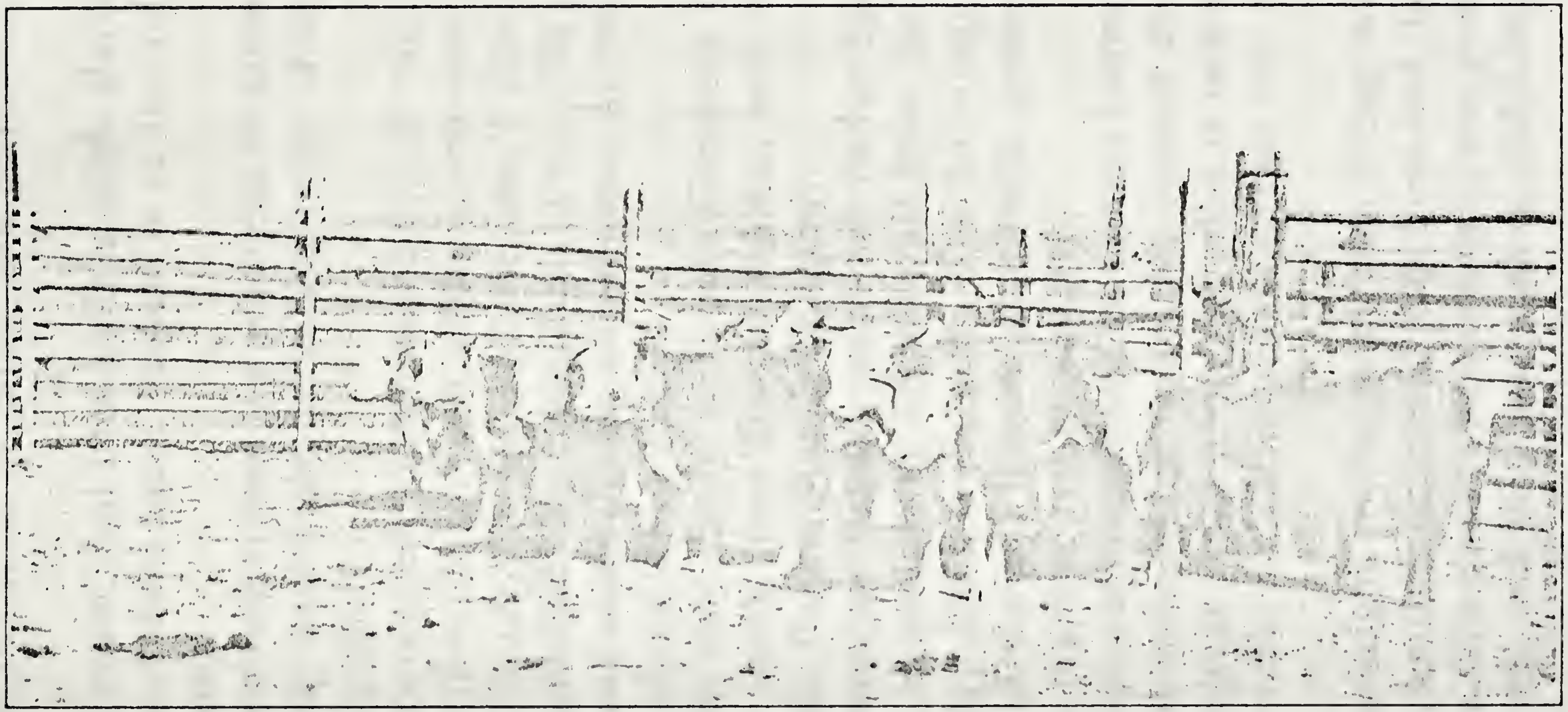
Given under my hand and notarial seal this eleventh day of August, A.D. 1902.

EUGENE D. NORTON, Notary Public

My commission expires August 7, 1903.

To the foregoing certificate, the Great Seal of the state of Wyoming was affixed on the tenth day of January of 1905.

Although the B. B. Brooks Company, as a partnership, had included the operation of my home ranch, the V—V, by the close of the century the land holdings in this ranch included approximately one hundred thousand acres, comprising deeded, patented, and state and federal leases.



CATTLE OF THE V—V

This grazed some twelve thousand head of sheep, several thousand head of cattle, and employed about fifty men.

The "big house" had been built in 1898. Barns, outbuildings, and bunkhouse flanked it at the side and across the road.

To the front was spread the panorama of green fields of alfalfa, hay stacks, and the rolling range of sage and grass grazing lands.

One of my ranches, known as the Stroud ranch, and managed as part of the V—V outfit, is noteworthy as a meeting place of "the old and the new." The ranch-house is a remodeled log cabin, built in the 1880's while across the road stand the big oil refineries of the Texas Company and the White Eagle.

In July of 1905 the B. B. Brooks Company bought the Banner ranch from Harold Banner, and in 1906 organized the Banner Ranch Company.

The picturesque Banner ranch has its headquarters in a pocket of mountains, up the trail from the V—V ranch, toward Deer creek park. The buildings nestle at the foot of the tall Banner peak, with spruce pines flecking the majestic red precipices.

Before 1890 Sam Beach and his brother homesteaded this site and were living in a cabin around the bend from the present ranch-house, on what is now known as Nigger creek, a clear mountain stream that rises in a spring.

A not-too-bright cowboy had been living with the Beach boys, until he quarreled with them and they told him to leave. The cowboy left, saying he was going over on Deer creek, and the homesteaders told him not to come back.

The cowboy came past the V—V ranch and stayed all night, and in his conversation made the remark that he thought there were getting to be too many people in that country and the best thing to do was to kill off some of them.

The next week Sam Beach came over and told me that his former cowboy had come back, that he had ordered him to halt at a short distance from the cabin as he thought the boy was armed, that the cowboy had kept coming, and he had shot him.

I told Sam to go back and cover the cowboy up and not touch him till the coroner came, and reported the episode to Fort Fetterman.

In about three days, the coroner, Sam Slaymaker, came by with three men he had picked up for jurors, and I went over with them as a witness.

There lay the cowboy, frozen stiff, as a heavy snow had fallen. The Beach brothers and Sam Slaymaker stood the six-foot body up, holding him on each side by one hand, as they went through his pockets to see what they could find.

The first thing they found was a package of Bull Durham tobacco and some brown cigarette papers, which they immediately appropriated. There they stood, rolling cigarettes with one hand, and holding up the dead man with the other, as they talked over the case.

The dead cowboy had his loaded six-shooter all right, but it was still in its holster. Apparently he had been shot before he had time to draw.

Later an officer came out from Fort Fetterman and arrested Sam Beach and put him in jail at Rawlins, where he stayed all summer.

When the trial came up, I was the only witness. All that I could testify was that the cowboy had remarked that there were too many men there and that some of them ought to be killed off. The jury acquitted Sam Beach.

Nineteen years ago my daughter Lena married Marion W. McCleary, a cattleman, and they assumed resident management of the Banner ranch. At the present writing, Mr. and Mrs. McCleary have acquired ownership of the ranch from the B. B. Brooks Company.

In 1916 associates and I bought the Buzzard Ranch Company, with large holdings in Carbon county.

The fields of the Buzzard ranch are watered by Sand creek, a large stream emptying into the Platte from the Ferris mountains.

Before the Pathfinder dam was built, the main highway from Casper to Rawlins followed up the Platte and there was an important halfway station on Sand creek. Along this stream a number of homesteaders had settled from time to time.

Later on Ike Miller of Rawlins bought out these settlers on Sand creek and established the Buzzard Ranch Company, which he used in connection with his large livestock interests. After Mr. Miller's death the Buzzard Ranch Company was bought by Merritt and Welch, who ran it for six years.

Now the waters impounded by the Pathfinder dam back up to the edge of the Buzzard ranch, and the reservoir has been set aside as a bird refuge, where many ducks and geese nest annually. From the outlet of the dam the Platte river winds down through the "Fiery Narrows," majestic cliffs of vivid red rock.

About seven years after we bought out the Buzzard Ranch Company, we also acquired Mr. Weaver's holdings which joined the company's land at the mouth of Sand creek. Mr. Weaver was an old-time cattleman and the government bought his ranch when they made the Pathfinder reservoir, but gave Mr. Weaver a large lease on the west side of the reservoir, which he enclosed with a substantial fence.

We bought all of his improvements and a relinquishment of his lease; since then I have been leasing these lands from the Reclamation Service. This was an important lease in connection with my Buzzard ranch holdings, because I could use it for a winter pasture in grazing the dry end of my cattle herd.

The government now owns all the land around the reservoir and should they ever wish to increase the height of the dam, they could do so without trouble or additional expense; and such a project is quite feasible as it would impound a great deal more water from the flood waters of the Platte.

At present the government is deriving a considerable sum of money by the leasing of these lands, which is paid by the different ranchmen owning adjacent lands. The land is unfit for homesteading and can only be used to the best advantage for the grazing of cattle, horses, and sheep.

The resident manager of the Buzzard Ranch Company is Arthur Leroy (Roy) Spurlock, husband of my youngest daughter, Melissa.

The Buzzard ranch buildings are in a snug little valley, sheltered by the peaks of the Ferris, Seminole, Pedro, and Old Freeze-out mountains. The ranch-house is twenty miles from where the road leaves the paved

highway, which was once known as the famous old Oregon trail.

In the distance is Devil's Gate, where the Sweetwater cuts through the rock. Nobody has ever measured the distance between the perpendicular cliffs of Devil's Gate. Someone once asked old Tom Sun, a well-known character of frontier days who had a ranch just beyond Devil's Gate, how far it was from cliff to cliff.

He replied that he did not know exactly, but one time he shot a mountain sheep and it started to run along the mountain, and he started after the sheep with his hunting knife. When it got to the edge of Devil's Gate, it leaped the Sweetwater to the opposite cliff. He started to jump after the sheep, got out in the middle, saw he could not make it and turned around and jumped back. Consequently, he knew it was wider than he could jump, but he had never measured it.

I have recently bought the old C-Lazy-Y ranch which has first water rights next to my home ranch, the V—V, and yields a great deal of hay.

The Chicago and Northwestern railroad runs through this ranch and there are sheep and cattle loading pens on the railroad, with scales for weighing. Nearby is the Big Muddy railroad station.

In this livestock business I have been through a good many ups and downs, good years and bad years, hard winters and mild ones, good grass and short grass, and I believe there is no other state in America, that through the good and bad, can produce a pound of beef, or mutton, any cheaper than can the state of Wyoming.

My Home in Casper

By the term, "my home in Casper," I refer not only to the house wherein I dwell with my family, which is dearest to my heart, but also to the niche that I occupy in the civic and fraternal life of my fellow-men.

Fourteen years ago, after my son had become resident manager of the V—V ranch, my wife and I decided to build a permanent home in town. We approved plans and signed the contract for the construction of this house, before we left for our European trip.

Although our children were all married, we planned our home to be spacious enough to serve as an adequate "headquarters" for the entire family and our out-of-town friends.

On the first and second floors are twelve large rooms, besides wide hallways and ample closets and storage arrangements. On the third floor is a large attic, finished as a playroom for the grandchildren. In the basement are the laundry, drying-room, storage closets, and a spacious amusement room with a dance floor and fireplace.

The exterior is of red brick, with white trimming. Servants' quarters are over the three-car garage at the rear.

Every year since its construction, this home has been the scene of an annual home-coming for all of our descendants and their families at Thanksgiving. From time to time various organizations have accepted the

use of this home for their headquarters when convening in Casper, among these being the Eastern Star, Daughters of the American Revolution, and the Federation of Women's Clubs.

My wife manages our home with the efficiency and harmony of a well-organized business; and two valued members of our household staff, Grace and Richard Pierce, have been with us for more than ten years.

Our entire family belong to St. Marks Episcopal church in Casper and endeavor to carry our share of the responsibility in its activities.

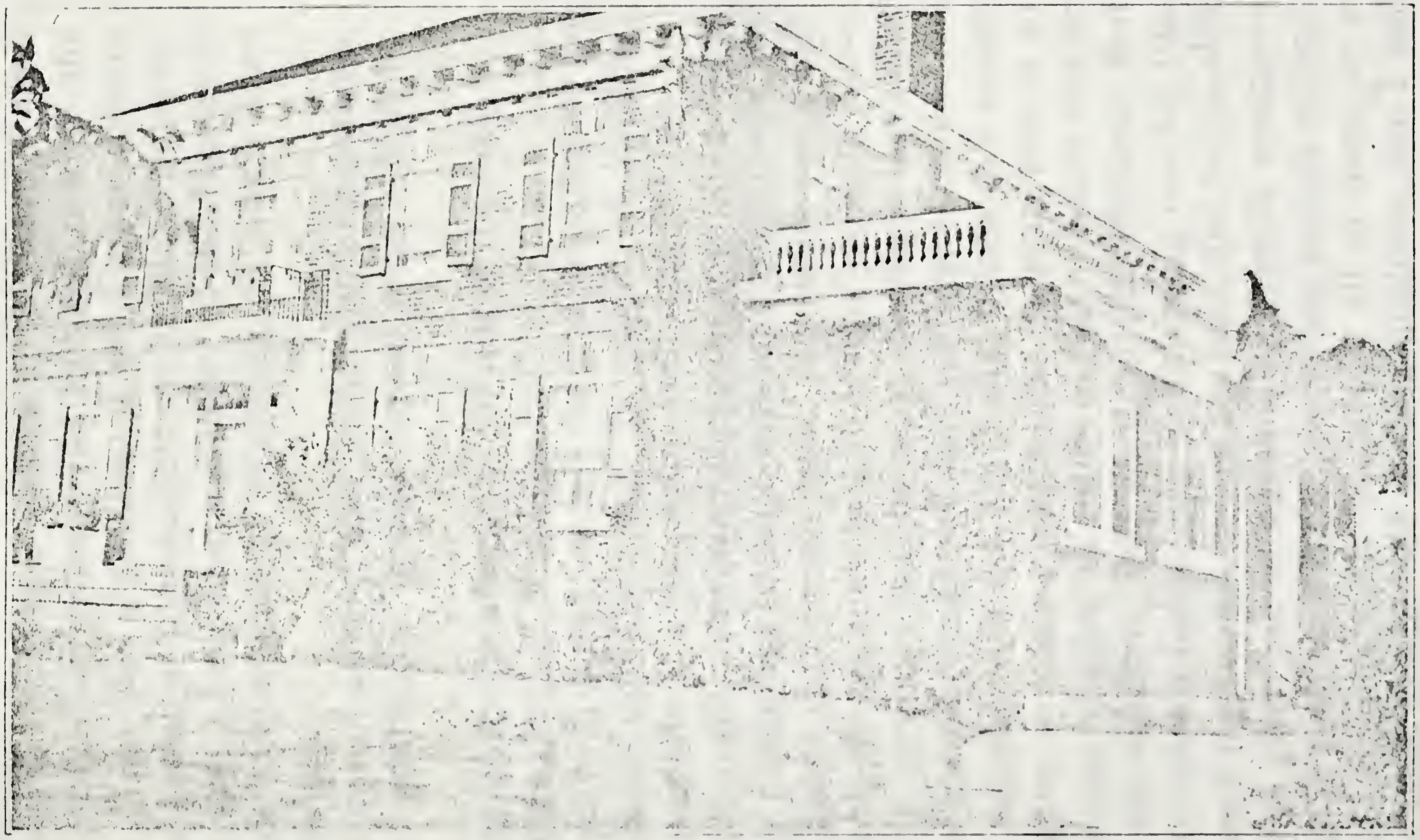
Both my wife and I are members of the Eastern Star, of which my wife is a Past Matron and I am a Past Patron. I am a thirty-third degree Mason, twice chosen as Master of the Masonic Lodge at Casper. During my residence in Cheyenne, as governor of Wyoming, I was affiliated with the Consistory in that city.

I am both a Knight Templar and Consistory member. My wife is a member of the Order of Beauceant, an auxiliary of the Knights Templar.

Mrs. Brooks is a Past Regent of both the state and local chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution. She helped to organize the local chapter.

My wife also belongs to the American Legion Auxiliary, the War Mothers, the Casper Woman's club, the Departmental club of Casper, and several social clubs. She served for ten years as a trustee of the University of Wyoming; and is now custodian of the State Educational Loan Fund of the Federation of Women's Clubs, as well as a member of the National Republican committee.

In addition to my offices in oil and gas associations, I am a member of the Casper chapter of the Rotary



The Casper Home
Town-house of Bryant Butler Brooks, built in 1924

club, and the Casper organization of Elks and Odd Fellows.

I belong to the Casper chapter of the Isaac Walton league, pledged to protect wild life and re-stock the streams. I am also a member of the Casper country club, the center of considerable social life in our city.

Since 1930 I have been a member of the Historical Landmark commission of Wyoming, of which I am now chairman.

Our home in Casper, both literally and figuratively, has been symbolized by that famous poem which begins:

"Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by."

Contact with one's friends is the greatest influence for cheerfulness, optimism, and the power of laughter, three essentials of a successful, well-rounded life.

Laughter will overcome the most terrifying fears, and even death may be faced without qualms if one can smile. Beasts that do not know they must eventually face death, do not know how to laugh; yet man, knowing for a certainty that he must sometime leave this plane of existence, can and does continue to smile.

It is contact with the world that brings this power of laughter to one's consciousness. A man who is so learned that he piles his rooms so full of books that he covers his windows, soon shuts out the influence that contact with his fellow-men would bring into his life.

Most of my success in life has been due to the able assistance given me by outstanding friends associated with me in business activities over long periods of time. It would be impossible to mention all of them, or to outline their loyalty and sterling qualities, but I feel

that a brief mention of a few of them should be made at this time.

When I first started my ranch business, the three McGrath boys, Jack, Mart and Tom, all worked for me a number of years and were real workers who understood the ranching business. They were commonly referred to as Post Number One, Two, and Three, named after the oldest, Post Hole Jack, who is still living and doing business in Casper. All were outstanding men.

I, of course, had many others in the ranch business who were very valuable employees. Our present sheep manager, who is also personally interested in the outfit, Art O. Park, has been with me nearly forty years and has made a great success of that branch of my business. My old-time cow foreman, Elmer Spurlock, worked for me nearly thirty years, and passed on last spring.

In the oil company of which I am president, my life-long friend, C. B. Richardson, has been the vice-president and active manager since its organization, and we have been associated in a business way for more than thirty years.

In the banking business, Senator P. J. O'Connor, one of our directors, has held that position ever since the organization of the bank. Carl F. Shumaker, who is now vice-president and manager of the Wyoming National Bank, has also been with me ever since the organization of the bank, twenty-four years ago.

Mr. L. A. Parker, who is head of the accounting department in our oil companies, and also manager of both the Consolidated Royalty building and the Wyoming National Bank building, has been associated with me for about twenty years.

Mention has previously been made of the length of

Thanksgiving Day
The last complete family reunion, 1935

service of the employees of the bank. In our oil office mention should be made of Mrs. Ruey B. Freeland who has been with us nearly ten years, and S. J. Kent who has been with the company about twelve years.

Of course, there are many others who well deserve mentioning, and each and all have been truly outstanding for their common sense and sterling honesty.

All during my lifetime, I have preached the gospel of the home and friendship. Homes and cooperation build individuals, just as they have built the state of Wyoming.

There is no phase of my career upon which I would place greater emphasis than upon my home, at the hearthside of my family and in the hearts of my fellowmen.

My Family Today

Only a meager record is given of the family to whom this volume is dedicated and who have inspired its writing. From the old days in our home on the V—V ranch, where our four daughters and one son were born, to the present, our family ties have been closely knit.

Jean Willard Brooks was born December 14, 1886; Abby Burrows Brooks, November 28, 1888; Lena Natrona Brooks, October 16, 1890; Mary Melissa Brooks, March 4, 1895; and Silas Newton Brooks, October 23, 1896.

In 1895 Ed Howe, the journalist, visited our ranch and afterwards wrote in the Atchison *Globe*:

> There are no schoolhouses in the country where Mr. Brooks's V—V cattle ranch is located, so he has built a schoolhouse at his ranch, and hired a teacher from Nebraska to teach his two little girls, Jennie and Abbie. The schoolhouse is located only a few feet from his house, and Jennie and Abbie, who have never gone to school before, are compelled to get up in the morning, and have their faces washed, and hurry to school, the same as children who go to school with hundreds of others . . . Jennie and Abbie's school seemed very funny to me; two little girls going to school, to a great big teacher, in a great big room.
>
> Their father says they often look longingly out of the door, with their books in their hands, and want to go with him when he rides the old pony down to the stable; but the teacher has her "rules" and demerit and reward marks, and Jennie and Abbie must struggle to make a record for the time when examination comes up.
>
> Mr. Brooks says that he sometimes thinks of getting a revolver, and dashing into the schoolhouse to rescue Jennie and Abbie, but he

is afraid of the schoolteacher from Nebraska, too, and Jennie and Abbie are given over to their fate.

When I used to visit the ranch, Jennie and Abbie were my friends. Wherever I went, they followed me; I spent an entire day cleaning the flesh off of an elk head, they were at my heels every minute. When I went out to the stable to sharpen my knife at the grindstone, they followed me, and Lena, the baby, would usually follow them. Lena would usually fall, being barely able to walk, when Jennie and Abbie would rush back, and get her, and drag her along to the grindstone, and pull most of her clothes off.

I had a kodak on one trip, and took their pictures in all sorts of positions. I made them look serious, smile, change their arms, tilt their heads back, tilt their heads forward, raise their chins, put their chins down. One of these pictures has been copied and enlarged by a Chicago photographer, and is sold as a "fancy picture."

Jennie and Abbie were not compelled to go to school in those days; the schoolteacher from Nebraska had not arrived, and the schoolhouse had not been built, and they were free to pose for me all day.

I hope they will be good children, and study their books, and mind their teacher, but I can't help feeling that after their free life, it is mighty tough.

Still, the rest of us have stood it, and Jennie and Abbie will have to. Men and women lose their liberty as soon as they start to school. From the time they start to school until they die, men and women have some great big teacher standing over them, with a great big switch. Children have no tasks before they start to school, but they never get rid of them afterwards.

However, this tiny school was where my five children got their primary education. Governesses later supplemented the work of the little schoolhouse.

Jean went to the Dana Hall school at Wellesley, Massachusetts; and after graduation took a business course in Cheyenne, acting as my stenographer for five years while I was governor of Wyoming. Later she taught school, and proved-up on a homestead which she sold.

Mary Naomi Willard Brooks
Wife of Bryant Butler Brooks

Jean married Dr. Homer Riale Lathrop, a graduate of Rush Medical college in Chicago, who was the leading physician and surgeon in Casper at that time. Doctor Lathrop died in 1935.

Mrs. Lathrop's daughter, Mary Hester, twenty-three years old, is married to Gerald Nicolaysen who is engaged in the cattle and sheep business. The twin sons of Mrs. Lathrop, born in January of 1918, died in infancy; her son, Homer Riale Lathrop jr., nineteen years of age, is now a student at the Universtity of Wyoming.

This daughter of mine is a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution and other organizations in Casper. She is the author of a collection of songs that has been published.

My second daughter, Abby Burrows Brooks, graduated from the Cheyenne high school during my administration as governor. Later she graduated from Dana Hall, and afterwards received her B.A. degree from Wellesley college.

Abby was the sponsor at the launching of the schooner, "Governor Brooks," which occurred during the time she was in school in Massachusetts.

After she taught school a short time, this daughter married Russell Henry Nichols, a graduate of the Yale school of law, who is at present a practicing attorney of Casper and state senator from this county.

Abby passed away in 1937, leaving three children. Margaret, twenty-three years old, is married to Everett L. McCrary, a lawyer; Elizabeth, nineteen years of age, is a student at Stephens college, Columbia, Missouri; and Bryant Brooks Nichols, twenty-one, is a senior at the University of Wyoming.

Both in her girlhood and as Mrs. R. H. Nichols, this

daughter was one of the social leaders of Casper, being a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution and other organizations of the city. Her loss was widely felt.

My third daughter, Lena Natrona, graduated from Dana Hall in Massachusetts and took normal training at the University of Wyoming. This daughter sponsored the launching of the schooner, "Wyoming."

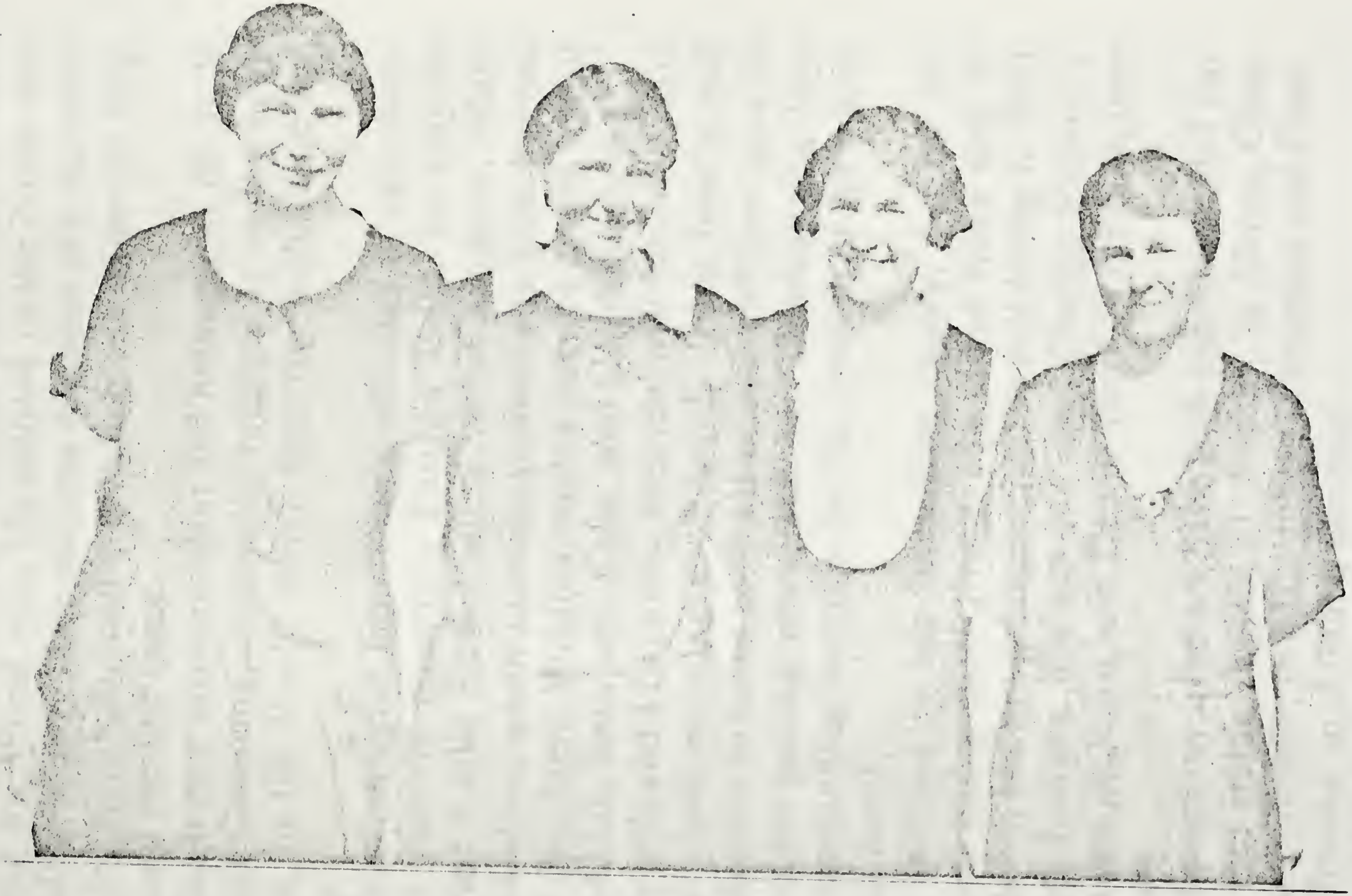
She taught school until she married Marion W. McCleary, a cattleman, who became manager of the Banner ranch. Recently Mr. and Mrs. McCleary have acquired ownership of the Banner ranch, where they reside.

Their three children are Marian Willard, eighteen years old, a student at the University of Wyoming; Bryant Bascom, seventeen, a student of Casper high school; and Lenora Dawn, fifteen, enrolled in the Casper junior high school.

My youngest daughter, Mary Melissa, graduated from St. Mary's Episcopal school in Faribault, Minnesota, and from Chevy Chase, in Washington, D.C. Although all of my daughters are musicians, Melissa achieved the highest proficiency in the fine arts, giving a piano recital in full in Washington, at the time of her graduation.

This daughter married Arthur Leroy (Roy) Spurlock, a cattleman, and the resident manager of the Buzzard Ranch Company, in which they are financially interested.

After the death of their five-year-old son, Silas, in 1925, Mr. and Mrs. Spurlock have taken two other sons into their home and their hearts. These brothers are Richard and James, twelve and ten years of age.



DAUGHTERS OF BRYANT BUTLER BROOKS
Left to right, Melissa Brooks Spurlock, Lena Brooks McCleary
Abby Brooks Nichols, and Jean Brooks Lathrop

Silas Newton Brooks, my son, was a student at the University of Wyoming at the time the United States entered the World war. He enlisted in the Ninth aero squadron shortly after war was declared and was overseas for eighteen months, spending one winter in England and one in France.

Silas is now vice-president and manager of the B. B. Brooks Company, commonly referred to as the home ranch, or the V—V, where they run both cattle and sheep.

My son married Irma Patton who died in 1924, leaving a year-old daughter, Patricia Belle. In 1925 he married Azelia Stein Collins, whose daughter, Mary Dale Collins, is now nineteen years of age. Silas has two other daughters, Virginia, twelve years of age, in school at Red Oak, Iowa, and Abby, who is eight years old.

My wife and I have now been married fifty-two years and are both enjoying good health. It has been a real gratification to us to have all of our children near us during the passing years; and our Thanksgiving Day is an outstanding occasion for the reunion of the entire Brooks family.

In addition to my immediate family, I have six nephews and a sister living. My oldest sister died in childhood, but my youngest sister is still living in Fort Wayne, Indiana. She has two sons, George Somers, a petroleum geologist, and Dewitt Jones, in the insurance business.

Although my brothers have both passed on, Hal has three sons living, Edwin H. Brooks, in Akron, Ohio, Bryant J. Brooks, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and Frederick Brooks, in Atlanta, Georgia.

My oldest brother, John or Jack, who was interested [illegible] University of Wyoming [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Although my [illegible] Wyoming [illegible]

My [illegible]

with me in the ranching business, had one son, who is now Colonel John B. Brooks, commander of the Randolph aviation field in Texas.

I have endeavored not to dominate the careers of my descendants, but I have tried to instill in them the wisdom of "keeping in the middle of the road," moderation in all things.

FATHER AND SON
Bryant Butler Brooks and Silas Newton Brooks
at the outbreak of the World war

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Facing Forward

"I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know no way of judging the future but by the past," said Patrick Henry.

Only by summing up past experiences and present facts can that future be roughly outlined. Even then, the length of my life and the history of Wyoming are so brief, facts so stupendous and evolution so rapid, that a genuine dreamer of dreams and seer of visions would hesitate to forecast a future covering more than one or two decades.

About sixty years ago, when I came to this region that is now the state of Wyoming, it was an Indian infested wilderness, a hunters' and trappers' paradise, with but few established homes, plenty of game trails but only one railroad far to the south, and with a scant, migratory population. How brief is the genealogy! Explorer, trapper, miner, cowboy, and farmer, there we have the history of Wyoming: cowboy, trapper, stockman, governor, banker, and oil man, there you have the history of my life.

I feel that life has dealt well with me; and behold the miraculous transformation of Wyoming, changed from a rugged portion of the Great American Desert to a happy, hopeful, prosperous state.

Ours is a natural growth, coming from within; for fully four-fifths of the wondrous development of Wyoming is directly due to the experience, labor, money,

and ingenuity of our own people. Hence, knowing the people, their hopes and aspirations, I prophesy with confidence. The people are making money; mines, oil wells, ranches, livestock, stores, residences, new enterprises without number, show it. Bank balances prove it; and this homemade capital, backed by experience and courage, moulds our future.

As our growth depends largely upon our own brain, brawn, and money, I see one possible danger. A winter of extraordinary severity might give us a temporary set-back, for the surplus capital, now used in exploiting innumerable resources, is largely derived from profits made in livestock. This danger can only be eliminated by expansion in agriculture, by producing more alfalfa and grain.

For Wyoming's future greatness depends upon the farm. As agriculture spreads, cities will grow. Irrigation in Wyoming, while seemingly commonplace and firmly established, is still in its infancy, and scarcely any of its grand history has yet been written.

Wyoming has more good land with more water courses, carrying an abundance of water, than any other arid state, successfully growing all crops suitable for this latitude and altitude. Our climate is healthful, invigorating. Fruits and flowers thrive everywhere. Livestock is healthy and responds quickly to proper food and care, reaching in this climate the acme of development.

The farmer here battles with none of the many discouragements so frequently found in other sections. Sickness, disease, bad season, excessive heat or cold, droughts, hot winds, blizzards, bugs, insect pests, even Communists and Fascists are almost unknown. It is, of

course, impossible for me to enumerate even a few of the many influences which, combined, will go to make up the future of Wyoming, or the factors that confront us in "facing forward."

I have simply tried to emphasize the one great thing; that is, in the wake of our agricultural development will come substantial progress in every line of industry. Mines, manufacturing establishments, sugar beet plants, canning factories, commercial institutions, schools, churches, new cities, new railroads, and the extension of lines of communication all will swiftly follow agricultural expansion.

One of the gravest dangers confronting Wyoming people and retarding the slow but orderly home-building, is the ever growing handicap and menace of federal control and management over our various natural resources. I grant that these are grave problems; but in my judgment, proper conservation can be better assured by local and state control rather than by laws, bureaus, and commissions in Washington.

During my six-year term of office as governor, these questions were coming up for thoughtful consideration, but I regret that even our own people failed to give them much thought, or grasp the seriousness of the dangers confronting us.

Through the passing years additional usurpation of what should be local matters has steadily increased. The management of our great undeveloped resources of water, land, forests, and minerals, are largely taken away from local and state influence and centered in Washington. I grant that the National Forest Service has unquestionably been fairly well managed, and our valuable timber to a certain extent protected; but in

doing this, they have greatly reduced the number of livestock permitted to graze in our forests to the detriment of every individual and business interest in our state, and they have magnified the importance of wild life preservation until the people in the East thoroughly believe that more deer, elk, and bear are better, not only for the nation but for our own people, than more homes would be.

It is a debatable question of whether or not permitting more grass to grow and more Nimrods to build fires, has not seriously increased the hazards of forest fires. Great sums of money have been expended by the government in preventing fires, but it seems to me we have them more frequently now than we did have in Wyoming fifty years ago.

I cannot see where our forests are, in any sense of the word, an interstate commerce proposition. I believe if the state had its own forest service organization, and large sections without any trees to speak of, which are a great deal more suitable for homes and livestock growing, were withdrawn from the present so-called forest reserves, it might be vastly better for our state.

These same problems of water power development, irrigation, and proper land cultivation, could in my judgment be considerably better handled under state management and local control. The recent Taylor grazing act, stopping all future homesteading and settlement over the greater part of the western half of our state, is in my judgment a very serious threat to the gradual increase in our population, and still worse, a preventive of the correct solution of conservation problems.

Only a few years ago there were countless thousands

of buffalo roaming our great plateaus and grazing off the lands adjacent to the water supply, until in many sections the amount of range forage was much less than it is today. I believe that even a larger grazing homestead, without any laws enforcing the actual plowing and cultivation of our range lands and permitting all the public lands eventually to go into private ownership, would be vastly preferable to the Taylor grazing act.

So-called "dust bowls" were absolutely unknown in the early days. But when the government forced the homesteader to plow up a certain amount of land, in order to prove-up on his claim, and then during our World war times insisted that the western farmer plant all the wheat he could, which broke up the protection of the native surface grasses and soil, then, of course, the dust and sand commenced to drift. Under our high winds, more of this dust will blow off from one acre of plowed ground than from thousands of acres left in its natural state.

A great many of the serious problems confronting Wyoming today are due to bad federal laws and bad federal supervision; and still worse, by the systematic spread throughout the East of false statements concerning our actual range conditions. Every Wyomingite knows that, as a matter of fact, the buffalo grass still grows on our open plains; and large and small ranches under private ownership have accomplished more in bringing about real conservation than is possible under federal supervision.

Instead of settling any of these problems, I believe they are more acute and dangerous than ever before, and that Wyoming people must study them and give them deep consideration and not be carried off their feet

by the endless propaganda now being broadcast in favor of even additional federal supervision. The real battle for state ownership and local management is still to be fought.

So far, the enforcement and management of the new Taylor bill has proven, in most instances, decidedly unsatisfactory, and instead of allaying the natural strife and dissensions among our own people, it has vastly increased them. Above everything else, Wyoming needs a new baptism in the spirit of real neighborliness and state pride, and a greater appreciation of the fact that when our lands and natural resources are in the hands of private owners, we will come nearer having steady improvement and real conservation, because self-interest will naturally force the actual owner to improve and protect his property better than over-lordship in Washington.

I hope this will not sound discouraging to Wyoming people. Our great natural resources are still here, they have scarcely been touched; and I have every confidence in the intelligence and strength of character of our own citizenship, and believe that while present federal measures may have somewhat retarded our home building, yet in time these matters will be properly adjusted and Wyoming will come into its own.

I have visited every state in the American Union and can truthfully say that I know of no state where living conditions, taken year in and year out, for real homebuilding, are any better than in Wyoming today.

In fact, I would rather live in Wyoming than any place I know.

Index

ABBOTT, George E.: 267, 271
Albany county (Wyo.): 133
Alexandria (Neb.): 57, 77, 93, 151
Alsop, Tom: boyhood, 88, 89; cattle buying, 135
America: tour of, 301-310
American Legion Auxiliary: 332
American Petroleum institute: 279, 282
American Preceptor: 59
Ancestry: of myself, 21-49; of my wife, 51-78
Anderson, Maj.: 164, 167, 169
Armour, Mr.: of Glenrock, 315
Astorians: inscription, 96
Atchison *Globe:* 341
Ayers, Al: 131

BACON, Elizabeth: 52
Baldwin, Mary: 30
Banner, Harold: 325
Banner, Mr. and Mrs. Harry: 314
Banner ranch: 325-327, 346
Banner Ranch Company: 325
Bannock reservation: 95
Barber, Doctor: at Fort Fetterman, 148, 158; governor and physician, 250
Barker, Frances: 44
Barker, John second: 44
Barker, John third: 44
Barker, John fourth: 44
Barker, Lydia: 22, 44
Barnett, Alex: 234
Bartling, Paul: 276
Bascom, Emerancy Climene: 30, 54, 75
Bascom, Ezekiel: 30, 45, 75
Bascom family: forms of name, 28
Bascom, Deacon Moses: 30, 44, 75
Bascom, Mary Amelia: 30, 44, 54
Bascom, Maj. Moses: 31, 44, 75
Bascom: school trustee, 82
Bascom, Thomas: settled, 28; will, 29; vital statistics, 45, 75
Bascom, Thomas second: 30, 45, 75
Bascom, Thomas third: 30, 45, 75
Bath (Me.): shipping, 257, 264
Beach, Sam: and brother, 325-327
Beaver creek: 157
Beaver Meadow: 33
Bernardston (Mass.): Bascoms, 44, 75; birthplace, 81; Brooks, 23, 24, 45, 81-85; Burrows, 46, 83; character, 85; Connable, 42, 46, 47; history, 33; Hunt, 48; land for, 41; Ryther, 49; Anna Sheldon, 31; Willard, 54
Bessemer precinct: 171
Big Foot Wallace: bear, 139-146
Big Horn Hot Springs: 228
Big Horn range: 214
Big Muddy (Wyo.): 255, 329
Billings (Mont.): 214
Black Jack: first partner, 115-123; instructions, 125, 126; on Muddy creek, 111-113; opinion of murder, 114
Bonesteel, H. D.: 258
Bonneville, Capt.: 96, 185, 279
Bouquet: Indian girl, 158

Box Elder: trapping, 103
Boysen: 215, 216
Bozeman trail: 117
Brackett, Anthony: 71, 76
Brackett, Eunice: 74
Brackett family: founder, 71
Brackett, James: father of Joseph, 72, 76
Brackett, Dr. James: brother of Joseph, 73
Brackett, John Weeks: 64, 74, 76
Brackett, Joseph: 72-74, 76
Brackett, Joshua: 71, 76
Brackett, Mary: 72, 74
Brackett, Sophia: 64, 74, 76
Brackett, Thomas: 71, 76
Bretney, Lieut.: 164-169, 309
Bretney, Mr. and Mrs.: son of Lieut. Bretney, 164; friends, 309
Bristol, Nathan S.: 170
Brooklyn (Wis.): 88
B. B. Brooks Company: certificate of incorporation, 321-322; first agreement, 133-135; partnership notice, 178-179; manager now, 349
Brooks, Abby Burrows (Nichols): birth, 341; life, 342, 345; sponsor of "Governor Brooks", 257, 261
Brooks, Abby second: granddaughter, 349
Brooks, Ann: 22
Brooks, Azelia: *see* Mrs. Silas Newton Brooks
Brooks, Bryant Butler: action on "section 36", 231-240; ancestry 21-50; back on the Muddy, 127; birth, 81; bride brought to Wyoming, 149-161; coat of arms, 16; cowboy, 93-101; development of home ranch, 136, 139, 149, 173-180; discovery of Brooks lake, 185-193; Ed Howe's description, 183; facing forward, 353-358; family today, 341-350; first cattle, 135; first partner, 115-123; first sheep, 197-203; formation of B. B. Brooks Company, 133-135; friends, 335, 336; governor of Wyoming, 205-246; homes, 82, 88, 156, 331-339; in Deer Creek park, 110, 111; incorporation of B. B. Brooks Company, 321-322; lumbering and mining interests, 246-256; origin of name, 82; offices and organizations, 183, 282, 332, 335; plans for development of home ranch, 130-132; president of bank, 267-277; public problems, 287-300; purchase of home ranch, 112, 113, 129, 130; ranches today, 321-329; shipping interests, 257-265; trapper, 103-127; travels, 301-319
Brooks, Mrs. Bryant Butler: *see* Mary Naomi Willard
Brooks, Bryant J.: nephew, 349
Brooks, Daniel: 22, 45
Brooks, Edwin H.: nephew, 349
Brooks family: church membership, 85, 332; coat of arms, 16; origin of name, 21
Brooks, Frederick: nephew, 349
Brooks, Grace: 21
Brooks, Hannah: 22
Brooks, H. G. (Hal): brother, 82, 135, 349
Brooks, Irma: *see* Mrs. Silas Newton Brooks
Brooks, Jean: aunt, 87
Brooks, Jean second: sister, 349
Brooks, Jean Willard (Lathrop): birth, 158, 341; snake episode, 160; trip, 161; life, 342, 345
Brooks, Dr. John: grandfather, 22, 31, 45, 54
Brooks, John (Jack): brother, 82, 146-148, 213, 258, 302, 349; as partner, 133-135, 179, 321, 322
Brooks, Mrs. John (Lena): 258, 302
Brooks, Col. John B.: nephew, 349
Brooks, Deacon John: 22, 45
Brooks, Joshua: 21, 22, 45

Brooks lake: 185-188, 191-193
Brooks's lake: on V—V, 192-193
Brooks, Lena Natrona (McCleary): Banner ranch, 327; birth, 341; life, 342, 346; sponsor of "Wyoming", 265
Brooks, Mary Amelia: 24; *see also* Bascom
Brooks, Mary Naomi: *see* Willard
Brooks, Mary Melissa (Spurlock): birth, 341; Buzzard ranch, 328; life, 346
Brooks, Melissa Minerva: *see* Burrows
Brooks, Capt. Nathaniel: 22, 45
Brooks, Patricia Belle: granddaughter, 349
Brooks, Silas Newton: ancestry, 31, 45; life, 24-27; father, 82, 83, 85, 88-92; partner, 133-135, 179; visit to ranch, 146-148
Brooks, Silas Newton second: birth, 341; driving skill, 306, 308, 309, 319; life, 349; on tour, 303, 304; World war, 302
Brooks, Mrs. Silas Newton (Irma Patton): 349
Brooks, Mrs. Silas Newton (Azelia Stein Collins): 303, 308, 309, 317, 349
Brooks, Capt. Thomas: 21, 46
Brooks, Virginia: granddaughter, 349
Brown Springs (Wyo.): 111, 112
Bryant: school trustee, 82
Buffalo Bill: 211
Burdick, Mr.: representative of Central Wyoming Oil and Development Company, 237, 238
Burlington railroad: 93, 94, 214-217
Burrows: school trustee, 82
Burrows, Amos: 33, 46
Burrows family: coat of arms, 32; home, 34, 35, 43, 85; history, 32
Burrows, Frank L.: 35, 84
Burrows, George: 84
Burrows, Isaac: 30, 34, 46, 83
Burrows, Jane: 33, 46
Burrows, Joshua: 33, 46
Burrows, Melissa Minerva: death, 36; father, 83; home, 34, 35; marriage, 24; parents, 34; vital statistics, 46
Burrows, Phoebe: 33, 34
Burrows, Rebecca: *see* Connable
Burrows, Robert: 32, 33, 46
Bush, Abiel: 46
Bush, Grace: 46
Butler: school trustee, 82
Buzzard ranch: 327, 328
Buzzard Ranch Company: 327, 328, 346

C Lazy Y ranch: 329
C Y ranch: site of Casper, 127; cowboys, 139
Cahill, Mr. and Mrs. Ocea: 258
Cahill, Miss: 258
California: trails, 127; oil, 231, 282; tour, 306, 308
Carbon county: 37, 163, 170, 289
Carey, Joseph M.: governor of Wyoming, 239; J. M. Carey and Brother Cattle Company, 240
Carey, Robert D.: 240
Casper (Wyo.): mountain, 129, 139, 163; town, 160, 161, 164, 169, 171, 179, 186, 193, 212, 214, 236, 240, 243, 267, 272, 273, 275, 279-285, 293, 301, 303, 306, 309, 311, 315-317, 321, 322, 327, 331-338; *see also* Fort; Collins
Casper-Alcova project: 293-300
Casper Chamber of Commerce: 299, 300
Casper Country Club: 335
Casper Woman's Club: 332
Cate, Martha: 72
Cattle: development of industry, 173-180; feeding habits, 196; financing, 273-276; first ranches, 127, 129, 135, 139, 155, 159; foreign capital, 174,

175; Johnson County Invasion, 176; killed by animals, 142; range cattle, 94, 116, 128, 129, 139, 195; romance as a cowboy, 93, 128, 129, 176; trailing-through, 94-101, 126; winter care, 139, 176-178
Centennial: *see* Philadelphia
Central Wyoming Oil and Development Company, 234, 237
Chamberlain, Joshua L.: governor of Maine, 257
Chatterton, Fenimore: 205
Cheyenne (Wyo.): 93, 98, 101, 103, 196, 206, 208, 211-214, 216, 232, 237, 246, 247, 301, 308, 317, 332, 342, 345
Chicago (Ill.): life in, 88-93
Chicago and Northwestern railroad: 163, 214, 216, 299, 329
Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroads: 299
Chihuahua Lumber and Manufacturing Company: 249, 254
Circle Bar ranch: 97, 98
Civil war: 82
Clancy, Lieut.: 167
Clark, Abner: 74
Clark, Greenleaf: 72
Clark, Jared: 64, 74, 76
Clark, Olive: 74
Clark, Olive Hester: 54, 64, 74, 76
Clark, Sophia: 74
Clarke, Ebenezer senior: 69, 76
Clarke, Ebenezer second: 69, 76
Clarke, Ebenezer third: 64-69, 76
Clarke, Eunice: 64, 76
Clarke family: 64-70
Clarke, John: 69, 76, 77
Clarke, William: 69, 70, 77
Clay, Charlie: 135, 152
Clay, Mrs.: 135, 152
Clayes, Sarah: 47
Cody (Wyo.): 213, 214
Cokeville (Wyo.): 122
Cole creek: 255
Cole Creek Coal Company: 255, 256
Collins, Azelia Stein: *see* Mrs. Silas Newton Brooks
Collins, Lieut. Casper Wever: 164-169, 309
Collins, Mary Dale: 277, 349
Collins, Col. William O.: 169
Colorado: 98, 99, 130, 299
Connable family: 39
Connable, Capt. Jonathan: 43, 46
Connable (or Cunnabell), John: 39-41, 81
Connable, Rebecca Louisa: ancestry, 39, 43, 46; Grandmother Burrows, 35, 85; marriage, 34
Connable, Samuel second: 41, 47
Connable, Samuel third: 42, 47
Connable, Samuel fourth: 42, 46, 47
Conservation: *see* Water
Consolidated Royalty Oil Company: 280-282; building, 281
Contraville, Lord of: 32
Converse county: 212, 255
Cooper (or Copper), Mary: 22, 47
Cosgriff and Abbott State Bank: 267
Cosgriff, Thomas A.: 267, 271
Craig, George: 276
Crow creek: 98
Cushman: estate, 24; library, 85
Custer, Gen.: massacre, 92

DAKOTA territory: 129, 164, 167, 180
Daly, John: 267
Danforth, Elizabeth: 47
Danforth, Jonathan: 47
Daughters of the American Revolution: 332, 345, 346
Davidson, Rev. George: 308
Davis, Mr. of Leyden: 33
Davis, N. R.: 94, 95, 98
Deadwood trail: 97
Deep Waterways congress: 219, 229
Deer creek: address, 133; cabin, 129; camp, 104; cow outfit, 99; deer, 107; doctor, 158; park, 108-111,

325; road, 131; trapping, 103; valley, 104; V R ranch, 127
Democratic: as a party, 207, 239
Denver Joint Stock Land Bank: 274
Departmental Club of Casper: 332
De Smet, Father: inscription, 97
Devil's Gate: 329
Diamond, Mary Wilson: 41, 47
Diaz: 247, 254
Dickinson, Colonel: 67
Diges, Colonel: 64
Dodd, S. L.: 258
Dodd, W. C.: 258
Donnell, Hon. William T.: 258
Doran, Mary Jane: 54
Douglas (Wyo.): 127, 174, 228
Drake, Col.: 279
Drew, Lieut.: 167
Dry Farming congress: 229
Dunster, Elizabeth: 52
Dunster, Henry: 52
Dunster, Mary: 52
Durbin brothers: 196

Eastern Star: 332
Elks of Casper: 335
Ellison, R. S.: 281
Emerson, Frank C.: governor of Wyoming, 240
England: Brooks, 21, 45, 46, 349; Burrows, 32, 46; Connable, 39, 47; Clarke, 69; Bascom, 75; Willard, 78; tour of, 311, 312; interest in cattle, 174
English, Benjamin: 47
English, Mary: 41, 47
Episcopal church: Willard, 57; Brackett, 71; schools, 151, 346; St. Marks church, 332
Equality Investment Company: 268, 276
Ervay, Jacob E.: 170
Europe: tour of, 311-314
Evans, Maj. W. H.: report by, 164-169

Fall river: 81
Fall Town: founding, 41; war, 42
Falls fight: 41
Faulkner, Archie: 99
Federal Land Bank: 274
Federal Reserve Bank: 273, 275, 276
Federation of Women's Clubs: 230, 332
Fenix, Billie: 127
Ferris mountains: 327, 328
Fetterman: *see* Fort
Fiddleback ranch: 127
Fitzhugh, William M.: 236-239
Foose, Leora: 277
Fort Bridgman: 59
Fort Casper: 127, 169, 309
Fort Collins: 117, 130
Fort Dummer: 53
Fort Fetterman: deserter, 104; doctor, 148, 158; first view, 97; headquarters, 326; highway, 116; hub of activities, 127; lumber, 130; post-office, 123, 174; stage station, 146, 155, 156
Fort Hall: 94, 303
Fort Hill: 58
Fort Laramie: 98, 164, 167
Fort McKinney: 116
Fort Mead: 213
Fort Sartwell: 58
Fort Steele: 118
Fort William and Mary: 73
Fort Washakie: 186
Freeland, Mrs. Ruey B.: 339
Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley railroad: 163
Fremont, Gen. John C.: inscription, 97
French and Indian war: 42, 58, 237
Frenchman freighter: 111, 112, 114
Frenchman river: 94
Frewen, Morton: 174, 175
Fulbert: first Burrows ancestor, 32
Fuller, R. P.: 233, 237

GAME: in Mexico, 253; in Wisconsin, 88, 89; in Wyoming—antelope, 108, 118, 121, 122, 127, 158, 208; bear, 127, 139-146, 187; beaver, 103, 112, 118, 127, 139; buffalo, 97, 107, 127, 151; sage chickens, 158; coyotes, 127, 193; deer, 108, 112, 158, 187; white-tailed deer, 107, 127; blacktail deer, 118; ducks, 118, 193; elk, 108, 112, 114, 117, 118, 127, 136, 156, 158, 187, 188; fox, 118; geese 118, 143; grouse, 118, 158; mountain lion, 157; mink, 127; otter, 127; porcupine, 188; mountain sheep, 107, 108, 118, 158, 187, 188; timber wolves, 127
Geis, W. H.: 281
German, Mabel: 277
Glaesel, Capt. Charles: 265
Glenrock (Wyo.): 103, 127, 136
Goose Egg ranch: 127
"Governor Brooks" schooner: 257-265, 345
Grand Central building: 268
Grass creek: 282
Grass Creek Oil and Gas Company: 280, 282
Great American Desert: 173, 353
Great falls: 39
Great Northern railroad: 317
Green, James W.: 258
Green River: city, 118-120, 127; stream, 95, 120, 121, 208
Greenleaf, Col. Halbert S.: 87
Greenleaf: lock company, 24, 88
Grier, Capt.: 167

HAGENS, Graddus R.: 268
Hale, Capt. Nathan: 41
Hat 6 ranch: 159
Haven, John: 72
Haywood, Elizabeth: 48
Haywood, Singdon: 48
Herrick, Ambassador: 313
Hesse, Fred: 174, 175
Hinsdale Fort: 63
Hirsig, Charles W.: 281
Historical Landmark Commission of Wyoming: 335
Holten, Deacon William: 30
Holyoke, Capt.: 40
Horse creek: 127
Hot Springs: S. D., 180, 181; Wyo., 219; Tex., 307
How, Mary: 48
How, Peter: 48
Howe, Caleb: 59, 63
Howe, Ed: at Hot Springs, 183; sheep business, 198; in Florida, 309; visitor, 341-342
Howe, Nehemiah: 58
Howe, Mrs.: *see* Jemima Sartwell Phipps Howe Tute
Hudson Oil Company: 282
Hulbert, E. S.: 24
Hull, John: 41
Hunt, John: 33
Hunt, Phoebe: 33, 34, 48
Hynds, Harry: 101

IDAHO: cow outfit, 94, 95; growth, 242; land, 224
Independence Rock: description, 96, 97; moved to, 127
Indians: attack and massacre of Casper Collins and soldiers, 164-169; award for fighting, 81; capture of Jemima Tute, 59, 60; confined, 128; custom for protection, 82; customers, 163; French and Indian war, 42, 59; horsemanship, 122; in Revolution, 67, 68; in Mexico, 247; in Wyoming, 353; King Philip's war, 39, 40; lands bought, 52; legend, 192, 193; massacre of Bracketts, 71; massacre of Custer, 92; neighbors, 158; Phipps's murder, 58; reservation, 186; sign language, 115; Shoshone lands, 214; Snake, 95; trails, 103, 151, 301; trappers' camp, 117;

Ute invasion, 208-213; Utes fording river, 121
Intermediate Credit Bank: 276
Isaac Walton league: 335

Jackson county: 299
Jackson Hole: 118
Janes, Hannah: 29
Janes, William: 29
John Gray's river: 125
Johnson County Invasion: 176, 197
Johnston, Clarence T.: 294, 296, 299
Jones, Dewitt: nephew, 349

Kansas City, Mexico, and Orient railroad: 247
Kellogg, Ambassador: 312
Kendrick, Senator: 299
Kennebec river: 258, 261
Kent, Sidney J.: 281, 339
King Philip's war: John Connable, 39, 40; Simon Willard, 53
Knight Templars: 332

Land in Wyoming: agricultural development, 229, 243, 245; in Dakota territorial days, 164; law on sale and leasing of state lands, 233-240; open range, 97, 103, 127, 151; public land problem, 287-291, 353-358; settlement, 122, 173, 176; state land department, 243; surveyed, 136
Lander, Harry: 126
Lander: town, 163, 186, 214, 228; trail, 125, 196; valley, 186
Langdon, John: 73
La Prele creek: 115, 131
Laramie: city, 130, 131, 279; county, 206; mountain, 129; peak, 117; plains, 128; river, 117, 131, 132; *see also* Fort
Lathrop, Dr. Homer Riale: 345
Lathrop, Mrs. Homer Riale: *see* Jean Willard Brooks
Lathrop, Homer Riale: grandson, 345
Lathrop, Mary Hester (Nicolaysen): granddaughter, 345
Latta, M. C.: 212
Lewis and Clark: commemorating expedition, 213; exposition, 243
Lewiston, Augusta, and Waterville railroad: 257
Little Big Horn: 92
Lovet, Hannah: 48
Lusk (Wyo.): 97
Lybe, Capt.: 167
Lyman, Capt.: 64
Lyman, Elizabeth: 69
Lyman, Hepzibah: 29
Lyman, Robert: 29

McBride-Van Burgh, Lillian L.: 151, 185
McCarty, Mrs. Bessie: 267
McCleary, Bryant Bascom: grandson, 346
McCleary, Lenora Dawn: granddaughter, 346
McCleary, Marian Willard: granddaughter, 346
McCleary, Marion W.: 327, 346
McCleary, Mrs. Marion W.: *see* Lena Natrona Brooks
McCrary, Everett L.: 345
McCrary, Mrs. Everett I.: *see* Margaret Nichols
McGrath, Jack: *see* Post Hole Jack
McGrath, Mart (Post Number Two): 136, 336
McGrath, Tom (Post Number Three): 336
McInness, Mr.: 213
McLaughlin, Inspector: Ute Indian invasion, 212
McLeod, Capt. Angus M.: 264
McKinley (Wyo): 202
Manbeck, Charles B.: 268, 271, 308
Manbeck, Mrs. Charles: 308
March, Clement: 72

[illegible]

Marsh, Mindwell: 69
Mason, Esther: 22
Mason, Hannah: 22, 48
Mason, Hugh: 22
Masonic Lodge of Casper: 332
Massachusetts: address, 133, 213, 265, 342, 345, 346; ancestors, 44-49, 75-78; Bascom, 28, 31; birthplace, 81; Brooks, 21, 22; Burrows, 33, 34; Clarke, 64, 69, 70; comparison, 97, 175, 224; Connable, 39-42
Maxwell, Mr.: of National Bank of Commerce, 317
May, Ezra: 67
Mead, Dr. Elwood: 294, 296, 299
Medicine Bow: range, 117; river, 117
Medora: 174
Merriman, Ann: 22, 48
Merriman, John or Joseph: 22, 48
Merritt and Welch: 327
Mexican: people, 250-255; railway, 249; sign language, 115
Mexico: cowhands, 100; interests in, 247-255; race horse, 98; resources, 247; tour, 307, 308, 317
Midwest building: 268, 276
Midwest Oil: company, 239; refinery, 236
Miller, H. E.: 268
Miller, Ike: 327
Mitchell, George: 170
Mokler, Verne: 277
Montana: 174, 214
Monte: race horse, 119, 121
Moonlight, Gov.: of Wyoming territory, 170
Mormon: community, 122; migrants, 301; relics, 104
Muddy creek: cabin on, 111, 123, 127, 129, 131; location, 171; ranch on, 130, 149, 157; settler, 113, 128
Muddy mountain: Black Jack, 114; joke, 177
Mullen, Hon. William E.: state attorney-general of Wyoming, 233

NATIONAL Republican committee: 332
Natrona county: area, 321, 322; name, 170; organization, 171; site of courthouse, 163
Nebraska: arrival, 93, 94; hired girls, 158; teacher, 341, 342; wife, 149, 151; Willard, 57, 77
New England: architecture, 34; early life in, 81-85; ship-builders, 257
New York Central railroad: 84
Newell, Mary: 30
Newton, Joseph: 49
Newton, Mary: 48
Newton, Micah: 48
Nichols, Abby: *see* Brooks
Nichols, Bryant Brooks: grandson, 345
Nichols, Elizabeth: granddaughter, 345
Nichols, Margaret (McCrary): granddaughter, 308, 345
Nichols, Russell Henry (R.H.): 271, 272, 276, 345
Nicolaysen, Gerald: 345
Nicolaysen, Mrs. Gerald: *see* Mary Hester Lathrop
North Park territory: 299
Northern Pacific railroad: 174
Norton, Eugene D.: 322
Nye, Mary Weeks: 77

O'CONNOR, Senator Patrick J.: 267, 268, 276, 336
Odd Fellows: 335
Oil in Wyoming: first state oil convention, 231, 232; foundation for development of Salt Creek field, 236; history of, 279; leasing act of 1907, 234; national reserves, 279; oil boom, 272; petroleum interests, 280-285; "section 36" state school land lease and development, 233-240
Old Freeze Out peak: 328
Old Sleepy: race horse, 98, 99

Order of Beaucant: 332
Oregon: cattle, 94; railroad, 122; sheep, 125, 196; trail, 97, 99, 127, 301
Ormsby, Maj.: 267
Ouray agency: 212
Overland: stage route, 117; road, 118

Parsons, Abigail: 69, 77
Parsons, Joseph: 30
Park, Art O.: 336
Parker, L. A.: 272, 281, 282, 336
Pass creek: 117
Pat the Trapper: 111-114, 123
Pathfinder dam: 241, 293-295, 327, 328
Patton, Irma: *see* Mrs. Silas Newton Brooks
Pedro peak: 328
Penney, E. C.: 277
Percy, Capt. S. R.: 258, 262
Percy and Small: 257, 258, 261, 264
Perry, Harry: 35
Perry, Mrs. Harry: 35
Pete, Dutch: 159, 160
Philadelphia: Centennial, 89, 90, 92
Phipps, Jemima Sartwell: *see* Tute
Phipps, Mary: 60, 63
Phipps, Submit: 54, 63, 77
Phipps, William: 58, 59, 63, 77
Pierce, Colonel: 213
Pierce, Grace: 332
Pierce, Richard: 332
Pittsfield: 67
Platte Bridge fort: 164, 167
Platte river: first view, 97; quicksands, 114; region, 123, 164, 171; trapping, 118; valley, 103, 127, 128, 139, 161, 163, 301, 308; waters, 241, 293-295, 299, 327, 328
Poison Spider creek: 127
Pomeroy, Eunice: 64, 69, 77
Porter, Col. Elisha: 42
Portsmouth: founding, 71
Post Hole Jack (Jack McGrath): first employed, 131; growth of ranch caused by, 178; herding elk, 137; hunting bear, 143-146; origin of name, 132-136; rattlesnake episode, 146-147; present status, 336
Post Number Two: *see* Mart McGrath
Post Number Three: *see* Tom McGrath
Powder river: 171
Powers, Edward Epp: 85
Powers institute: attended, 85; trustee of, 24
Pumry, Medad: 30
Puritans: Bascom, 28; Burrows, 32
Putney: 58

Rafferty, George M.: 276
Railroads of Wyoming: Burlington, 93, 94, 214, 216; Chicago and Northwestern, 163, 214, 216; construction, 216, 242; Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley, 161, 163; narrow gauge, 94, 95; Oregon, 122; Union Pacific, 94, 99, 117, 132, 151, 152, 214, 216
Rawlins (Wyo.): 118, 120, 326
Reclamation: *see* Lands and Water
Redington, Nancy: 23
Republican party: 92, 205, 207
Republican river: 94
Revolutionary war: Bascom, 31; Brackett, 72; Brooks, 22; Clarke, 64-69; D.A.R. membership, 64; Burgoyne, 68; French aid, 69; Hessians, 67-68; Paul Revere, 73; Saratoga battles, 69; Stillwater, 67-69; Valley Forge, 305
Richards, J. DeForest: governor of Wyoming, 205
Richardson, C. B.: bank director, 271, 272; business executive, 247-255; chief of Wyoming commission at fair, 213; oil executive, 281, 282;

friend and associate, 336; signature, 276
Riverside institute: 151
Rivière du Noir: 186
Rock Creek: railroad station, 99, 111, 116, 117, 132, 135, 146, 152; stream, 117
Rock Springs: 228
Rocky Mountain Oil and Gas association: 282
Rohrbaugh, A.: 322
Roosevelt, Theodore: election, 205; called conventions, 219, 223, 227, 230, 287, 293; Ute Indian invasion, 212, 213; quotation, 163
Ross, William B.: governor of Wyoming, 240
Ross Fork (Idaho): 95
Rotary Club of Casper: 332
Rugg, David: 58
Running Water: 97, 98
Russell, Jerusha: 69
Rutland (Vt.): account of Jemima Tute, 59
Ryan, Thomas: 211, 212
Ryther, David: 34, 49
Ryther, Daniel: 49
Ryther, Rebecca: 43, 49

SAINT MARY'S Episcopal school: 34
Salt creek: buffalo, 97; Consolidated Royalty Oil Company holdings, 281; development of oil field, 236-240; location, 171; "section 36", 234; school income from, 240; trapping, 122
Sand creek: 327, 328
Saratoga, Battles of: *see* Revolutionary war
Sargent: of lock company, 24, 87, 88
Sartwell, Jemima: *see* Tute
Sartwell, Capt. Josiah: 58
Savage, Maj. Thomas: 39
Schnitger, William R.: 246
Schools of Wyoming: comparative statistics, 208, 242; high school districts created, 208; income from "section 36", 232-240
Schulte, John E.: 268
Schuyler, Col. or Gen. Philip J.: rescue of Mrs. Tute, 60; stand at Stillwater, 68
Scott, Harry F.: 281
Seal: of state of Wyoming, 246
Seminole: Indians, 158; peak, 328
Seven Miles Springs ranch: 135
Seventy-one Quarter Circle ranch: 127
Severance, Eunice: 30
Severance, Sarah: 30
Shattuck, Rebecca: 49
Sheep in Wyoming: coming of the sheep, 195-203; comparison with cattle, 203; feeding habits, 196; financing, 273-276; first known ownership, 131; increase, 198; "range wars", 198
Sheldon, Anna: 31
Sheldon, Capt. Amasa: 42
Sherborn (Mass.): 49
Sheridan (Wyo.): 228, 315
Sherman Hill: 175
Shoshone: dam, 241; Indians, 158; lands, 214
Shumaker, Carl F.: 267, 271, 336, 276
Signature of Bryant B. Brooks: 246
Simpson, Lieut. David: 72
Sims, Boyd R.: 272, 277
Sioux: Custer massacre, 92; "buffalo eaters", 97
Slaymaker: 115
Slaymaker, Sam: 326
Slim: cowboy, 156
Small, Frank R.: 258
Smith Fork: 122
Smith, Miss: 126
Smith, Old Man: 126, 127
Snake Indians: 95
Snake river: 122, 303
Snyder, Rachel: 277

Somers, George: nephew, 349
South Pass: city (Wyo.), 126, 127; trapping, 126
Spurlock, Arthur Leroy (Roy): 328, 346
Spurlock, Mrs. Arthur Leroy: *see* Mary Melissa Brooks
Spurlock, Elmer: cow foreman, 336
Spurlock, James: 346
Spurlock, Richard, 346
Squire: son of Mrs. Tute, 59, 60
Standard Oil Company: 208, 236, 240, 268, 308
Star valley: 122
State Educational Loan Fund of Federation of Women's Clubs: 332
Stearns, Fred D.: 277
Stephens college: 308, 345
Stillwater: *see* Revolutionary war
Stockgrowers association: 180
Strong, Mary: 69
Stroud ranch: 325
Sublette trail: 121, 196
Sullivan, Maj. and Gen. John: 73
Sun, Tom: 329
Sutton, Old Sol: 98, 99
Sweetwater Bridge: army post, 164-169
Sweetwater river: 96, 171, 329

TEAHON, Betty: 276
Tetons: 185
Texas: cattle, 127, 129; cowhands, 100; oil, 282, 309; public land, 290; tour, 301, 302, 317
Texas Company refinery: 325
Thanksgiving: proclamation, 246; reunion, 331, 349
Thayer county: 57
Tom Thumb: race horse, 119-121
Turner, Virgil: 159, 160
Turner, Capt. William: 39, 41
Tute, Amos: 63
Tute, Jemima Sartwell Phipps Howe: life, 58-63; vital statistics, 77; grave, 305
Twenty Mile ranch: 155

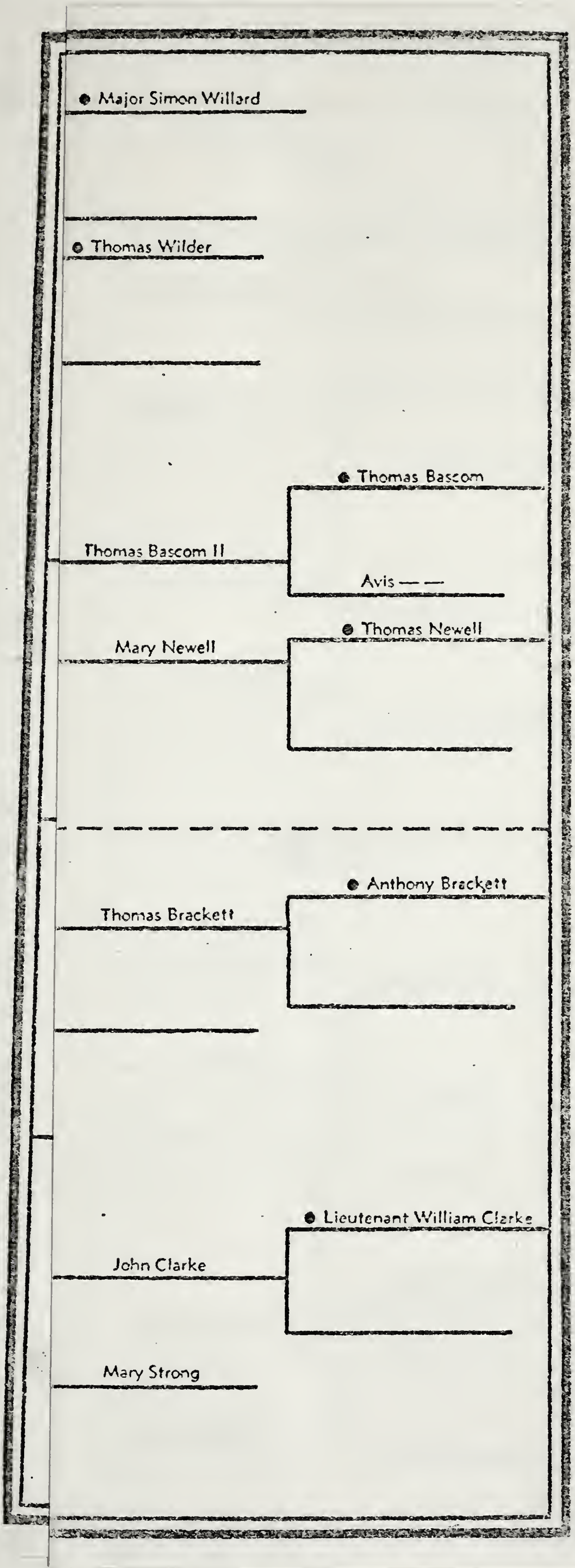
UINTAH agency: 212
Union Pacific railroad: 99, 117, 132, 152, 214, 216
Universalist Church: 23, 85, 92
Utah: 208, 211, 212, 301
Ute Indians: crossing river, 121; invasion of Wyoming, 208-213

VAL DEZ, Mabel: 276
Vaudreuil, de: French governor, 60
Vermont Historical Gazetteer: 59
Villa, Pancho (Francisco): 248, 254
Virginia Dale: 131
V R Outfit: 99, 127, 139, 155
V—V Outfit: brand, 258; growth, 173-180, 322, 323; home ranch, 326, 329, 331, 341, 349; lake, 192; moved from, 208; naming, 135, 155; purchase, 112, 113; sheep, 197; shooting, 158

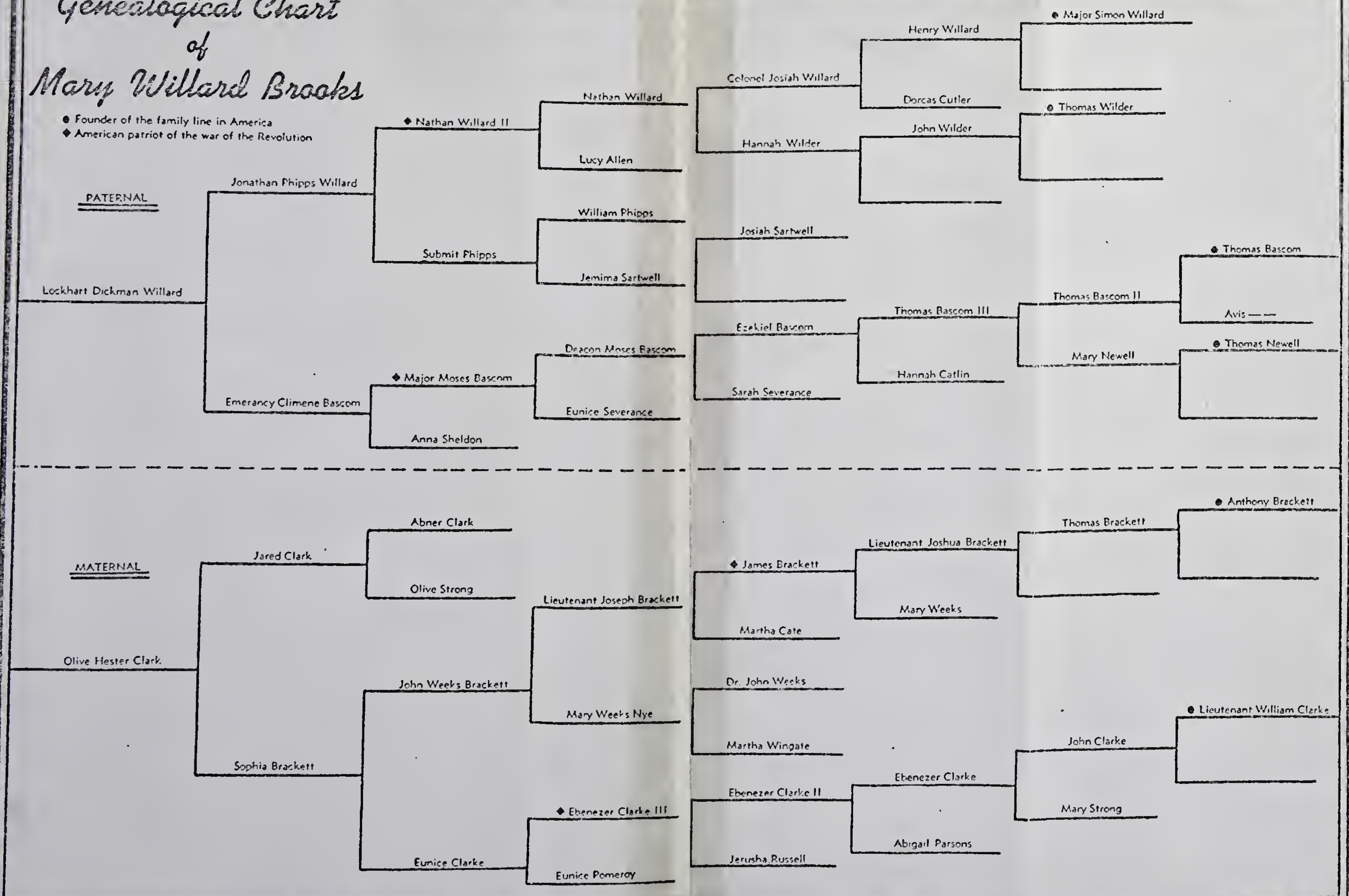
WALES, Capt. Johnathan: 67
Walker, Lieut.: 167
War Mothers: 332
Warren, Frances E.: governor of Wyoming territory, 170, 171
Warren, Senator: 289, 290
Water of Wyoming: dams, 241; first step toward federal conservation movement, 219-227; irrigation, 242; natural water supply of Natrona county, 171; second conference, 229; source of streams, 185; state water problem, 293-300, 354-358
Weaver, Mr.: ranch owner, 328
Weeks, Leonard: 72
Weeks, Mary: 71, 77
Weeks, Mary Haines: 72
Weeks, William: 72
Welch, Merritt and: 328
Wells, Capt. Agrippa: 42

Western Exploration Oil Company: 280
White Eagle refinery: 325
White Horse pass: 317
White river: 208
White, Robert: 197, 198
Will: of Thomas Bascom, 29
Willard, Dorcas: 53
Willard, Elizabeth: *see* Dunster
Willard, Emerancy Climene: *see* Bascom.
Willard, Hannah: 53
Willard, Henry: 53, 73, 78
Willard, Jonathan: 31
Willard, Jonathan Phipps: 54
Willard, Josiah: 53
Willard, Lucy: 53
Willard, Lockhart Dickman: 31, 54, 57, 64, 74, 77, 93, 94, 151
Willard, Mary: wife of Simon, 52
Willard, Mary Naomi (Mrs. Bryant Butler Brooks): ancestry, 31, 52-78; wife, 52, 63, 64, 74, 151-161, 230, 254, 257, 303, 308, 312, 317, 321, 322, 332
Willard, Nathan: 53
Willard, Nathan second: 53, 54, 63
Willard, Maj. Simon: 51-53
Willard, Submit: *see* Submit Phipps
Willard, Sylvester D.: 51
Williams, Col.: 42
Wind river: 185, 186, 215, 216
Wolcott, Maj.: 99, 139
Woodruff, J. D.: 250, 253, 256
Woolston, J. D.: 277
Wright, Asenath: 49
Wyland, Roy C.: 267, 271
Wyoming: address 133, 134, 186; cattle industry; 99, 128, 129, 173-183, 329; coal, 255; conservation of resources, 219-227; cowboy, 95; future, 353-358; governor of, 205-246, 247, 250, 251, 257, 282, 332, 342; highways, 301; inland, 315; pioneer of, 160; Pony Express, 81; ranches, 321, 322; statehood, 171; summary of growth, 241-246; territorial days, 97, 98, 103, 151, 163, 164, 170, 185; *see also* Game; Land; Oil; Railroads; Sheep; Water
Wyoming National Bank: 267-277; building, 276
"Wyoming" schooner: 265, 346
Wyoming university: 332, 345, 346, 349

YALE: lock manufacturer, 87


Major Simon Willard
Thomas Wilder
Thomas Bascom
Thomas Bascom II
Avis — —
Thomas Newell
Mary Newell
Anthony Brackett
Thomas Brackett
Lieutenant William Clarke
John Clarke
Mary Strong

Genealogical Chart of Mary Willard Brooks


● Founder of the family line in America
◆ American patriot of the war of the Revolution
PATERNAL
Lockhart Dickman Willard
Jonathan Phipps Willard
◆ Nathan Willard II
Nathan Willard
Colonel Josiah Willard
Henry Willard
● Major Simon Willard
Dorcas Cutler
Hannah Wilder
John Wilder
● Thomas Wilder
Lucy Allen
Submit Phipps
William Phipps
Jemima Sartwell
Josiah Sartwell
Emerancy Climene Bascom
◆ Major Moses Bascom
Deacon Moses Bascom
Ezekiel Bascom
Thomas Bascom III
Thomas Bascom II
● Thomas Bascom
Avis ——
Mary Newell
● Thomas Newell
Hannah Catlin
Sarah Severance
Eunice Severance
Anna Sheldon
MATERNAL
Olive Hester Clark
Jared Clark
Abner Clark
Olive Strong
Sophia Brackett
John Weeks Brackett
Lieutenant Joseph Brackett
◆ James Brackett
Lieutenant Joshua Brackett
Thomas Brackett
● Anthony Brackett
Mary Weeks
Martha Cate
Mary Weeks Nye
Dr. John Weeks
Martha Wingate
Eunice Clarke
◆ Ebenezer Clarke III
Ebenezer Clarke II
Ebenezer Clarke
John Clarke
● Lieutenant William Clarke
Mary Strong
Abigail Parsons
Jerusha Russell
Eunice Pomeroy

2842